THE WAR
Illustrated
ALBUM-DE-LUXE

Volume IX

THE FOURTH YEAR 1917-18

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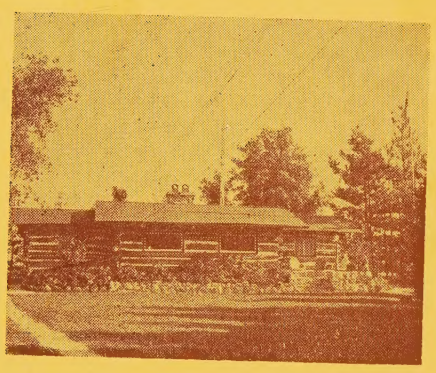

Leslie Miscampbell Frost

THE WAR
ILLUSTRATED
ALBUM DE LUXE

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ADMIRAL SIR ROSSLYN E. WEMYSS, K.C.B., M.V.O.
First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff.

Frontispiece.

THE WAR
ILLUSTRATED
ALBUM DE LUXE

The Story of the Great
European War told by
Camera, Pen and Pencil

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J. A. HAMMERTON

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1,350 ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME IX.

THE FOURTH YEAR, 1917-18

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Editor's Note to Volume IX

THE fourth year of the war, to which this volume of THE WAR ALBUM is devoted, may well be deemed by future historians a year of world-destiny. It opened with promise. It closed with greater promise. But there was a middle period fraught with a crisis of the most tragic intensity. While Russia collapsed helplessly into the arms of Germany, weather conditions militated against the allied offensives, and these, in turn, began to break down before the increasing strength Germany was able to draw from the eastern front. The political situation was overcast, the military commands were under criticism, and America had many initial difficulties to overcome ere she could bring her weight to bear in the field.

IN the opening months the British pressed forward till they were within sight of Bruges, and they broke into the famous Hindenburg defences. Then, after the surprise victory of Cambrai, there was the setback at Bourlon Wood, partially retrieved, but an earnest of the storm to come. The storm broke on March 21st, 1918, and towards the middle of July it looked as though the forces of militarism might achieve a decision, and the appalling sacrifice and heroism of four years of tragedy prove in vain. Five separate onslaughts were made by the Huns in a desperate effort to attain decisive victory. They thrust at Amiens, to separate the British and French armies. They made an equally powerful effort to reach the Channel ports. Three distinct offensives were directed against Paris. For the first time since 1914 the French capital was in danger. As his hopes of conquest rose so the Hun grew more and more defiant of civilisation.

THEN, as by a miracle—a miracle of strategy and tactics initiated by Marshal Foch, appointed to the chief command in France and Flanders, and carried into effect by unexampled valour of all under his direction—the crisis passed, and there came a sudden and bracing change of fortune. With colossal losses in men, material, and moral, the German hordes were steadily driven back all along the line. Mere words can neither add to nor detract from the vital interest to humanity of this stage of the great conflict, the course of which will be found unfolded as the pages of this, our ninth volume, are turned. The facts, thus briefly stated, constitute the claim of this volume, with all its advantages of actuality as a contemporary record, by pen, pencil, and camera, upon the sympathies and interest of every reader. Apart from the lucidly-written synopsis of events by Mr. Arthur D. Innes and the Diary, our literary and pictorial contents have been arranged in sections, according as they relate to the several fronts, so that the reader is enabled to turn readily to any incident to which he may wish to refer.

WHILE epoch-making events were being witnessed in France, in Russia and Rumania Prussian intrigue and Prussian military power went from success to success. Kerensky gave place to Lenin, the so-called Peace of Brest Litovsk was signed, and anarchy, eventuating in the murder of Tsar and Tsarevitch, and the assassination of Count Mirbach at Moscow and of Field-Marshal von Eichhorn at Kieff, showed that German gold had raised a blind power of destruction regardless of friend or foe. If the Brest Litovsk treaty caused dissatisfaction between Turkey and Bulgaria, and thus far helped the Allies, the peace conditions imposed by the Central Powers upon Rumania in May, when victory appeared assured to them, showed what the lot of Europe might be under Teuton domination. China's formal entry into the war on the side of the Allies was counterbalanced by the spread of German influence in Finland and the Prussian bid for the control of the Murman and Trans-Siberian Railways.

SO far as Salonika is concerned, the year passed without event of note. On the Italian front, where there was a change in the command, General Diaz succeeding General Cadorna, Austria, aided by Germany, achieved some dramatic coups, but in June had to submit to an ignominious reverse on the Piave, in inflicting which French and British troops had an honourable share. In the East were witnessed many startling changes, to the disadvantage of Turkey, whom for a time Germany left practically unaided. In Mesopotamia the sudden death of Sir Stanley Maude, due to cholera from drinking infected coffee, cast a gloom over all the allied fronts. But General Marshall ably carried on his predecessor's policy, and was no less successful in the field. In Palestine, Beersheba, Gaza, and Jaffa fell to General Allenby, then Jerusalem, and the British crossed the Jordan.

BY sea the most important event of the year was the practically safe conduct of American forces across the Atlantic. This implied that the U boat menace, if not removed, was at least under control. By the close of the year a million and a half of United States troops had been landed in France, and additional men were reaching French soil at the rate of 10,000 a day. At first they were brigaded with their French and British Allies, but it was not long ere they made themselves felt as an independent fighting force. St. George's Day witnessed an event that will go down in history with the great naval achievements of all time—the sinking of block-ships in the harbours of Zeebrugge and Ostend, under the direction of Sir Roger Keyes. This exploit was followed on May 9th by the sinking of the Vindictive at Ostend. These events are fully dealt with in one of the most absorbing sections of the volume we now present to our readers.

AS the year drew to a close the enemy found plentiful use for his air forces on his own battle-fronts and within his own boundaries. Before that London and Paris were repeatedly raided by Gothas and airships, which inflicted considerable damage to property and loss of life. With this brief foreword, touching but a few of the features of the ninth volume of THE WAR ALBUM, I leave the work to speak for itself, confident that in no particular will it be found to fall short of the merit which won the enthusiastic appreciation accorded to the preceding volumes.

J. A. H.

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A TOUCH OF HUMAN KINDNESS IN THE AGONY OF WAR.

A little girl hit by a splinter from a far-flung shell had the distinction of being the only wounded person in a village. Brought by an orderly to British officers dining in the grounds of a fine French chateau, she was comforted with grapes and received much attention

The Moving Drama of the Great War

IX.—The Fourth Year, 1917-18

Progress of Events in all Battle Areas, from the Opening of the Third Battle of Ypres to the End of the Fourth Year of the War

Written by

ARTHUR D. INNES, M.A.,

Author of "A History of the British Nation," etc.

IN the opening stages, the first two months or more, of the War's fourth year, the Allies had every reason to feel sanguine. On the whole of the western front or fronts from the North Sea to the Adriatic, in each successive round of the conflict it was apparent that the balance had turned in their favour.

From the Balkan peninsula there was little enough news, but the Rumanians, though now without even a pretence of Russian support, made good their stubborn resistance upon the Sereth lines. The campaign in Palestine was postponed when the check before Gaza showed the strength of the enemy positions in that region, and effectual progress in Mesopotamia was not to be looked for until Russian co-operation with the British forces could again become a reality. Vigorous action on Russia's part was indeed out of the question, obviously, for some time to come, but so long as Kerensky's Provisional Government continued, it was at least clear that there would be no separate peace between Russia and the Central Powers.

Those Powers, on the other hand, could afford neither to withdraw forces from the west in order to strike a smashing blow in the east before Russia could recover her equilibrium, nor to deplete the forces in the east for the stiffening of the defence or the development of a strong offensive in the west; because, if Russia recovered her equilibrium, disaster would be inevitable. And, meanwhile, the United States were throwing all their energies into preparations for a decisive participation in the great conflict.

The military interest, then, during this period, was concentrated entirely on the western front, and almost entirely on particular sectors thereof. The three main divisions were the British front from the North Sea to the neighbourhood of St. Quentin, the French front from St. Quentin to Alsace, and the Italian front from the Trentino to the Adriatic.

The British front fell in three sectors—the left, from the sea by Dixmude and Bixschoote, past Ypres to Armentières; the centre from Armentières to Lens and the Scarpe; the right from the Scarpe to St. Quentin. The French front was divided in effect into the Aisne sector before Laon, the Verdun sector, and the Alsace sector; the Italian into the sectors of the Trentino and the Isonzo River. The operations of the spring, early summer, and midsummer, had advanced the whole allied line from Arras to the Aisne, straightened out the Ypres salient in the north, and established the French upon the Craonne plateau without as yet ejecting the Germans. Heavy fighting was in progress in this region when the British attack was reopened on July 31st, with a blow directed upon the German line fronting Ypres.

Prolonged Struggle for Passchendaele

This attack was the successful opening, and was only the opening, of a prolonged struggle for the mastery of the Passchendaele Ridge, stretching from Houthulst Wood on the north to the recently-recovered Messines Ridge at its southern end. What had been accomplished on August 4th, the third anniversary of the war, was that the front line of the Passchendaele Ridge trench system had been carried, and held against heavy counter-attacks. The artillery preparation had given ample warning of the intended thrust, and German troops were rapidly massed to recover the lost ground.

The character of this battle for Passchendaele Ridge can only be made intelligible by careful study of a fairly large scale map of the Ypres area. The northern and southern limits of the German line with which we are effectively concerned were respectively, on July 31st, Steenstraete on the Yser Canal, and Hollebeke. The southern summit of the ridge may be identified with Inverness Copse immediately behind Hollebeke. But the summit line of the whole ridge did not run immediately in rear of the German front line from Hollebeke to Steenstraete, but curved farther and farther back. Thus Passchendaele was some five miles behind the front line; the ground occupied by the Germans between the ridge and the front line formed a rough triangle with the south apex at Hollebeke, while Houthulst Wood on the north was its base, the wood itself not being open to direct attack.

"Haig's Weather"

What the British, with the French force on their left before Steenbeke, had to do was to push across the triangle from its western side—the German front line—to its eastern side, the ridge summit, not capturing Houthulst Wood, but threatening to cut it off. It was only at the southern end that the first stroke brought them in face of a vital point on the ridge itself at Inverness Copse, and it followed that for some time the heaviest fighting was that for the mastery of Inverness Copse, a position of immense strength, the possession of which was of the highest importance. Elsewhere the Allies were fighting their way up to the ridge, their ultimate objective; here British and Germans were fighting for a part of the ridge itself. The carrying of the front line was a highly successful operation, viewed alone, but it was only the initial step towards the mastery of the ridge.

Between July 31st and August 4th, then, the French on the left had thrust across the Ypres Canal at Steenstraete and held Bixschoote; the British right had secured Hollebeke, and the whole intervening British line had pushed forward to a corresponding depth. St. Julien was once more in their hands, with Frezenberg and Hooge, of which we had heard much in the old struggles about the Ypres salient. As yet, however, they were not established at Westhoek and Glencorse Wood on the immediate north of Inverness Copse, where the counter-attacks had stopped their further progress, aided by what in England was coming to be known as "Haig's weather," since it seemed to be a standing rule that the moment of attack should always be immediately succeeded by a spell of the worst possible weather for the operations. Thus for some days there was no farther advance, though there was some successful raiding of the enemy lines in the Scarpe area. Raids, however, are not directed to the capture of positions, and the Germans, by inventing for them imaginary objectives which were naturally not attained, habitually represent them as defeats, usually describing them as attacks in force.

On the 10th the Westhoek position was definitely carried, Glencorse Wood was penetrated, and the left, from St. Julien to Bixschoote, forced its way to the

further bank of the Steenbeke stream. On the 15th, the Canadians on the right of the centre—Armentières to the Scarpe—broke forward on the north-western side of Lens, captured important positions, and held them against strong counter-attacks. On the 16th, the Ypres battle broke out anew, along almost the whole of the line which, on the left, was carried past Langemarck, while on the right new ground was won in Glencorse Wood, from which Polygon Wood, on the eastern declivity, was actually entered, though the ground there lost was recovered by the enemy.

Struggle for Lens

The connection between the activity at Lens and on the Passchendaele Ridge is more readily grasped when we bear in mind that Lille faces the comparatively inactive British centre and the theatre of the old Loos battle. The direct thrust at Lille was not to be repeated, but that very important point would be threatened both from the north and from the south by an advance on both the Passchendaele Ridge and the Scarpe.

For the next few days the Germans were striving desperately, but vainly, to drive the Canadians out of the positions captured at Lens, and elsewhere there was no marked progress. On the 21st, however, the Canadians and Germans attacked each other simultaneously, and the result was some very hot fighting, in which the enemy lost further ground. Next day began the assault upon Inverness Copse, where a footing was secured. The copse lies across the Menin road, and day after day reports continued to come in of heavy fighting about the Menin Road. Every inch of the ground was contested, every device employed; one day there would be an advance of a few hundred yards, the next, recovery of the lost ground by a flame attack. There was only a general impression that the balance was a little in favour of the British, and that a gradually increasing share of the copse was passing into their possession from the Germans.

Every movement, however, was seriously affected by the persistency of the adverse weather, which turned what should have been tolerably firm ground into lakes of liquid mud. Moreover, the operations so far had shown that a new method of resistance had been brought into play. Realising that the old "impregnable" form of entrenchment had failed to justify its epithet against British attack—in the face of which troops massed in the front trenches were apt to be almost wiped out—the enemy had devised the plan of holding the front line with comparatively small numbers distributed in "pill-boxes," which exposed the advance to a machine-gun cross-fire, corresponding in some degree to the British squares in old-style fighting; while fundamentally the defence rested upon counter-attacks delivered from the second line before the captured front line could be consolidated. The counter-attacks were, in fact, generally broken, or the troops, if they effected a footing, were driven out again. Still, the new tactics of defence required to be more thoroughly mastered by new tactics of attack. Thus the circumstances combined to impose delay—greatly to the enemy's advantage, and September was well advanced before the next blow could be delivered.

The Taking of Polygon Wood

The assault, then, was launched on September 20th. The practical effect was that the southern extremity of the ridge was carried, and the advance pushed down the slopes beyond it to the point called by the British "Tower Hamlets," while the western outskirts of Polygon Wood were seized. On the left of this advance Zonnebeke was reached, and the line beyond correspondingly pushed forward. Counter-attacks, launched with great persistence and with large forces, developed throughout the day and the days following, the enemy being fully conscious of the value of the ground lost whether for the attack or for the defence; but were completely and disastrously shattered, largely owing to the skill and audacity of the air-observation.

The success was promptly followed up. Within the week—on September 26th—the British went forward again, from in front of St. Julien to the "Tower Hamlets." The whole of Polygon Wood was captured and the line advanced to the east of it as well as on the Zonnebeke section, where Zonnebeke itself was carried. The usual series of counter-attacks developed immediately—as disastrously to the enemy as those of the 20th-25th.

With the opening days of October, the counter-attacks increased in intensity. A great enemy thrust was prepared for the morning of the 4th, but the same moment had been selected for a British attack, and the British got their blow in first. The massing Germans were caught by the British barrage, and the British advance was again carried forward along the whole line, reaching as far as the outskirts of Poelcapelle on the left and the Gravenstafel spur between Passchendaele and Zonnebeke, and definitely establishing the Allies on the slopes leading up to Passchendaele. Moreover, it had become evident that the "pill-box" tactics had been successfully countered, and, being countered, were less formidable than the old system of holding the first line in strength.

Capture of Passchendaele

The blows of September 20th, September 26th, and October 4th were again followed up on October 9th, between which date and the 12th Poelcapelle was established within the British lines; while the French, on the left, pushed their whole line up to the outskirts of Houthulst Wood.

The consistent bad weather, however, had meanwhile brought the ground into such a condition that rapid progress was out of the question. But a blow in another quarter was in course of preparation, and it was essential to impose upon the enemy the retention of masses of troops upon the Ypres front. Moreover, before a fortnight had passed developments on the Isonzo front made it imperative that the Germans should be allowed no rest in France. Hence, although for a few days there was only that general "pressure" which yields "nothing of interest to report," another movement began on the 26th, followed up on the 30th and on November 6th, closing with the carrying of Passchendaele itself, and leaving only the northern end of the ridge still in the enemy's possession. That it had become impossible to capture the whole ridge before the end of the year was unfortunate, but that so much had been done in the face of incalculable difficulties reflected the highest credit at once on the command and on all the troops concerned.

Here it may be remarked that England was subjected during September and October, 1917, to persistent air-raids, mainly by Gothas and their subsidiary craft. Sometimes they were total failures; sometimes they penetrated the air defences of London.

The threatenings of a serious panic were happily averted when a Zeppelin fleet once more made an abortive invasion on October 19th, lost itself in mists on the return journey, and finally got partly scattered behind the Allied lines in France, where five of the squadron were destroyed. After this the raids became less frequent, and were also more consistently dispersed—there was, indeed, little to be gained by them if they failed to produce disorganisation by creating panic.

Blows by the French

For the first three months of the war's fourth year the British effort had been concentrated on the struggle for the Passchendaele Ridge, the whole of which, with the exception of the northern end, was in their hands on November 6th. During the same period two blows were struck by the French—though their share on the British left in the northern battle must not be overlooked. The first was in the Verdun area, where, earlier, they had restored their old line in front of Douaumont, but had not succeeded in ejecting the Germans from the positions held by them for more than a year on either bank of the Meuse. In the last ten days of August the old battle-ground of Mort Homme and Talon Hill was again

the stage of a furious conflict, and the line from Avocourt to Samogneux along the Forges stream was again restored.

Two months later came the second blow, this time at the angle in front of Laon. Here the Germans had kept their hold on the ridge of the Chemin des Dames, the main observation-line overlooking Laon, though behind it still, across the Ailette and the Canal, stood two heights covering Laon and flanked on the west by the forest of St. Gobain.

The Chemin des Dames

The attack opened, after heavy bombardment, on Tuesday, October 23rd. By the end of the week the French had carried the western part of the Chemin des Dames, including the furiously-contested Malmaison post, and had reached the canal beyond. The loss of Malmaison rendered the Chemin des Dames position untenable by the Germans, and on November 2nd they had evacuated the ridge, and the French were pressing down to the Ailette. In the course of the operations over 10,000 prisoners had been taken; but there still stood a substantial barrier between the French and Laon.

The western plan of campaign had rested upon two hypotheses—that the Italians would not be outmatched on the southern front, and that Russia would, at the worst, keep faith with the Allies. As long as the enemy was debarred from reinforcing one front at the expense of another, he would be held up on two fronts and beaten on the third. Without reinforcing the east, he might defeat the disorganised Russians, but could not smash them. If he withdrew troops from the east, he would run the risk of being smashed there himself. Briefly, the weakening of any front might involve him in immediate disaster. For a considerable period it seemed that these anticipations would be fulfilled.

On the Russian front there was no defection on the part of the commanders, though there was grievous demoralisation among the troops; and although the Germans were enabled to occupy Riga early in September, the Rumanians, conscious that they were involved in a life-and-death struggle, fought with an obstinacy which Mackensen could not break in the Sereth lines.

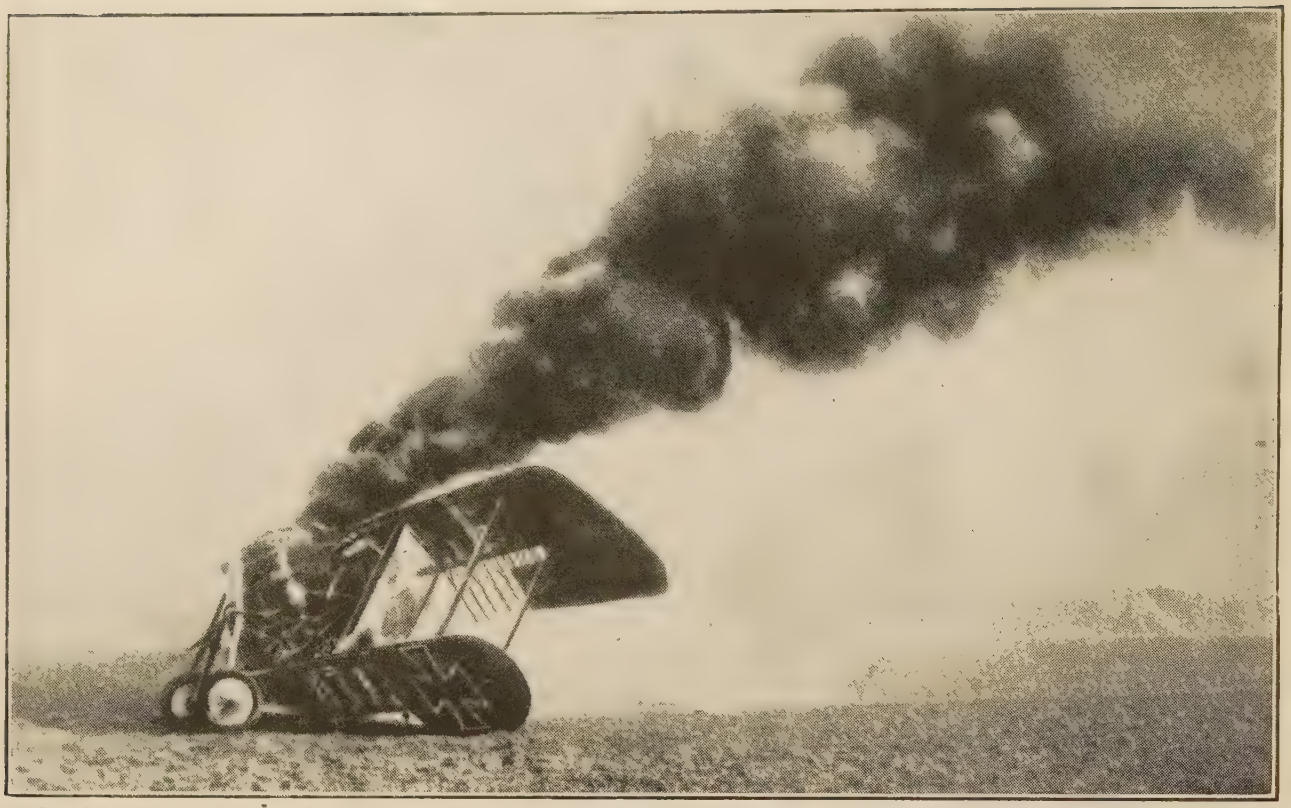
But the Russian generals found themselves paralysed by Kerensky's efforts to conciliate the dreamers and fanatics who were falling more and more under the domination of the Maximalists. In desperation, Korniloff attempted to force the alternative of a military dictatorship for the purposes of the war, which was easily represented as a reactionary movement aiming at the restoration of the Tsardom. Korniloff failed in an attempt which required a Napoleon for success. The failure only increased the demoralisation in the Russian ranks, destroying what was left of discipline and authority. Kerensky had himself broken the one weapon by which the situation might conceivably have been saved, and the control slipped more and more into the hands of the Maximalists, who, for the most part, did not understand—though their wire-pullers did—that they were simply playing the game of the Central Powers.

British soldiers, nearing home on leave from the western front, raise a cheer as they approach the shores of that "Blighty" which they have been heroically defending while fighting the Hun invader in France and Flanders. Home leave was looked forward to with ardent longing, and the men who so magnificently earned it as heroes hail the island home like exuberant boys.

And thus, from the latter part of September onwards, the Germans were enabled to transfer fresh, unexhausted troops from the east to the west, only in part replacing them by war-worn troops which, in the east, could lie quiet and recuperate.

The Italian Offensive

The course of events in Russia reacted upon the Italian front. At the moment when the Rumanians were definitely holding their own against Mackensen's assaults, the Italians resumed their offensive in the extremely difficult Isonzo region. Their aim was to win Monte Santo and clear the Bainsizza plateau on the north of Gorizia, and to storm the Hermada on the Carso covering Trieste.



A striking illustration of the burning wreck of a German aeroplane that had been sent down behind the lines by a British airman.

By August 24th the former of these objects was in effect accomplished, but the Austrians still held the Hermada. In this region the entrenchments are provided not by the digging of trenches, but by the profusion of natural burrows in the solid rock, which, to an immense extent, defy the heaviest of bombardments. Hence the storming infantry had an exceptionally severe and expensive task, though success was attended by the capture of large bodies of prisoners, who surrendered in masses when the attack penetrated to the shelters. Along an extensive line the Austrian front was broken and forced to retirement. If and when the Hermada should fall, it was probable that the evacuation of Trieste would very soon follow, and, though the Hermada held, the great achievement of the Italians seemed full of the highest promise. Still, while it held, there was little prospect of a further effective advance, and after the first week of September a lull in the active operations ensued.

Underground Peace Propaganda

But during the following weeks the Germans were making full use of the Russian situation, as to which the Western Allies were necessarily very much in the dark. The underground peace propaganda, which had been so successful in undermining the loyalty of the Russian soldiery, was similarly applied to the Italians, and at the same time troops and guns were gradually transferred to the Italian front. The Italian command was not unaware that preparations were in progress for a counterstroke, but was confident in the capacity of the Italian troops to meet it single-handed—unconscious of the extent of the demoralising influences which were at work in portions of the line.

The altered state of affairs in Russia satisfied the Germans that more was to be gained upon that front by waiting than by striking. Presently it appeared that the lull on the Sereth might be accounted for by other reasons besides the stubbornness of the Rumanian resistance, for German troops and guns were joining the Austrians in the Isonzo region, and when the attack was launched it was reported that Mackensen had been transferred thither from Moldavia. The blow, when it came, was one of the most startling in the war. On October 23rd the new forces were hurled against the Italians on the line north of Tolmino and the Bainsizza plateau, and on a twenty-mile front the Italians were smashed back—their Second Army had given way. Later it became clear that a factor of first-rate consequence in this shattering stroke was the demoralisation produced in the ranks of that army by the " don't fight " propaganda. Some of the troops fought, but others apparently surrendered wholesale.

On the 28th the advance had crashed forward as far as Civitale. The Third Army, which had done such magnificent work on the lower Isonzo and the Carso, was in danger of being enveloped by Austro-German forces pouring on to the Venetian plain. Its withdrawal was imperative, and all that had been won had to be given up. On the 30th Udine fell. It had been the advanced supply-base and general headquarters of the Italian armies on the Isonzo. It did not appear that the rot had spread beyond the Second Army, but the piercing of it meant that the whole line on its right was driven hard in retreat to a safer area where the line to be held would be greatly shortened. Would the troops and the command be able to resist the demoralisation which threatens every such retirement ? In that critical hour the unity of the Allies was promptly manifested by the promise of immediate aid from France and Great Britain.

Retreat to the Piave

The Third Army escaped envelopment, but at heavy cost. The Germans, thrusting down from Udine, struck at the remnant of the Second Army and the left wing of the Third ; 60,000 prisoners and a proportionate number of guns were reported to have been captured. That left wing had suffered heavily, but the army was through, and got itself behind the Tagliamento. Also it was learnt with satisfaction that the whole of the British artillery accompanying the force had been brought away in safety.

The Tagliamento is apt to run low, and, when it does so, it presents a very meagre obstacle to an advancing foe. But on this occasion it fortunately befell that it was

temporarily swollen with rain. Perhaps, too, the German advance had outstripped its supplies and its heavy guns. At any rate, on the Tagliamento there was a moment's breathing space while the shaken troops recovered their organisation. Still, it was no more than a breathing space; the moment had not yet come for a successful stand. On November 5th the Germans and Austrians were over the stream. The last defence had been no more than a stubborn rearguard action, and the whole force fell back upon the Piave, the one obstacle left on the way to Venice.

Victory at Ramadie

Yet one thing was becoming manifest—Italy was rising to the emergency; she had been stung to indignation by the Second Army disaster, which had stiffened her resolution instead of spreading demoralisation. Her troops had again shown that they could fight; the threatenings of internal discord had been silenced, and a new War Cabinet, whose whole-heartedness could not be questioned, had been called to office. Venice might yet repeat the story of Verdun—at least, if the Franco-British reinforcements could arrive in time. The Piave line had this advantage, at any rate, of being the shortest between the sea and the mountains; and behind the Piave the Italians turned to bay.

From the Asiatic areas, in the meanwhile, there had been of necessity but meagre news. In Mesopotamia an advance, with conquest in view, was not to be looked for without Russian co-operation. On the contrary, the Turks, in September, had been able to design a converging march on the Bagdad angle. The attempt, however, only led to disaster. The Turks were trapped at Ramadie, on the Euphrates; a skilful flank movement of cavalry cut their commuunications and their line of retreat, and on September 29th, after some sharp fighting, a force of 3,000 men, with their General Staff, found themselves forced to surrender.

For the time no farther news came from this region; but in the Palestine area General Allenby had been silently preparing his campaign, and on October 30th he struck his first blow, capturing Beersheba, with some 1,800 prisoners, on the following day. The fall of Beersheba compelled a general retirement of the Turkish line between Beersheba and Gaza, the defences of which were carried on November 1st, and the town itself was occupied on November 7th. Two days earlier, near Tekrit, on the Tigris, there had been a smart and successful fight with the Turks, who had been compelled to a hasty retirement.

During the whole of this period naval operations had presented no new features. There was no more sign than in previous periods of any disposition on the part of the German Fleet to come out and fight, or on the part of the British Fleet to risk its existence among the defensive mine-fields. An occasional excursion of destroyers and two or three cruisers here and there effected successful attacks upon a couple of neutral convoys travelling under what proved to be insufficient guard, the attacking forces making for home at speed as soon as they had achieved their stroke; on other occasions the raiders had to run with nothing accomplished, and were badly damaged in the flight. The submarine war was continued, with losses in big ships fluctuating between ten and eighteen per week, and a destruction of enemy submarines the extent of which could not be generally known. But there was a general impression that the destruction of tonnage was more rapid than its replacement, and the replacement of submarines more rapid than their destruction.

Summary of the Campaign

The outcome of the campaigning, then, from July 31st to November 7th was this:

The British on the Ypres front had battled forward till they had carried the Passchendaele ridge from its southern extremity as far north as Passchendaele itself, the northern extremity beyond Passchendaele being still in the enemy's hands. The French at Verdun had recovered the whole of the ground lost in the summer of 1916, and on the Aisne had mastered the whole ridge of the Chemin des Dames.

On the Italian front our Allies had at first, by hard fighting, advanced their trans-Isonzo lines, but had later

THE MEANS AND THE END.—In this photograph and that on the opposite page we have striking impressions of the war in the air as it was being carried on along the western front. The photograph above shows British anti-aircraft guns which brought down a large enemy 'plane in France.

met with the tremendous reverse which had forced the retreat of the whole line between the Asiago plateau and the sea to the Tagliamento, whence they were already in further retreat to the Piave, the last possible line to be held in front of Venice. There had been no new developments in the Salonika stalemate. The attacks on the Rumanians had ceased, but the total demoralisation of the forces in Russia had put the Germans in complete possession of Riga, practically made a Prussian lake of the Baltic, and permitted the secure transfer of masses of troops and guns to the west.

In Mesopotamia the Russian defection had prohibited material advance, but the British had more than proved their capacity for dealing faithfully with any Turkish attempts at a counter-advance. The last remnants of German forces were being shepherded out of German East Africa—the last remnant of the German colonial possessions. General Allenby had just carried the whole frontier line of resistance to the invasion of Palestine from Beersheba to Gaza.

Allied War Council

And, finally, there had been no change in the maritime situation which still threatened Great Britain with such a scarcity of necessaries as might be successfully faced only by a strict economy of distribution and suppression of selfish indulgence, without producing anything approaching the hardships from which the bulk of the civilian population were already suffering in the Central Empires.

Apart from the transient interest aroused by the final disappearance of the Germans from East Africa at the beginning of December, the notable military events before the end of the year were the stand of the Italians on the Piave, General Byng's brilliant stroke on the Cambrai front, with the German counter-stroke, and the entry of General Allenby's forces into Jerusalem.

The plans of the Allies in the west were inevitably modified by the Isonzo disaster and all that it entailed—including the dispatch of solid Franco-British reinforcements to a field in which they had been assured that their direct aid would not be needed. In plain terms, the Russian disintegration, now threatening to develop into a positive betrayal, had changed the whole western situation and imposed a revision of the Entente's methods of co-ordination, and yet another attempt to increase their activity both by land and sea. Italy had already put a new Ministry into power.

The British Prime Minister announced to the world that a new Allied War Council was to be set up to remedy the particularism of the several commands; the French Ministry gave place to one having M. Clemenceau at its head. Mr. Lloyd George, having thoroughly startled the public, allowed it to be understood that he meant everything he said, but not quite everything he was supposed to have implied, and that the Allied War Council was one more attempt to solve the eternal problem which had baffled all alliances since wars began—the problem of securing unity without subordination.

Victory of Bolshevists

The solution offered appeared to be of a kind which could hardly do harm and might do good, and the excitement which had arisen, with much talk of a Ministerial crisis, was allayed. Politically speaking, however, the most serious aspect of the moment was the definite victory of the Maximalists, or Leninites (who were coming to be known as the Bolshevists), over Kerensky in Russia, and the capture of the "Government" by a group headed by Lenin, which believed, or pretended belief, that a "democratic peace" could be obtained by Russia's desertion of the Allies who had been forced into the vortex of the war by their loyalty to her.

Now it is evident that the change in the western conditions, brought about first by the paralysis and then by the open defection of Russia, aided by the delays which adverse weather conditions had so consistently imposed, had destroyed whatever prospects the summer had offered of a decisive stroke on the part of the Allies during 1917; and beyond this, it was threatening them with a counter-stroke on the Italian front which might even prove a decision as far as concerned Italy.

Thus, important as was the next blow delivered by Sir Douglas Haig, its immediate effect could be little more than a relief of the pressure upon the Italians by compelling a very heavy concentration against the British—a concentration which, but for the eclipse of Russia, would have been impossible. Thus the British offensive had two phases—the first, in which the British drove forward on a broad front facing Cambrai; the second, in which the counter-concentration enforced the abandonment of approximately half the ground won in the thrust. But the advance itself had a significance of its own for the future, deriving from the novelty of the tactics employed—although it did not succeed in its immediate object, the capture or complete domination of Cambrai.

SPIKE-PROOF CANADIANS. — These spiked boards were laid by the Germans, points upward, on the roads, but the Canadians saw the point, and were not retarded in their pursuit.

General Byng's Attack

The attack, long and secretly planned, was delivered on November 20th, 1917, by General Byng. There had been no preliminary devastating bombardment, such as had preceded every other blow, and therefore no warning. No hint of the great preparations for it appeared to have reached the enemy. A complete surprise was achieved. The primary purpose of bombardment is the wiping out of the wire entanglements and defences which shatter the infantry advance, and this work was accomplished by a line of Tanks, which had been accumulated in unprecedented numbers, and were not prevented from operating by the usual obstacle to their ponderous activities in Flanders—ground which has been converted into mud-swamps. The result was an advance so much more rapid than had been deemed possible, owing to the unexpected meagreness of the resistance, that a salient was thrust forward almost to the outskirts of Cambrai; which had to be relinquished because of the impossibility of bringing up adequate supports, since the enemy, after the first surprise, was hurrying up every available man for the defence throughout the day.

The element of surprise had, of course, disappeared in the fighting of the following days. The British pushed forward slightly, dealing successfully with the counter-attacks; but the main matter now was the capture of Bourlon Wood on the left of the advance, since the possession of it would give domination over the Cambrai railway system, and thereby destroy its value for the enemy. On the 25th the wood was carried and held, and the fall of Cambrai seemed imminent. Its loss, however, would be so serious a blow to the enemy that he was straining every nerve to secure it at all costs by sheer weight of numbers.

The struggle continued, apparently in full fury,

swaying slightly backwards and forwards for two days; then for three days was what passed as a lull; and then on November 30th the Germans launched an attack with immense forces all along the new British line. The British attack ten days earlier was almost reversed; along the southern portion the defence appears to have been taken somewhat inexplicably by surprise. To the lay mind the only conclusion possible was that some one had neglected necessary precautions; though the authorities were fully satisfied, on examination, that no blame attached to the Higher Command. The enemy forces crashed forward, recovering half the ground that had been lost, and on their extreme left thrusting even beyond their original positions. If they had met with a like success on their right, there might have been a grave disaster—even as it was, some 4,000 prisoners were taken. But Bourlon Wood held firm, and the intended envelopment failed.

Result of the Operations

The minor salients which the attack had not driven in were withdrawn; but the wood itself had become a salient very pronounced, and particularly unhealthy because it was reeking with gas—and to meet a gas-attack is one thing, to live in gas is another. Since it was impossible to advance beyond it, there was nothing to be done but to withdraw behind it.

This movement was carried out with no contretemps during the night of December 4th, and the new line, shortened and straightened, was securely consolidated. The fortnight's fighting had ended by leaving the British line only slightly advanced, having reached, but then been obliged to abandon, its main objective.

Efforts to break into the line again failed; but the check had given clear proof of the heavy reinforcements liberated from the Russian front, and the resulting change in the balance of troops and armament in the theatre of the struggle—and it had also shown that the Germans must keep those masses on that front if they were to hold their own, although the critical position of the Venetian Plain was carrying off to the help of our Italian allies French and British troops which would otherwise have been accumulating in France.

We left the Italians falling back on the Piave in the second week of November. Their whole line falls into three sectors—along the Lower Piave, where it passes out of the mountains and crosses the plain in front of Venice to the Adriatic; the mountain sector between the Piave valley and the valley of the Brenta, which flows by Padua behind Venice; and the sector of the Asiago plateau, between the Brenta and the Adige, the historic barrier against invasion of Italy on the north-east.

Italian Stubbornness

It was primarily the political importance of covering Venice which imposed a defence on the Piave line instead of the much stronger Adige line on the rear. The enemy might make it his main object to break over the Piave and march straight on Venice, or to break through at the Brenta, the junction of the mountain sectors, and so envelop the Third Army on the Piave. Pressure all along the line had enabled the Austro-Germans to get a footing at some points on the right bank of the Piave by the middle of the month, though at other points they had failed, and it became evident that the main effort was being made in the mountains, and was directed to a descent by the Brenta, possible only if the heights on its right and left were mastered—in effect, the whole of the middle sector and the eastern part at least of the western sector, forming the high fringe of the whole.

For the next month the enemy was methodically hammering forward to this fringe, with strokes dealt now upon one part of the line, now on another, successively creating salients and compelling their abandonment.

Steadily and systematically point after point was forced, and the Italians were pressed back to the very edge of the mountain defences, but with a stubbornness of resistance which showed that the First and Fourth Armies as well as the Third had preserved their moral, in face of superior forces encouraged by victory, and in spite of the shattering defeat of the Second Army. On the Asiago sector the Italians held.

Between the Piave and the Brenta, the enemy reached and captured Monte Tomba on the left and Asolone on the right. But by the end of the year the Italians were again in partial if not in complete possession of Asolone; they were already strongly (though no one knew how strongly) reinforced by French and British; and on the last day of the year the French distinguished themselves, and marked the value of the solidarity of the Allies by recovering the hold on Monte Tomba, inflicting heavy losses on the enemy and making substantial captures of prisoners and guns. The possession of this summit, the one observation point they held dominating the allied positions, was all but a necessity for the enemy before they could deliver a fresh blow; and it was to be inferred that they would have hesitated at no effort for its recovery had they not already decided against any such effort in the immediate future.

Meanwhile, in Palestine General Allenby was conducting a brilliant campaign. After the fall of Gaza, the Turks were pushed back till their left rested in front of Hebron. Askelon and Ashdod were entered; the Scriptural "Land of the Philistines" was all in British occupation. On November 17th Jaffa was evacuated.

Fall of Jerusalem

The grand problem in Palestine was not the defeating of the enemy, which proved to be almost a matter of course, but the maintenance of supply, especially water, which was managed with remarkable success. Stragetically, the vital point for the holding of Palestine was the retention of the ancient Shechem; but immense political importance attached to Jerusalem, and fighting through the hills of Judæa is no simple task. Both Shechem and Jerusalem were still covered by the Turkish lines; but the communications with Shechem, on which Jerusalem depended, were already threatened.

On December 8th came the news of the capture of Hebron. After that the fall of Jerusalem was a certainty. It was evacuated by the enemy, with humorous declarations that they had withdrawn to avoid the pollution of the Holy City by bloodshed. On December 9th Jerusalem surrendered, and on the 11th was formally and peacefully entered by General Allenby.

The goal of the Crusaders, which had been in the hands of the Moslems ever since the days of Saladin, was once again in Christian occupation.

At the opening of 1918, the high hopes of the summer had clearly failed of fulfilment. The allied line had indeed been carried appreciably forward, but the Germans were firm in the line Cambrai-St. Quentin-Laon, and on the rest of the French front there had been no material change. On the other hand, the Austro-Germans on the Italian front had not only stopped the pressure upon Trieste, but had won the smashing victory which bears the name of Caporetto, driven the Italians back to the last standing ground in the mountains, and thrust forward into the Venetian Plain as far as the Piave. There, however, the recovery of the Italian army, reinforced by French and British, had held up their advance in the last weeks of the year.

Effect of Russian Cataclysm

But whereas in September it was apparent that the balance of strength had turned in favour of the Allies in the west, in December it was still more apparent that the balance was again in favour of the Central Empires. Lack of unity in the western command, the invariable defect of all alliances since war began, had reduced the progress of the Allies to merely local successes; but the decisive factor had been the political and consequent military collapse of Russia, which had already released masses of men and vast stores of munitions for the western front. How tremendous was to be the effect of the Russian cataclysm the first three months of the New Year were to show.

For such control of affairs as existed at all in Russia

had passed into the hands of the Bolshevists, who, if they were not deliberately working as German instruments, were at least very thoroughly playing the German game. Armed resistance to the Germans ceased, and the so-called Government entered upon the amazing negotiations for a separate peace, which culminated in the incredible Brest-Litovsk Treaty, and forced upon Rumania, isolated and helpless, submission to the terms dictated to her by the Central Empires.

Though these treaties were not signed till the year was some weeks or months advanced, they meant that the Austro-Germans were already freed in the east from the need of active military operations in the face of organised hostile forces, and would be able to turn to their own use the resources of the submitting countries in foodstuffs and war material.

Waiting for America

So in those first months of 1918 steadily increasing masses of German troops were gathering in the lines on which the war was to be ended before America could bring in her reinforcements for the Allies—if, indeed, she could bring them in at all in defiance of submarines.

For the Allies, on the other hand, it seemed obvious that they must remain virtually on the defensive until those new forces should arrive to give them an actual preponderance—a preponderance which, until their coming, must rest with the Germans. It was, in effect, certain that the enemy would seek to force a decision; in the spring their great offensive would be launched; they must stake everything on it, since their chance could hardly come again. If it were held, then the Allies' turn would come. And nowhere was there the hint of a doubt that it would be held. Yet, as the moment drew nearer, there was in some quarters consciousness of a weakness. The British found themselves called upon to take over a part of the French line, south of St. Quentin. There, inevitably, was the weak link in the chain. And the Germans knew it.

Since the New Year eleven weeks had passed without any notable battle when, on March 21st, the Germans struck along the whole front from the Scarpe to the Oise, from Arras (in British occupation) to La Fère (in German occupation), between forty and fifty miles, as the crow flies.

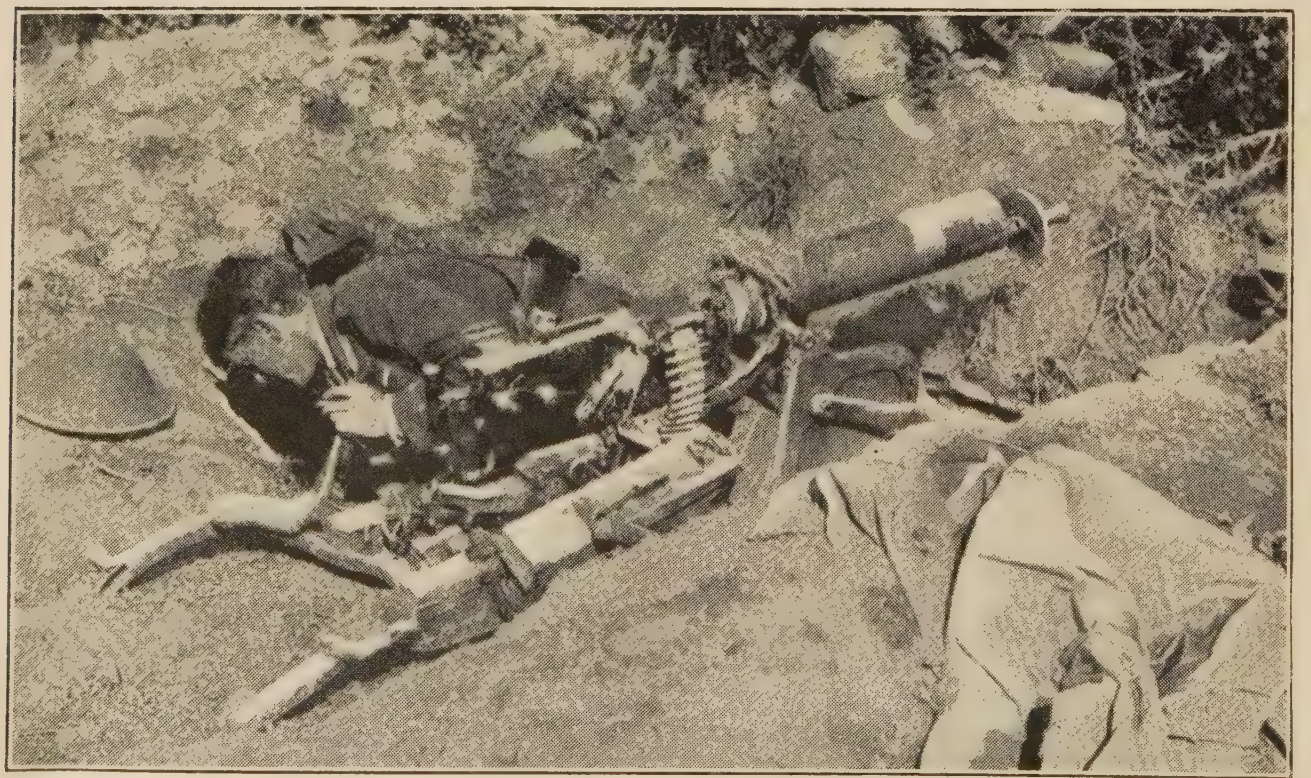
At the outset the object of the enemy appeared to be the breaking of the British line attacked at a point north of its centre, since the heaviest pressure developed on the sector facing Cambrai. But though the whole defence was pressed back to the third or main defensive line—a result which was almost to be taken for granted on this first day—there was no sign of the intended break. The Germans had not concentrated upon the weak point. But on the second day they had found it, on the British right facing St. Quentin. In fact, it is probable that it was here rather than further north that they had proposed striking the decisive blow, and on the 22nd it came very near to success. With a tremendous concentration of troops they broke upon the British Fifth Army, actually aided, as it would seem, by a heavy mist. In effect the object was to sweep away the British right, snapping the connection with the French, turn the flank, and roll up the line northward, thus effecting a complete separation between the French and British armies.

Fall of Bapaume

But though the British right was broken it was not shattered. There were, however, no positions in the immediate rear where a fresh stand could be made; a rapid fighting retreat was the only alternative to annihilation—and either retreat or annihilation would mean the complete exposure of the flank, unless the whole British line swung back on its hinge at Arras in conformity with the retirement, while the French line must also extend itself rapidly westwards, both to keep touch and to harass the flank of the German advance.

By the evening of March 25th Bapaume and Péronne were once more in the hands of the Germans, and they were across the loop of the Somme which flows from Ham to Péronne.

On Tuesday, the 26th, they were in front of Albert, while Noyon and Roye had been given up. On Wednesday Montdidier on the south and Chipilly on the Somme were abandoned. But here, or with very little farther advance, the great German rush was brought to a standstill. It had swept the Allies out of everything they had won between the Scarpe and the Oise in the campaigns of 1917. It had reached a point within a



A British officer investigating a captured German machine-gun emplacement which abounded in the German lines.

EARTHS FROM WHICH FOXES WERE CLEARED.—This picture shows a wounded German in the lair where he was discovered. Both this machine-gun pit and that shown on the opposite page were found on the British sector of the front, in the neighbourhood of Meteren, between Hazebrouck and Bailleul.

dozen miles of the great railway centre at Amiens. It had delivered to the enemy a vast number of prisoners and immense quantities of war material. But it had failed in its great object—it had not thrust a wedge between the British and the French armies. And while it had imposed a tremendous strain upon the French extension to keep touch with the British, it had brought the German flank into a dangerously exposed position which required to be strengthened and secured before the extended French line could be sufficiently reinforced to deliver a heavy attack.

On this Wednesday and Thursday a violent effort was made to break the hinge on which the British front had swung at Arras. Had the attack been successful, it would have turned the southern end of the Vimy Ridge and enforced a retirement along the line hitherto unshaken. So much importance was attached to this effort that no less than ten divisions were brought into the engagement on this narrow front; but heavy as the onslaught was, it was repulsed completely, and the Arras front remained unshaken.

Still, for another week—Easter week—the pressure forward towards Amiens was continued, making an advance of some two miles towards its objective on a front of about fifteen miles. This, however, was something very different from the first ten days' rush forward, and it was apparent that the resistance was not merely stiffening but had thoroughly hardened. What was now in progress was the familiar ding-dong fighting, in which it was as likely as not that any ground won by either side on one day would be lost again in the next twenty-four hours.

German Rush Checked

By the end of Easter week the impetus of the rush had obviously been lost, the resistance had solidified, and confidence that the Germans would not break through or even drive their way over the ten miles that lay between them and Amiens was restored. Had the great blow succeeded, the enemy would have had his choice of thrusting south-west, with Paris as the objective, or enveloping the southern British flank and sweeping the British armies up to the sea. Failing that, there was another alternative—to smash the British back to the sea by a thrust at their centre.

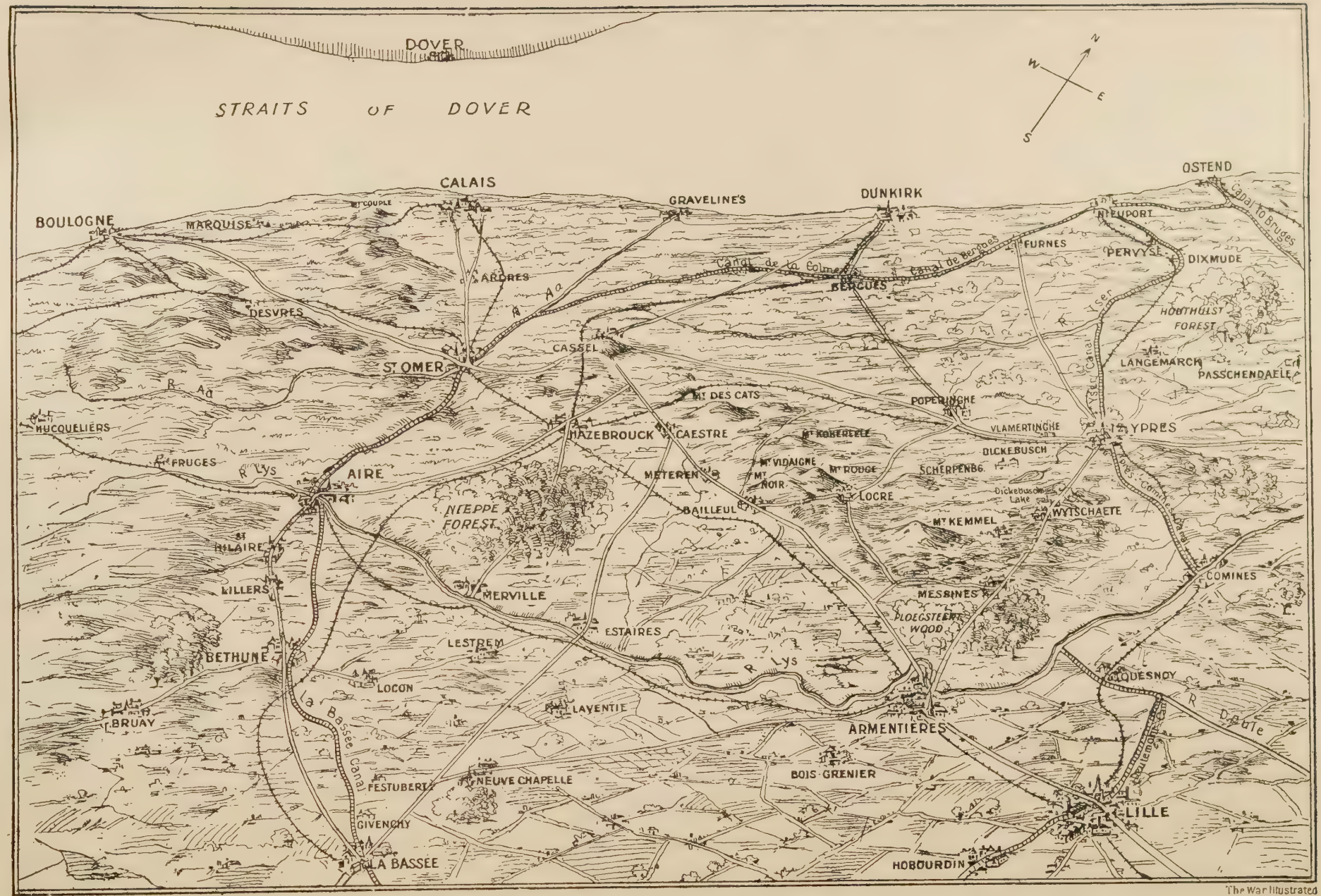
Attack on Messines

The possibilities attendant on such a stroke were alluring. The British command would be divided between the desire of massing troops to resist it and the fear of reducing the strength of the flank which had suffered so heavily and had only just succeeded in staying its enforced retreat. If the line were pierced, the northern half would be rolled up or the southern half enveloped; even if it were not, anxiety for the security of the seaboard would probably compel such a concentration on the left and centre as to give a new prospect of a successful stroke on the Amiens sector.

The scheme was clearly arranged for in the original programme of the offensive, and its execution organised the moment it was realised by the German Command that the chance of a break-through at Amiens was growing hourly less. For on April 9th the attack was delivered in almost overwhelming force on the front between the Messines, or "Whitesheet" Ridge and the Vimy Ridge.

To ensure success the primary object was to reach and capture the north-south railway at Béthune, and next the junction of the Calais and Dunkirk railways at Hazebrouck, by an advance which would turn the southern end of the Messines Ridge and thus completely disorganise the whole British line—not merely the section attacked. In the centre, which was held by the Portuguese contingent on the allied front, the line was pierced by noon, the infantry attack having opened at daybreak.

But on the German left the plan was foiled by the magnificent resistance put up by a Lancashire division at Givenchy, covering Béthune. Givenchy was, indeed, carried by sheer weight of numbers before noon, but was immediately recaptured by a fierce counter-attack, and, in spite of the masses hurled against it, was still



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MENACE TO THE CHANNEL PORTS.—It must be noted that this map is not drawn with the north directly at the top, but is planned to bring within one purview the Channel coast from Ostend to Boulogne and its relation to the northern part of the battle-front. From Locon by Nieppe Forest to Meteren and Locre runs the line on which the German advance on Hazebrouck was stayed. Had the enemy gained Hazebrouck he might have made the Ypres salient untenable and turned the ridge of the last high ground between occupied France and the coast.

in possession of the Lancashire men on the following morning. Between Givenchy, however, and Armentières, on a front of a dozen miles, a deep salient had been thrust forward, reaching to the bank of the Lys River. The tenacity of the troops at Fleurbaix, south-west of Armentières, had prevented the extension of the base of the salient northwards.

On the second day the main objective of the enemy was the Messines Ridge, which was subjected to direct attack from the east, while the forward thrust—checked on the first day from "Plugstreet" to Fleurbaix—was pushed on well over the Lys, and beyond Armentières, which was full of gas. But it was only on the lower eastern fringe of the Messines Ridge that the Germans were able to establish a precarious possession.

Capture of Neuve Eglise

During the next three days the arc of the salient was steadily advanced, but at its southern extremity Givenchy held fast, and though, at its northern extremity, the southern summit of Messines was reached, it was not mastered. The arc, however, had been carried as far as the fringes of the Nieppe Forest, covering Hazebrouck on the west and the foot-hills of the high ground stretching westward in rear of Messines on the north. The enemy had entered Neuve Eglise, and had been thrown out again. He was in front of Bailleul and Merris, and his entry into Merville and Locon constituted a serious menace to Béthune. But in the last two days the mean depth of his advance between Messines and Locon had been less than two miles. The situation was still intensely critical, but the prospect of a break through had hardly survived the indomitable defence of Givenchy and the stubborn resistance of Messines. The lateral railway behind the British line from north to south was still intact.

It was during the first and most critical stage of this desperate struggle that Sir Douglas Haig issued his famous "backs to the wall" order, which is said to have aroused the energy of America to its highest pitch, and which was accompanied by that magnificent effort in our own islands which—as was learnt later—carried a quarter of a million more troops across the Channel in three weeks, and more than made good the whole of the losses in war material suffered since March 21st.

The Germans were once more striving to "hack through" to Dunkirk and Calais. At the end of a week of striving they had formed a great bulge between Givenchy and Messines, once more creating an Ypres salient which necessitated the flattening of the line in front of Ypres from the Houthulst Wood to the Messines Ridge—in other words, the abandonment of Passchendaele; an operation which was accomplished undetected by the enemy, who only made slight and not very important progress about Bailleul.

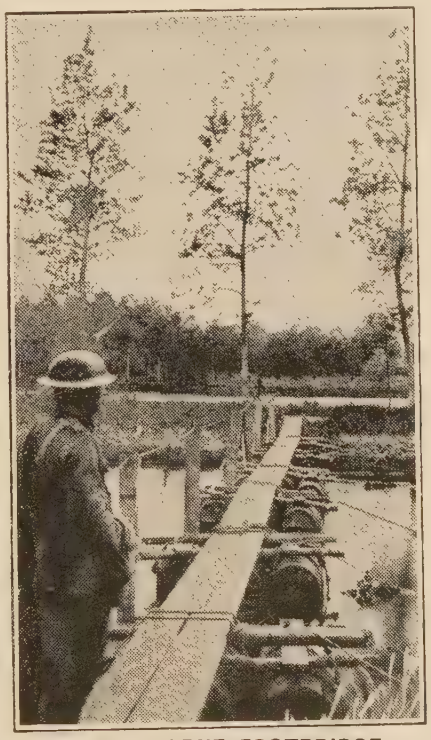
Valour of the Belgians

On the eighth and ninth days he made two great efforts, either of which, if it had succeeded, would have once more made the situation desperately critical. Both failed. The first was directed on the north of Ypres, where at first it penetrated the Belgian lines, threatening a break through to the rear of Ypres and the northern flank of the hills behind it, already threatened by the salient on the south. The valour of the Belgians, however, restored the position by a fierce counter-attack, and the line was held and thoroughly re-established. The second was a great thrust on the southern side of the salient towards Béthune, and included an attempt to force the canal passage at Hinges, and to break the resistance at Givenchy. Both efforts were decisively broken up, and two minor movements on the northern sector of the arc likewise achieved no success.

A brief pause was followed in the next week by two more blows. One was successful in its immediate aim. The hill of Kemmel, in rear of the Messines Ridge, was carried after long and desperate fighting. The French troops, which had come in to the support of the British, held the position till they were literally annihilated—a German success which finally necessitated the abandonment of the now untenable Messines Ridge. But this was the last German gain on the Ypres section.

Since the offensive against Amiens had been brought to a standstill in the second week of the great thrust there had been a lull in that region, the energies of both sides having been absorbed by the northern attack. As that in its turn was also coming to a standstill the enemy would seem to have prepared for a fresh blow in the southern s lient.

In front of Amiens a triangle is formed by the Rivers Somme and Luce, the base being the Franco-British line covering Amiens with Villers-Bretonneux at its centre (British) and Hangard (French) at the south-east angle. Behind this line is a plateau, the mastery of which would bring the Amiens railways directly under fire. The day before the attack on Mount Kemmel (April 25th) the Germans opened an attack on this plateau, the failure of which closed this phase of the struggle in the Amiens area. Hangard, the scene of much ding-dong fighting, was entered; Villers-Bretonneux was turned and carried, compelling the retirement of the French, whose flank at Hangard was exposed. But a determined counter-attack, in which Australian troops especially distinguished themselves, restored the situation, drove the enemy out of Villers-Bretonneux, and enabled the French to re-establish themselves at Hangard. On the second day the line again stood where it had stood when the attack opened.



A BARREL-BORNE FOOTBRIDGE.—Constructed by Australian soldiers over a waterway on the western front.

Battle of Locre

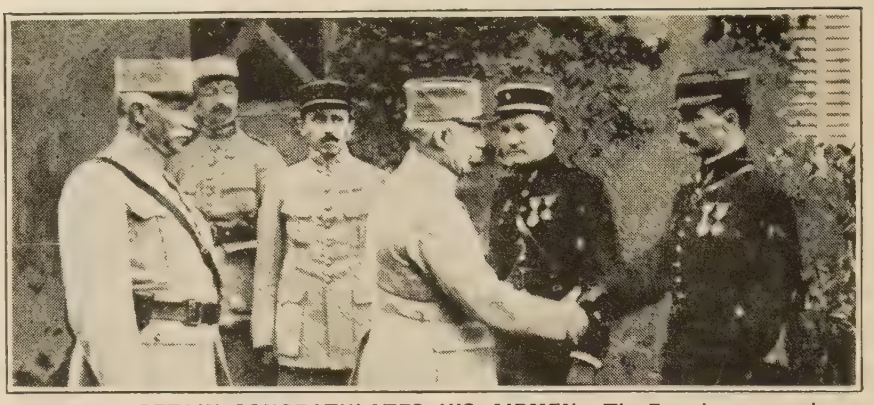
Precisely corresponding to this was the battle of April 29th in the north, the sequel of the capture of Mount Kemmel, which may be called the Battle of Locre. The stroke, if successful, would have given the mastery of the hills behind Ypres and compelled a retirement of the whole line stretching to the sea, uncovering Dunkirk.

The effort was in proportion to the value of its objective. The attack was made in masses on two narrow fronts. That on the right, against the British, was held up largely by new recruits, whose mettle was put to splendid proof. That on the left broke through the French line at Locre, and for a time the situation was exceedingly critical, but the French counter-attack in the afternoon not only recovered the lost positions but drove the Germans back half a mile behind their original starting-point. Thus was the last blow broken of the great offensive which had opened on March 21st, and a lull of a month followed in the operations on the western front.

Just at the moment when the defence had practically recovered its stability, on the eve of the attacks on Mount Kemmel and Villers-Bretonneux a memorable achievement was accomplished in another field by the British Fleet.

The Germans had long been in effect wiped off the surface of the seas where they had been reduced entirely

to the "raid-and-run" operations of which the main value was that protection against their expansion withdrew British ships from the business of submarine hunting. The most troublesome bases and refuges for such action was on the Belgian coast at Zeebrugge and Ostend, which were also submarine bases. The blow struck, on April 23rd, by Sir Roger Keyes, in command at Dover, was intended to block those two harbours. At Zeebrugge its success was practically complete; at Ostend it was not. At Zeebrugge, the object was to sink concrete-laden ships in the mouth of the Bruges Canal which was guarded by a mole. The plan was to effect a complete surprise, without which the chance of getting the ships sunk in the right positions was impossible; the thing was to be done under cover of an attack upon the mole, which would appear to be the actual objective of the enterprise. Its danger was obvious, and the work was entrusted to picked crews of volunteers, every man of whom knew that his own chance of escaping alive was small. The operation had to be carried out in the dark and yet with the utmost nicety of navigation.



GENERAL PETAIN CONGRATULATES HIS AIRMEN.—The French commander-in-chief was described as being always with his soldiers and ever ready to recognise special bravery with praise and congratulation. He is here seen complimenting French airmen who have just returned from a flight over enemy territory.

The attack began with a familiar bombardment by monitors, which gave no warning of a coming engagement at close quarters, but probably drove the garrison of the mole into shelters and fixed attention on a distant enemy. The Vindictive and her consorts, with the storming-parties, bore down undetected, under an ingeniously-developed fog-screen, but before the mole was reached a sudden change of wind swept the screen aside, and the vessels were already under heavy fire when they came alongside and grappled the mole with the "brows" or boarding-bridges specially prepared. Most of these were shot away, and one after another of the British gun-crews was wiped out, only to be replaced by a fresh crew.

Storming Zeebrugge

The "boarders" flung themselves on the mole with desperate courage against heavy odds; there was furious hand-to-hand fighting; an old torpedo-boat converted into a sort of super-torpedo was exploded in the piles which connected the great mole with the mainland.

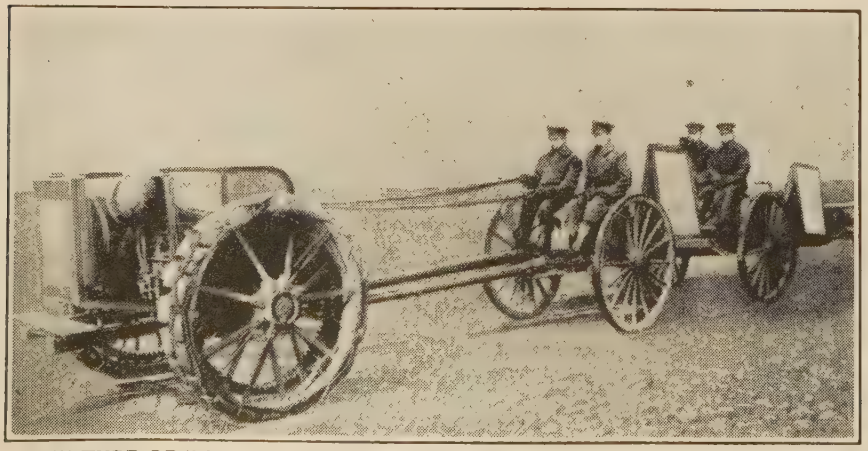
All the damage that could conceivably be wrought on the mole could never have warranted the tremendous risks of the attack, but when the recall sounded from the Vindictive those who were still capable of getting aboard her knew that something else had been accomplished—that the concrete ships had been sunk—and that if they were across the waterway Zeebrugge was rendered harmless for an indefinite length of time. It was known at once that two vessels had been sunk where it was intended that they should be sunk, and later photographic evidence proved incontestably that they had effectively blocked the waterway, and that Zeebrugge was practically out of action.

The Attempt at Ostend

The attempt at Ostend, somewhat less dangerous in character, was less successful, though through no fault of the flotilla. In both cases the essential point was that the block-vessels should be got into position before they were discovered, as otherwise they would almost inevitably be sunk by gun fire before reaching the exact spot. The change of wind at Ostend removed the smoke screen and revealed the flotilla too soon, the exact spot was not reached, and the block-ships did not choke the waterway. But the failure was remedied a little later, when a complete surprise was effected and the old Vindictive crowned her career by the last service she was capable of rendering when she was sent to the bottom clean across the waterway so that its passage was virtually closed.

The skill and audacity with which these apparently impossible operations were designed and executed, and the splendid spirit with which they were carried through, constitute one of the most brilliant and heroic episodes in our naval annals.

The occasional news from other war areas reported no striking activities. There was some progress in Mesopotamia and in Palestine, where such engagements as were recorded were successful enough but did not herald any great advance; while in East Africa the German forces still in Portuguese territory were still giving trouble and still being hunted. There was a general inclination to anticipate an Austrian thrust in Italy, whence the withdrawal of some of the French and British troops had been necessitated by the offensive on the French front; the only active operations, however, took the form of a local offensive, not by the Austrians, but by the Allies in the Trentino, where Monte Corno was captured and held against the Austrian counter-attacks.



NEW TYPE OF "ARMY HORSE."—This ingenious tractor, capable of moving heavy guns and dragging tons of supplies and transports up steep gradients, is controlled by reins precisely as if it were a live horse. A pull on the right rein or the left turns it at once in the required direction; a pull on both brings it to a stop.

The brief period of the military lull was marked, however, by one particularly noteworthy political feature, the conclusion of the treaty of Bucharest between the Central Powers and Rumania. Even more than the treaty of Brest-Litovsk it was a demonstration of the German theory of the sort of terms which a victor is entitled to impose upon the vanquished, reducing the betrayed principality to a state of unarmed serfdom, for all practical

purposes, while it was designed at the same time to establish a permanent source of friction between Rumania and the Ukraine.

The Germans, however, as the Allies thoroughly understood, had been deliberately waiting while they were preparing for a new blow at a new spot—not a continuation of either the Amiens or the Armentières thrust. They had succeeded in concealing the extent of their concentrations.

On May 27th they opened the new offensive by a heavy attack in the north on the French position at Locre, where, after the first shock, they were driven back to their lines and the position was held. But their great onslaught was in another quarter. The offensive of March and April had been directed wholly against the British with a view, first, to a break through at or near the point of junction with the French army; and, secondly, to a penetration towards the coast. The original point of junction had been about the Oise, where it flows through La Fère. The British line hingeing on Arras fifty miles to the north had been swung back to just in front of Amiens, while the French line had been extended westward across the gap so formed on the south, keeping touch with the British.

Thrust for Paris

The new attack was directed upon what had been the French left, from the Forest of Pinon south of La Fère to Rheims, along the sector which included the Craonne Plateau and the Chemin des Dames. So far at least as concerned the weight of the concentration, a complete surprise was effected. By sheer weight of irresistible numbers the French and the British, who were holding part of the line, were crushed back. The Germans swept over the Chemin des Dames, down to the Aisne, and over the Aisne, with a rush as swift as that at St. Quentin, in twenty-four hours. East of Rheims, and round it, the defence held. But the direction of the thrust was straight towards Paris; the general conviction was that Paris was its objective. Certainly the danger to Paris would be immense if the French line could be snapped.

On the second day the enemy was over the Vesle, which, flowing through Rheims itself, joins the Aisne a little above Soissons. On the third he had swept down to the banks of the Marne, reaching Château-Thierry on that river, not fifty miles from the French capital. Pushing westward along the Vesle and the Aisne he was in Soissons almost due north of Château-Thierry, but was held up by the high ground west of Soissons and by the Villers-Cotteret woods south-west of it. And Rheims was covered from turning by the Mount de Rheims. He had thus occupied a dangerous salient with the Vesle as its base, Château-Thierry as its apex, and the angles of the base in the neighbourhood of Rheims and Soissons. For the rectification of his salient the rest of the week was occupied in establishing a blister on the west of the straight line from Soissons to Château-Thierry. The attempt to turn the south of Rheims, by crossing the Marne at Jaulgonne, had been foiled by an effective counter-attack of American troops (brigaded with the French and British at the request of the American Government, pending the accumulation of a separate American army), who thus successfully inaugurated the participation of America in the actual fighting.

Blow West of Noyon

For about a week the advance was held up, but on June 9th the Germans struck to the west of Noyon. Here his direct attack on the Lassigny massif was beaten off, but he succeeded in turning the west of the position, which consequently had to be abandoned, so that the neck of the Marne salient was materially widened. Otherwise, however, the attack failed to make material progress, in spite of the complacent declaration by the German War Minister, Von Stein, that General Foch's "army of reserve" had ceased to exist.

The enemy—and, for that matter, the general public among the Allies—was quite unconscious of the speed at which America was pouring reinforcements across the Atlantic, while he was still convinced that even if and when they did come, they would be of no account. But General Foch's methods had also hoodwinked him as to the man-power available apart from America altogether.

But the German method which had reached so high a stage of development in the spring campaign demanded rapid blows struck by huge concentrations of troops whose impetus could not be long maintained in spite of the terrific character of the first impact.

Great Austrian Attack

The middle of June saw the offensive, begun on May 27th, brought to a standstill as the offensives of March 21st and April 9th had been held up. Again a month elapsed before the renewal of the onslaught. But in the interval another smashing blow was attempted in a different field. Each of the blows on the Franco-British front had come perilously near to effecting a real break-through; each had set up a great salient. But the new blow on the Italian front was completely and decisively shattered.

No change to be noted had taken place on this point since the new year. It lay in three divisions: That on the left, in the mountains, behind the upper waters of the Adige; the centre, running from west to east, also in the mountains, from the Adige to the upper waters of the Piave; the right, along the lower Piave to the sea. A break on the left was hardly practicable, a break in the centre would bring the Austrians down on the Venetian plain in rear of the Italian army holding the Piave line, a thrust on the Piave line would force it back along the plain to the next line where a stand could be made—the lower Adige behind Venice, the capture of which would be of great political importance, but would not involve the smashing of the Italian army, from a purely military point of view. The break down the valley of the Brenta between the Piave and the Adige would threaten the very existence of that army besides ensuring the loss of Venice after the inevitable fall of Verona and Vicenza.

The attack opened on June 15th along the entire extent of the line. On the left it can have had no serious object beyond that of occupying the opposing troops. On the right it threatened a direct advance on Venice. But definite victory in the centre would create a position much more critical even than that which followed upon Caporetto, which had shattered one Italian army, while a second only escaped by the narrowest margin to recover touch with the armies on its left.

Disaster on the Piave

The first day, however, proved the complete recovery of moral on the part of the defensive, with its French and British reinforcements. Along the whole length of the centre the line held, and, though at points it was pressed back locally, all the ground temporarily lost was promptly recovered; the point which was perhaps the most critical, the Asiago plateau, being defended by the British contingent. After the first onslaught and recovery the line was not again shaken.

However, on the Piave line the opening attack met with a measure of success. The Piave itself is a serious obstacle only when swollen. At the chosen moment it was comparatively easy to force several crossings and set about the establishment of bridge-heads. The crossing towards the Italian left at Noversa enabled the Austrians to secure a footing on the Montello, the high ground at the angle giving observation over the area.

During the following days the crossing of the Piave was made good, and progress was made on Montello, but beyond the stream no material advance was otherwise made, and the Italian resistance was stiffening and transforming itself into heavy counter-pressure. Then the river rose; bridges in course of construction were swept away; the supplies were almost cut off. By the end of the week an Italian force was threatening to turn the Austrian left between the sea and the crossing at St. Dona; the troops over the Piave were more than held all along the line. On the tenth day General Diaz was able

to announce that the enemy was recrossing the Piave in disorder. The offensive had definitely and decisively failed, and the following days were occupied only in completing the repulse. The time had not yet arrived for an effectual counter-offensive.

Battle of Rheims

The public had hardly anticipated a failure so complete. On the whole, it had kept surprisingly steady through the three months which had been, perhaps, the most critical period of the war since the Germans had been turned back from the gates of Paris after the first month. It was, however, well understood that the enemy effort was not yet exhausted. Some successful fighting in Albania materially strengthened the position of the Allied forces covering the port of Vallona; the presence of an Allied expedition on the Murman coast of the White Sea in support of the Russian patriots was made known; at various points on the western front there were sharp local engagements, to the advantage of the Allies, but all was obviously only in preparation for the reception of the next great shock, which was again delivered precisely a month after the momentum of the last had been exhausted.

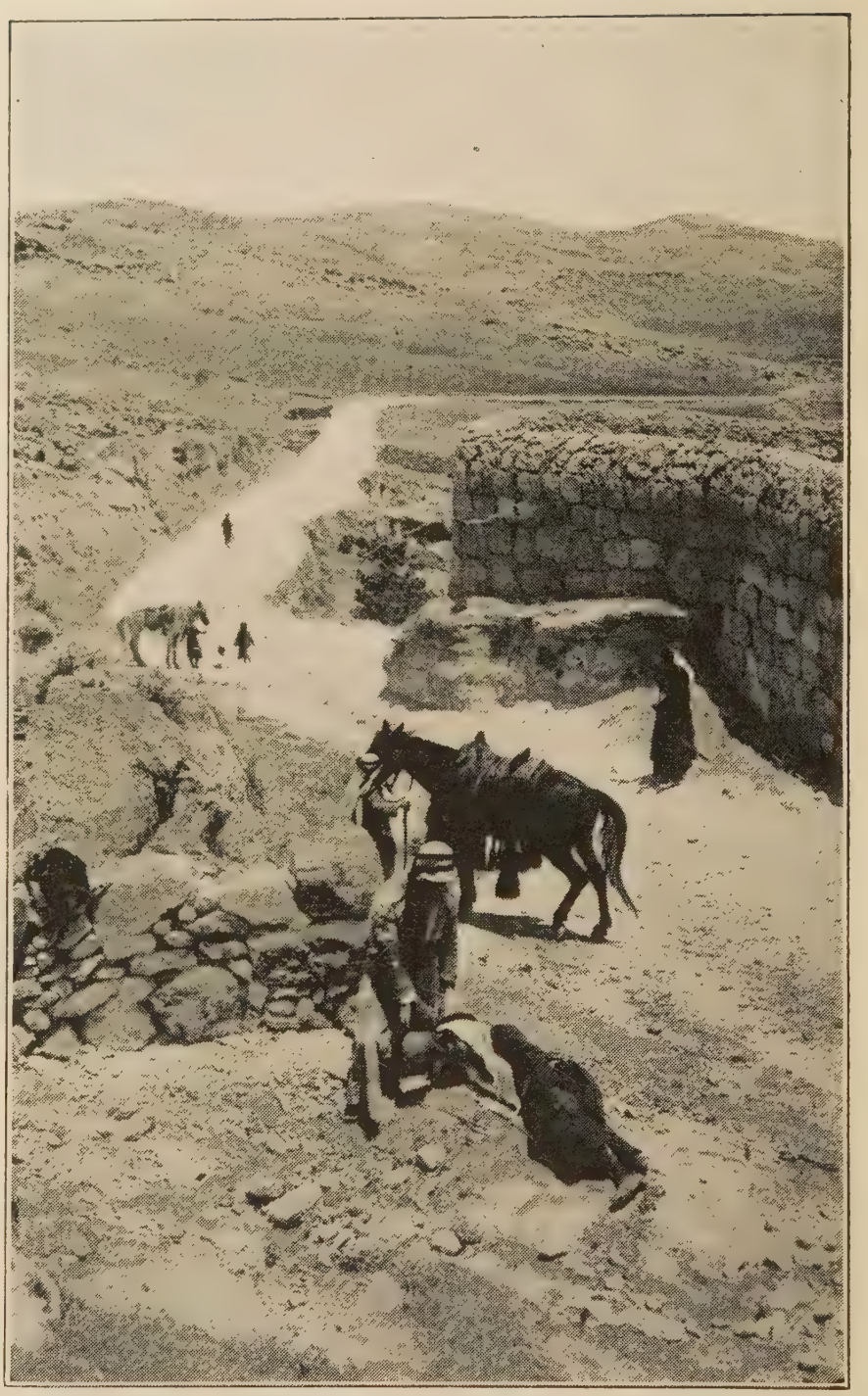
On Monday, July 15th, the Germans attacked upon the whole length of a fifty-five-mile front, of which Rheims was precisely the centre, from Château-Thierry to Massiges eastward. On the dozen miles or so on his extreme right he lay on the north bank of the Marne, where his object was to force a passage, thus at once thrusting towards Paris and threatening to turn the rear of Rheims, which would thus be completely enveloped if the blow on the east of it also proved successful.

General Gouraud

The blow on the east failed completely from the outset. Any hope there may have been of a surprise, or anything like a surprise, was disappointed. General Gouraud, commanding on this sector, withdrew from his screen to his battle positions, inflicting heavy losses on the enemy at very small cost to himself in casualties and without the loss of a gun. When the battle positions were approached the attack was shattered all along the line; at no point was any appreciable impression made on the defence. In all previous experience the first shock had been practically irresistible; here it was completely held, and the holding it meant the definite failure of the attack. The defence had decisively proved itself the stronger.

It was not so, however, on the German right. The first day's fighting saw the Germans over the Marne from near Château-Thierry to Dormans, with the next section of the line pressed somewhat forward. Yet on the extreme right, where, beyond Château-Thierry, the Germans thrust at Vaux, a sharp reverse was inflicted upon them by the Americans brigaded there, who not only repulsed the attack but shattered it, taking many prisoners; while at the extreme point of the passage, at Fossoy, a little above Château-Thierry, the first advance of the enemy was thrown back by a counter-attack—also the work of the Americans, whose numbers had been rapidly increasing during the past month of preparation.

A pocket, then, of no great depth, had been created—half on the south and half on the north of the Marne, on a front of about twenty miles—in effect pressing out the eastern side of the Château-Thierry salient towards the Mont de Rheims—roughly, one-third of the whole line of the attack which on the remaining two-thirds had been held up. Here, then, was the one chance of success. By continuing the push eastward along the Marne to Epernay the Mont de Rheims might still be outflanked, and with this effort the Germans were



ON THE WAY TO JERICHO.—View of the stony slopes through which the road to Jericho runs, and over which General Allenby's forces continued their victorious advance against the Turks, capturing Jericho itself on February 21st, 1918.

occupied throughout the Tuesday. There was ding-dong fighting, points being captured and recaptured two or three times in the course of the day. At the end of it the German line had actually been advanced, but it was already evident that any further progress would be of the slowest.

Foch's Counter-Blow

This was confirmed by the continuation of the struggle on Wednesday. The Marne itself was still a serious obstacle between the force which had crossed it and the supplies which came over by the pontoons; reinforcement, especially in respect of munitions, was a serious difficulty. On the right of the pocket the enemy advanced less than a mile towards Epernay along the Marne. Confident, however, that the French were without power to attack, he maintained his effort on the following day, despite the very precarious position in which the troops over the Marne would find themselves if heavily attacked. But in the course of that Thursday he was suddenly to find the whole position entirely reversed.

He had assumed that all, and more than all, the force the French could muster, beyond the bare necessities for preserving the line in case of an attack elsewhere, was required to hold in check his advance in rear of Rheims and the menace of a push towards Paris. All his own movement was concentrated on the one quarter, the eastern side of the salient whose base ran from Soissons to Rheims; neglecting the possibility of a counter-stroke on the western side of the salient.

This neglected possibility was actualised on the Thursday morning. The execution of Foch's blow was the work of General Mangin. No hint of what was coming had escaped. Without a shadow of warning his attack was delivered along the front of twenty-five miles from behind Soissons to Château-Thierry. Adopting the method inaugurated by General Byng, in his advance on Cambrai, General Mangin dispensed with all preliminary bombardment, rushed the German first-line with Tanks and infantry, and by evening had advanced a mean distance of five miles along the whole twenty-five-mile front. On the left, early in the day, he had carried the Hill of Paris immediately behind Soissons, a point from which his artillery had complete command of the railway junction through which passed nearly all supplies for the German salient.

Nevertheless, for the whole of that day and the greater part of the next (Friday, 19th), the enemy continued his fruitless effort in the direction of Epernay, making no ground, however. He must, in fact, have understood fast enough that unless Mangin's blow was a mere demonstration with no force to back it, the troops across the Marne, and indeed the whole salient, were in a highly-critical position from which it would be well to retire at his best speed. But he was not fully convinced of the necessity till the Friday, when, under cover of night, he began his retirement across the Marne, which was completed about midday on Saturday. That the cost of the retreat was very heavy there can be no possible doubt, since a great part of it was conducted by daylight over pontoon bridges commanded by the French fire, but the French were content with the execution so wrought, making no infantry attack.

German Offensive Fails

By the Sunday evening, July 21st, all the ground gained by the huge offensive, which had begun a short week before, was lost, while Generals Mangin and Degoutte had advanced along a small but invaluable belt of ground to a depth of five miles, between Soissons and Château-Thierry. The new American contingent, too, had decisively vindicated its quality, and every effort to recover portions of the ground won by counter-attacks had been defeated.

At the end of one week's fighting it was as certain as anything can be in war that the whole offensive had failed. Failed, not in the sense that though it had gained much it had not attained its main aim, but completely. It had gained nothing at all, while the cost of it to the attack had been very much heavier than to the defence.

The German Command, however, still seemed determined to maintain the great salient with its apex on the Marne and its base on the Vesle, the line from Rheims to Soissons.

Though Château-Thierry was abandoned, the southern front still stood for some ten or twelve miles on the bank of the Marne. Possibly the stand of the following days was maintained only for the purpose of ensuring the secure evacuation of the supplies, the guns, and the masses of men within the salient. Possibly it was imposed by the fear of the effect upon both military and civilian moral of a rapid withdrawal from ground which had been won only two months before to an accompaniment of loud and triumphant pæans of

British heavy gun at work on the Italian front, where our artillery rendered effective assistance to the forces of our gallant allies in their great offensive against the Austrians. The gun-pit, it will be seen, is well screened by a network of small branches.

BRITAIN'S SMOKE-GIRT BASTIONS.—An officer on the Mersey ferry-boat Iris turning on the tap to release the smoke-screen that was employed later with such success at Zeebrugge when the ship took over part of the landing-party that stormed the Mole, April 23rd, 1918.

victory. Possibly it was believed at headquarters that the strength of the French attack was already exhausted, or on the point of exhaustion, and that the salient could be held. Anyhow, the stand was made.

Franco-American Push

For three days, then, the stand was maintained—that is, over the tenth day of the whole battle. It was maintained by the presence of large reinforcements in the salient, which gave colour to the belief that it was intended to be permanent, not merely to secure the withdrawal—and on the side of the Allies there were fears that it meant the coming of a fresh blow. The public was beginning to learn the folly of overrating successes, and at best only hoped without expecting that the retirement might be cut off with large captures of prisoners and guns.

On Thursday, the 25th, however, General Mangin renewed the attack on the western flank. By hard fighting, and in the face of stubborn resistance, French and Americans pushed forward towards Fère (in the Tardenois, the district of the salient, not the La Fère where the end of the British line had been on March 21st). It was through Fère that most of the evacuating columns would have to pass. If it were first captured, the whole force in the salient would be in the utmost danger. Through the Thursday and Friday the enemy concentrated upon the defence of the line covering Fère, while the forces on the Marne were retired. On the Friday night he was able to extricate himself from the line of heaviest pressure, and on the Sunday night the Franco-American line ran from west to east in front of Fère and Ville. The depth of the pocket south of the Vesle had been reduced by one-half, and the salient had been flattened into a bulge.

Slowly the retirement continued for the next week, contesting every inch of ground against unrelenting pressure. On the Thursday Soissons had been rendered untenable by the carrying of the heights between the Ourcq and the Aisne. On August 4th the whole German line had fallen back over the Vesle, and the Allies had established their bridge-heads on the north of the river.

The great German offensive had opened on March 21st. The first great rush had swept the British line, pivoting on Arras, back from La Fère to just in front of Amiens, but the French had preserved touch along the southern flank, so that the separation of the Allies had not been attained.

The second attack, on April 9th, had driven into the British line between Ypres and Givenchy, thrusting towards Dunkirk, and had come to a standstill with the capture of Mount Kemmel.

The third, hurled upon the French in a south-westerly direction (May 27th), had swept them back, on a line pivoting upon Rheims, down to the Aisne at Soissons, over the Aisne and the Vesle, and established a southward salient with its blunt apex on the Marne.

The fourth effort directed on the Italian front (June 15th) had been completely shattered. The fifth, opened against the French on July 15th, had in the first three days gained some ground upon its left sector (but nowhere else), thrusting over the Marne. But on the fourth day Foch dealt the first blow, which showed that the whole situation had been changed in the interval. The enemy was promptly forced to retire not only from the ground won in the last three days, but from the whole salient of the Marne created in the last offensive.

Initiative with the Allies

The grand fact, however, was not merely that his offensive had been held up from the beginning, but that from July 18th onwards the initiative had passed to the Allies. It was no longer they who were waiting to see where the enemy would strike, and to meet his attack, it was the Allies who chose the spot and the moment for striking, and it was the Germans who were compelled to conformity with their operations.

Thus the concluding and as yet uncompleted phase of the war's fourth year was big with promise, not indeed of immediate and overwhelming triumph, but of a rising tide of success. For nowhere could there be seen the germs of such a disaster as the Russian cataclysm which had shattered the not unreasonably high hopes of a twelvemonth before. And now, as far as human calculations were concerned, there was no conceivable chance of the enemy attaining a favourable decision before the full weight of America could be brought into action.

BRITISH DESPATCH-RIDER HALTS FOR WELCOME REFRESHMENT IN A PARTLY-RUINED FRENCH VILLAGE OCCUPIED BY BRITISH TROOPS.

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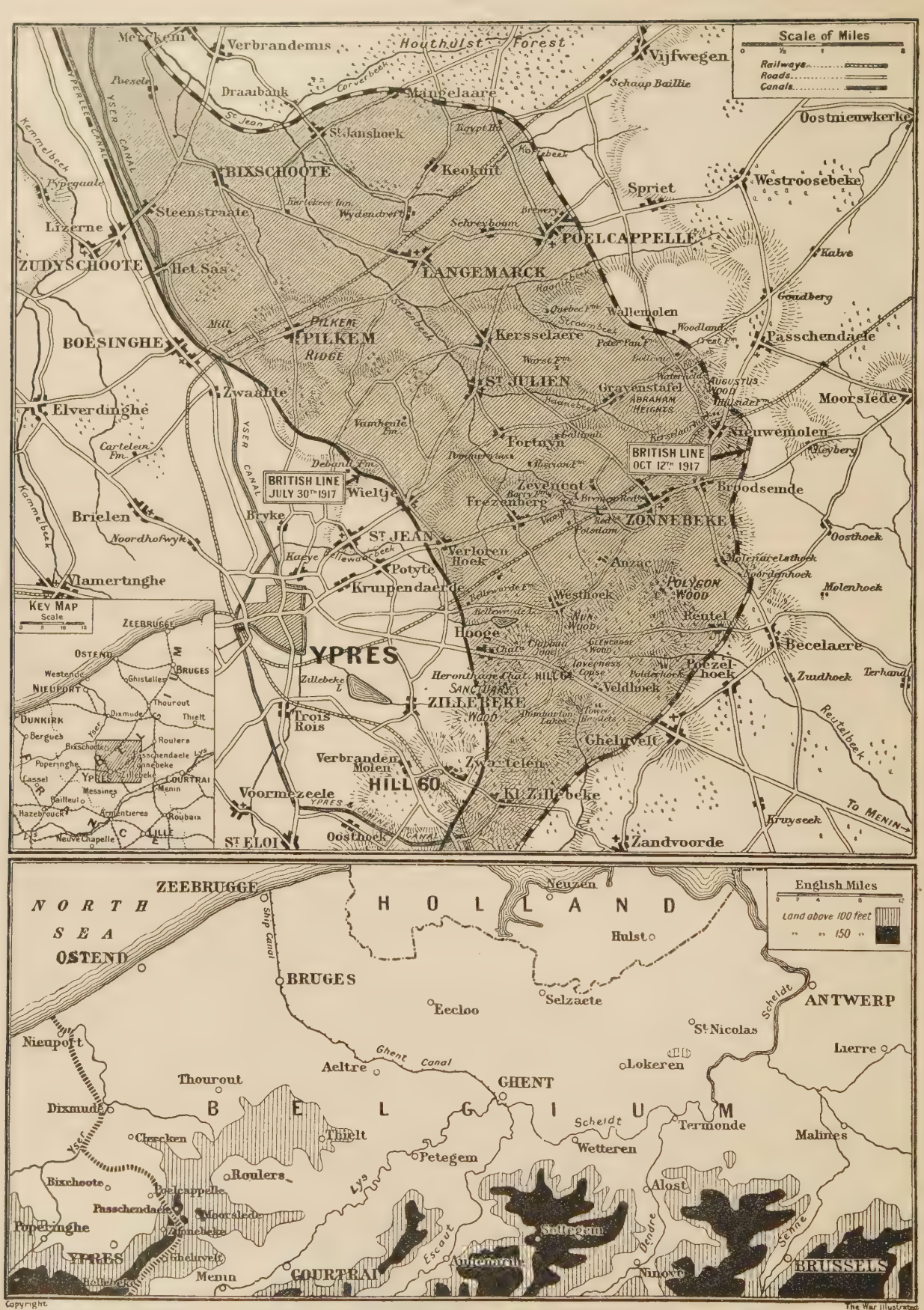
Third Battle of Ypres

The series of great battles to which the name Third Battle of Ypres is given lasted throughout the autumn of 1917. The British made substantial progress towards breaking through to the Belgian coast, capturing Pilkem and Westhoek Ridges and Langemarck. Later victories were those of Polygon Wood, Broodseinde, and Poelcappelle, and the battle culminated in the glorious capture of Passchendaele.

BOMBS FOR THE BOCHES.—Men of the British Second Army completing their preparations for the Third Battle of Ypres, Aug.-Nov., 1917. They are seen drawing supplies of bombs from one of the sand-bagged bomb-stores in the support trenches.



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THE BATTLES FOR THE RIDGES.—This map admirably illustrates the great fights waged for the Flanders Ridges in the summer and autumn of 1917. The upper section shows ground recovered by our various offensives between July 31st (solid line) and October 12th (black-and-white line). The lower section shows the strategical position as affected by altitudes. With the Ridges—from which Bruges can be seen—in British hands, the area between the coast and the River Lys would be dominated by the British, and the enemy obliged to retire on the line of the Scheldt, and thus be cut off from his sea and air bases at Ostend and Zeebrugge.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

The Opening of the Third Battle of Ypres

By MAX PEMBERTON

THE Third Battle of Ypres began on Tuesday, July 31st, 1917.

That it would begin somewhere about that day was no secret even to the man in the street, and it may be said that no battle of the war has been awaited with greater expectancy, nor has any been prefaced by omens more audible.

For many days the windows even in London were shaken. We had stories from the country which would have seemed incredible had we not known them to be true. This man brought us tidings of what he had heard in Kent; that, of wondrous happenings as Essex recorded them. Generally, people believed that some great attack upon the Flanders coast was in preparation, and so cleverly were the secrets kept that even the Germans had massed large bodies of troops and many guns upon the Nieuport sector. These were kept amused by the appearance of casual monitors, which led to the belief that our assault would be amphibious; and it was not until the dawn of the last day of July that the truth was revealed. It then became apparent that the old Ypres "saucer" was once more to be the centre of a bloody combat. We were to fight for the Pilkem Ridge as we had fought for Vimy and Messines; but not for such heights as theirs—only for a mean elevation which the Germans have dominated since that memorable October in the year 1914.

Importance of Pilkem

In the early days of the war we used to describe all this country about Ypres as "flat as a dish." To the eye accustomed to the hills and dales of any Western county it is that; but in war you measure height relatively, and here about Ypres, where twenty metres may make a mountain, even the gentlest slope may be of military value. Ypres itself, as all the world now knows, lies in the hollow of a mild crater of which Pilkem is the rim; and while the Germans were in possession of that so-called height the salient below continued to be dangerous. Thus it came about that in this first great move toward the seaports of Flanders it was necessary to begin where others left off three years ago; and right gallantly our fellows have done it, despite the set-backs which the deplorable weather made inevitable in the first days of August.

Unsurpassable Artillery

I do not know how many people knew that 3.50 a.m. was the time fixed for this critical attack, but certainly the hour was common property in France. For days together the unsurpassable artillery behind our lines had been shattering and shivering the distant trenches, the woods, and the flat meadows which harboured the Hun. We have become accustomed to these bombardments by this time, and they have been too frequently described that I should dwell upon their details. It may be safely said that neither upon the Somme nor at Messines was there such an enduring thunder of sounds as Ypres knew during the last days of July. Go where you would behind the lines, the windows of your house threatened every minute to be blown in; the earth would tremble under you; the very table at which you wrote start and shiver as though conscious of danger. And all this time, while the fine weather lasted, the flying men were up in swarms—silver birds in a cloudless sky; their superiority over the Hun unquestioned, their observation beyond compare. And lucky for us that it was so, for when the great day came there was observation no longer, but only a few gallant flyers in a murk of mist and solitary airmen swooping through dank clouds in a vain effort to locate and to bomb a surprised enemy.

The Kaiser's "Cockchafers"

Thunder was heard early in the morning of this day, and a sharp shower of rain prefaced our attack. The weather, however, behaved fairly well until nightfall, and then the wet began again piteously. A seething downpour falling upon marshland and a country of canal and rivers impeded the dash of the gunners and blinded the eyes alike of friend and of enemy; and it, more than anything else, contributed to our temporary loss of St. Julien on the first day of August. Certainly, it justified the fretful complaint of the pagan, who will tell you that the Germans never want the luck when the day of reckoning comes.

The Troops Engaged

Here we anticipate. The scene for the moment is the great marshland below the waters of Dixmude. You will have read that the attack was, roughly, on a front of about 14,000 yards (about eight miles) round the circuit of the Ypres salient—from near Boesinghe in the north to the neighbourhood of Warneton in the south. On our left we had the French co-operating magnificently and holding the line almost to the sea. The troops engaged were the Highlanders and the Welsh, some splendid English divisions, and the indispensable Canadians and Australians. Opposed to them were thirteen Boche divisions under the Crown Prince Rupprecht, four of these being Bavarians (the 4th, the 6th, the 10th, and the 16th, and the 3rd Division of the Guard). But we had also the famous Berlin "Cockchafers"—the Kaiser's pet Guards Fusiliers—who at Pilkem village itself ran against the Welsh, and received a hiding they will not soon forget.

Bridge-building Under Shell-fire

Roughly speaking, all our objectives in this first day's battle were gained. The French forced the passage of the canal, building bridges in many places with superb courage and under a deluge of shell against which none but the bravest troops could have stood up. To them fell the villages of Steenstraete and Bixschoote; while we, upon their right, advancing to a depth of over two miles on a wide arc, were shortly in possession of Pilkem, St. Julien, Frezenberg, and Westhoek. The latter fighting found us on historic ground—broken and wooded country and the Germans lying in concrete dug-outs, which even a direct hit from the largest shell could not destroy. But if it could not destroy them, it could overturn them; and the troops have again and again, since that memorable Tuesday morning, discovered these shelters, upturned and overset, and reeking of a ghastly odour which betrayed the dead within. Here in these woods the fiercest fighting took place—crafty negotiations of shell-holes which the Hun had turned into emplacements, sweeping advances upon lonely farms wherein the rifles blazed and the flame of many muzzles burst forth.

The "Tanks" in Action

It was bad country for the "tanks," and yet, when called upon, they did their work gloriously, rolling here and there in solitary state, often crossing by the newly-made bridges at the imminent peril of an overset which would drown every man within them; sometimes going upon lonely jaunts which brought them unexpectedly to a hidden redoubt, or a trench which they sat upon with that grim irony which is their own. And while they were thus delving and rooting like monsters that stray from a herd, elsewhere upon that long line English and Welsh, and Highlanders and Anzacs, were dashing forward through the wan light of the dawn to the villages and the trenches which so long had been but names to them. They fell, we hear, easily. But this is to say that our own men went with a courage which was matchless—the Welsh towards Pilkem, the Guards towards the Steenbecke River, which presently they were to cross despite their orders.

Deadly Hide-and-Seek

This kind of fighting was entirely to the liking of these famous fellows. So swiftly did they go that they found themselves where no barrage played, and there began that game of hide-and-seek whose excitements cannot be surpassed. Here a platoon would descry a monstrous shell-hole, and down went every man until it should be circumvented; there, some farm amidst its stubble and trees would attract the wanderers and lead them to investigate. Step by step they would creep up to it, holding their fire until the enemy declared himself, but rushing it at last with wild hurrahs and the bayonets poised. Generally, the Hun appears to have put up the feeblest fight in these encounters, though the "Cockchafers" were stubborn enough against the Welsh, and wherever the Hun officers were gathered there the men fought till the end. "We did them in," said a Guardsman afterwards, relating one such occurrence with glee—and "done in" assuredly they were to the number of 5,000 prisoners upon the second day, and a stock of booty which befitted the occasion.

No longer do the Germans hold the first line with any strength. Everywhere on the Tuesday, at any rate, we dispersed them with relative ease, but Wednesday was a day of pitiless wet, and through the murk the Germans came in their thousands upon St. Julien and the new line to the south of it. We lost the village temporarily, and elsewhere we "bent back," as the official phrase has it. But we held the heights, and the heights are all that matter for the moment.

Britons Go Forward in the Battle of Flanders

British soldiers passing along a communication trench which runs through a French village on the western front.

During an attack on the enemy trenches. British bombers drawing supplies of the deadly missiles in readiness to follow on.

Along by the willows. Wounded British soldiers brought from the front are pushed along a light railway by their comrades.

A rest during the Battle of Flanders. Men of the Guards pause for a while outside smashed enemy machine-gun emplacement.

Forward with the guns! British artillery passing through a village on the western front during a forward movement.

On the way to the trenches. British troops passing through one of the sadly-shattered villages which were rewon in the west.

Thrilling Scenes in the Third Battle of Ypres

Near Hollebeke and La Basse Ville the Germans had some wonderful concrete "pill-boxes" dotted about the ground covering machine-guns, and when clustered together forming redoubts not easily destroyed by shell fire. One had no apparent entrance, being approached by tunnels coming up in the centre. It was built with a ventilation slit, in which the British "posted" bombs with great effect.

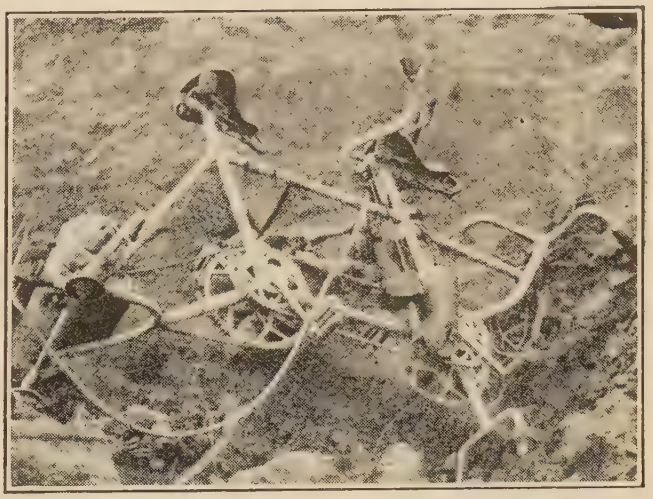
At one point along the Comines Canal the British advance was held up by a German posted on the railway embankment with a machine-gun. An English soldier stalked him, and then, creeping up the embankment, put the German out with a bomb and captured the gun.

'Billets' in Belgium: Barely Better Than None

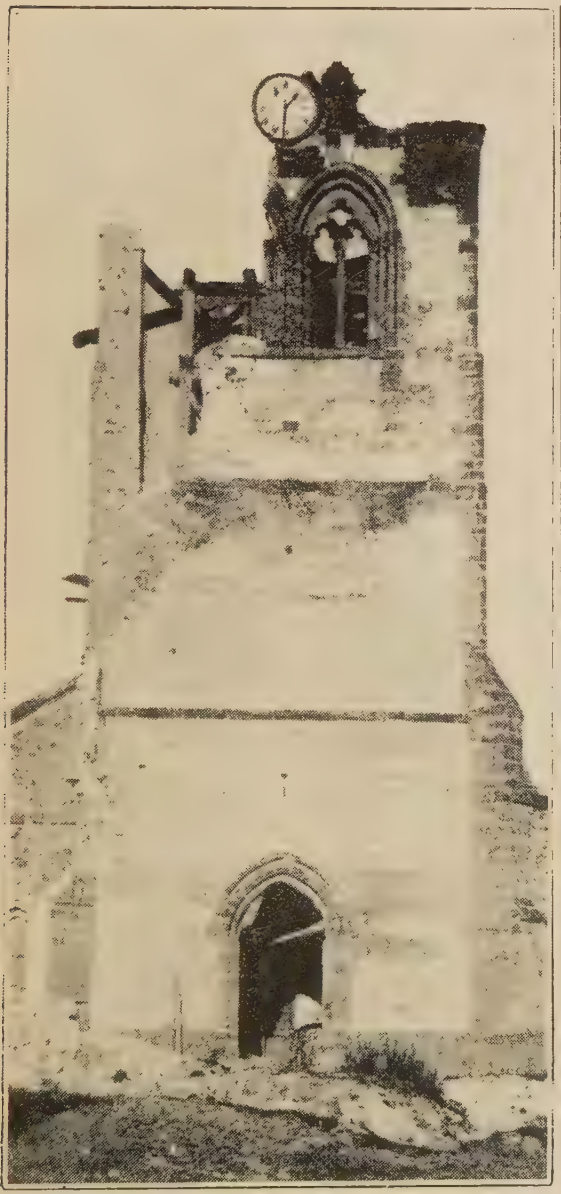
London troops returning to their wretched billets in a newly-captured village in Belgium. The discomfort endured by the soldiers in Flanders was extreme, the trenches being water-logged and available billets mere skeletons of houses, affording almost no protection.

British troops leaving their billets in a village near Boesinghe which had been heavily shelled. Boesinghe is north of Ypres and west of Langemarck, and the fierce intensity of the fighting there was not surpassed. Every building was a ruin, the whole area a waste.

Vestiges of the Vandals Flying from Vengeance



Pulling a horse from a ditch into which it had been blown by the concussion of a shell-burst on the road to Reutel, east of Polygon Wood. Right : Part of an apparatus left by hurried Germans, a two-man car dynamo, driven bicycle fashion, for supplying signal lights.



Church tower of Saint Hilaire, Marne, after being subjected to German bombardment, the intact dial still marking the hour when ruin fell upon the unhappy village. Right : A glimpse of the endless transport traffic plying to and from the battle area.

Going Forward to the Firing-Line in Flanders

Fresh troops on their way to the fighting-line approaching the Polderhoek Road, where they heartily cheer a working-party returning with helmet trophies. During the advance of Oct. 5, 1917, which extended from near the Ypres-Menin Road to the neighbourhood of the Houthuls

One of the strongest of the many strong machine-gun points captured by the British during one of the advances in Flanders. Many German dead were found lying on the ground when the position was rushed, and the survivors, being marched off to the left, surrendered.

lun Positions Beyond Which the Line Advanced

est, there were specially strong points on the right. One of these was near Polderhoek Chateau, but the men who were brought up, though cked for a time, soon came into line with the rest, and won their way a bit farther along the hotly-contested road that runs through Gheluveit.

rong German position on the Flanders front captured by the British during an advance. The victors were examining the position, while men of the R.A.M.C., to the left, were still removing the wounded. One man in the foreground was bandaging his own hurt arm.

Gallantry of the Guards at Poelcappelle

Making a new ammunition dump in a forward position on ground occupied on the British front, and levelling the shell-torn surface with horse-drawn "scrapers," ready for stacking yet more of the shells in readiness for the next forward move.

Episode of the fighting north of Poelcappelle. The British Guards met with severe opposition at a redoubt known as Strode House, held by men of the 227th German Division. The Guards bombed the position, and, rushing it point-blank, took forty prisoners.

Might and Mercy Marching on the Menin Road

Carrying wounded off the field while the Battle of the Menin Road was still raging on Sept. 20, 1917. A shell bursting very close to the path did not check the stretcher-bearers in their heroic work. The German prisoner in the foreground was the most discomposed.

A dressing-station near the Menin Road battlefield, through which hundreds of wounded German prisoners passed, receiving as much consideration as their wounded conquerors. British losses in this battle were very light; the German losses "never heavier."

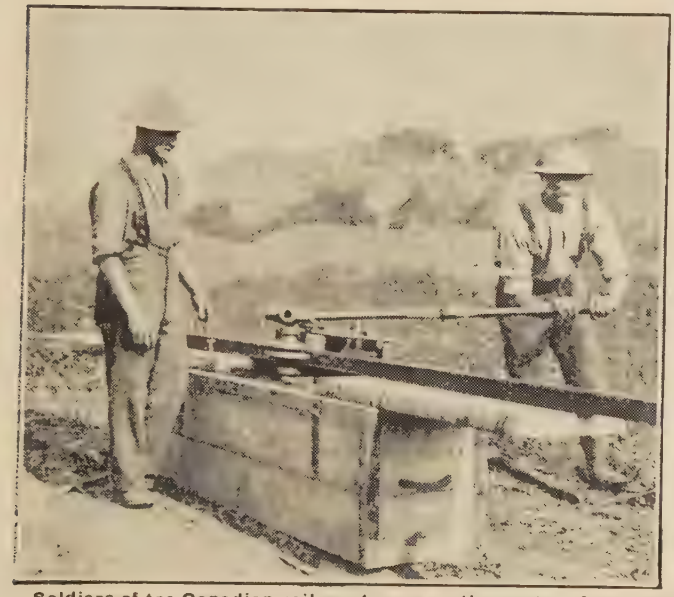
Bridging the Yser and Well Away Beyond Ypres

Bridging the Yser during the opening stages of the great Flanders Battle. This work, done at many points and carried on under the falling of enemy shells, was rapidly and heroically performed by British troops in preparation for the advance from Ypres.

British troops entering the main street of Langemarck. It was on August 16th, 1917, in continuation of the fine advance east and north-east of Ypres, that the British succeeded in taking the stubbornly defended village and in capturing in it 1,800 German prisoners.

Forcing the Foe Eastward Through Flanders

Men of a North-country regiment taking up rations for comrades in the front-line trenches in the Battle of the Menin Road.

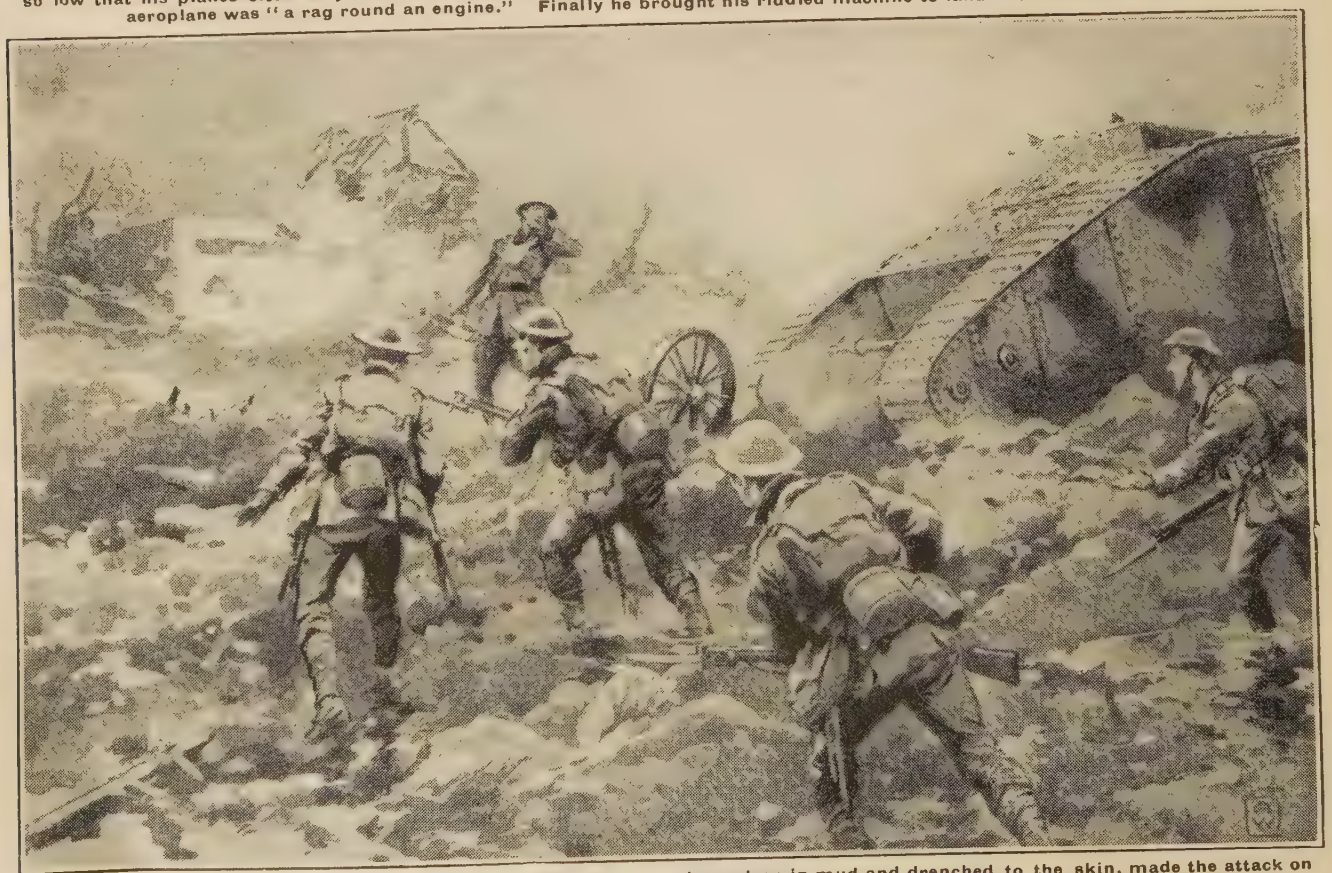


Soldiers of the Canadian railway troops on the western front engaged in bending a rail for use on a curve. Right: Anti-aircraft machine-gun in front of Zillebeke, ready for any enemy aeroplane that should venture over the trenches.

Some of the wounded from the Menin Road Battle receiving attention from the R.A.M.C., without distinction of race. A doctor is writing a message home for a wounded man. Right: German prisoners taken in the Menin Road Battle lined up for vaccination.

Fine Flower of Valour in the Swamps of Flanders

One British fighting airman, operating near the Australians in the Battle of the Swamps, amazed them by his daring. He swooped so low that his planes often only skimmed the ground. The Germans raked him with "Archies," 5·9's, and rifle fire until his aeroplane was "a rag round an engine." Finally he brought his riddled machine to land in the British lines.



In the fighting beyond Ypres on October 4th, 1917, Midland troops, knee-deep in mud and drenched to the skin, made the attack on Terrier Farm. They were helped by a "tank," until a white rag thrust through a hole in the wall signalled the enemy's surrender.

Moral Beats Mud Upon the Road to Broodseinde

What the Flanders roads were like during the Battle of the Swamps. The enemy at one point discredited the warning of impending attack on October 12th, 1917, deeming attack impossible upon a position no better than an island in a lake, without any approaches.

A dressing-station near Wieltje, on the road to Broodseinde, showing the conditions in which the medical officers worked. So awful was the mud upon the battlefield that from some points it took six R.A.M.C. men six hours to bring in a single casualty.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

The Victory of the Flanders Ridges

By MAX PEMBERTON

THE bells of York Minster, we are told, were rung for the great British victory of October 4th, 1917. It is a little surprising that every other church in the land did not imitate this example. No greater triumph had been achieved by our arms since the beginning of the war. None in all our story shines with a lustre more brilliant nor has been of such moment to the Empire.

Now, this is to say that it was a battle with certain definite objectives, and that all these were attained. So far as we can learn, there was no flaw anywhere. Sir Douglas Haig has set himself this year the gigantic task of driving the Germans back from the highlands of France and Flanders, and he has succeeded. Beginning with the Somme in 1916, we went on in 1917 to Vimy and Messines, and then reached Broodseinde.

On September 19th, 20th, and 26th, in the Battle of the Menin Road beyond Ypres, we laid the foundations of our success. It remained to clear the Hun from his final hold on that S-shaped ridge which runs from north-west to south-east from the swamps of Poelcappelle in the north to the equally pestilential marsh-land of the Reutelbeek in the south. Doing this, we should put ourselves upon the heights and leave him in the mud. And all that our brave fellows suffered in the early days of Armageddon would be suffered by him in the concluding stages of this titanic struggle.

"Pill-Box" Defences

So here was the ground—a low chain of sinuous hills—the Passchendaele-Gheluvelt Ridge, rising rarely to an altitude of more than two hundred feet, and formerly bountifully wooded and bedecked with chateaux and ancient farms. On the lowlands above and below it are brooks and streams and marshes so rich in mud that those who fought over them in rainy weather have sunk to their very necks in the bog. There are but stumps of trees where once stood woods, and it is difficult to find anything which resembles a village.

When, in September last, we drove the enemy from his hold on Polygon Wood and won the Battle of the Menin Road, we sent a part of him down on to the great plains of Flanders, and there he found himself for the first time fighting in the open. But, whatever else it may lack, his Higher Command is not destitute in resource, and no sooner was the situation realised than the most desperate attempts were made to fortify the new terrain.

Now we began to hear of the Pill-box! Not unlike a glorified bathing-tent, but built of concrete four feet thick upon the side of the enemy, heavily armed with machine-guns, and often with those of a larger calibre, these shelters were deemed by the Hun to be so formidable that the stereotyped front trench henceforth might be abandoned. And he built them quickly, feverishly, upon the slopes of Broodseinde, in the marshes of the Stroombeek, south, beyond Polygon Wood, and in the valley of the Reutel. They were to be his sure shield—the rampart which would hold the British out of Belgium.

This was the state of things upon the morning of October 4th; but there was another. For the first time for many weeks the Hun, apprehensive of our known preparations on this front, decided upon an attack which should anticipate our own, and, if possible, destroy it. Upon his part he had been massing guns and troops before Zonnebeke since the days of the Menin Battle. Rarely before had he made such a concentration. The battered 4th Guards were brought up from Lens; here were divisions from the east—reserves of mere youths; guns of all calibres set against this supreme enemy effort, which might even decide the fate of the rival Empires.

A Dramatic Moment

With these guns behind him, and his Pill-boxes crammed with men, General von Armin sent five divisions to the attack at 5.30 on the morning of October 4th, and had another three divisions in reserve behind them.

It was one of the most dramatic moments in history, for our men were ready at that very hour to make the supreme assault, and no sooner were the Germans in the open than our own barrage opened on them and a dreadful scene of carnage ensued. Of one German company of 150 men but 50 survived the shell fire. The very hills seemed to quake beneath it, and it was as though the Broodseinde heights might be blown to the very heavens in the tornado which then fell upon them.

Look now upon the glorious scenes which followed after. There had been cold and heavy rain all night, and there was still a drizzle when the battle opened. The wind blew in fierce gusts from the south-west, carrying the dust and smoke and fire of the shells into the faces of the Germans. But to our men—British troops and Australians, men from the Shires and gallant Londoners—the weather did not exist. They were up and away like hounds unleashed—up the steep slopes before Zonnebeke, up the Broodseinde crest, across the bogs and the marshes, in among the vaunted Pill-boxes with bomb and bayonet—a confident, virile company such as war has rarely matched.

Irresistible Attacks

Already our guns had decimated the five divisions and hurled them asunder in wild disorder. No longer were there regiments or companies. Men of the Guard, men of the 45th Reserve, of the 10th Ersatz, of the 8th and the 19th from Russia, and the 20th from the south, all huddled together; leaderless, stunned, they stumbled through the fire in blind disorder, and tumbled gladly into the first hands which would receive them. Soon they came trooping back toward Zonnebeke, often too terrified to speak; but, when they did speak, having but one story, and that of the appalling scenes they had witnessed.

Meanwhile, over and upon the heights yonder, the fight for the Pill-boxes went on with diverse experiences which are noteworthy. In some of the armoured dug-outs there were but dead men. The terrible concussion of our great shells had killed all within, though not a man had been struck. In others, there was the incentive of fear, and no sooner did our troops surround them than out came the Boche with his plaintive cry of "Kamerad!" Yet, let it not be thought that this was a common experience, nor anything be said to minimise the thousand gallant exploits which this work of clearing the dug-outs demanded. Often the fighting about them was fierce and bloody. We had to stalk them as great game is stalked in a lair—losing brave fellows upon whom the machine-guns were turned, creeping up, grenade in hand, using the bayonet with a ferocity of attack which nothing could resist. And rarely did we fail in our objective. Even the nest of Pill-boxes at the foot of the Broodseinde heights was at length cleared. The German hold upon the ridge at sundown is fairly described as negligible.

In all this wonderful day, perhaps the most difficult fighting took place in the neighbourhood of Poelcappelle and, southward, by the Reutel. Men of Devon and Midlanders had held their ground at Polygonbeek and along Reutelbeek despite a two days' bombardment of a kind even the German has rarely put up. To the end they fought for this dangerous salient, and saved it for us. One party was clean cut off and forgotten, yet still stuck to it, without water and sometimes without officers. So fearful was the mud of the ground on the day following the attack that men were still being dug out of the morass, while an officer, who attempted to get to them, sank in the bog to his neck.

Symbol of Victory

Yet, when these Devonians and Shiremen, and, later on, Londoners, were let go for the assault, they never hesitated, despite the raking fire from the ruins of the Poldeshoek Chateau and from the dug-outs which still stood intact. Straight through—that was the watchword. And that night they slept out in the driving rain, conscious of victory alone, and caring for nothing else.

Of many regiments could similar stories be told. There was a gallant affair by Irish Fusiliers, who carried all before them with a dash and élan that were staggering. Our old friends the "tanks" came upon the scene in the neighbourhood of Poelcappelle and Gravenstafel, and were of great assistance in clearing out the dug-outs in that district. At Broodseinde itself the Australians actually drove the enemy right down the eastern slope, and took prisoners beyond the Wervicq Road. It was no day for airmen, but, despite the fierce and gusty wind, many of our 'planes were up, and they laboured ominously against the dark banks of cloud to bring us news of the Hun artillery. Indeed, it may be said that in this titanic battle the British Army, in all its details, behaved with a gallantry which shall never be surpassed.

We had taken 4,800 prisoners by the Saturday night, and had roughly thrust forward our line a mile upon an eight-mile front. We were in possession of the main ridge to a point a thousand yards north of Broodseinde, and so had established and consolidated our new positions that all danger of successful counter-attack appeared to have passed. We stand upon the heights, and the enemy is in the valley. May that be the symbol of this glorious victory!

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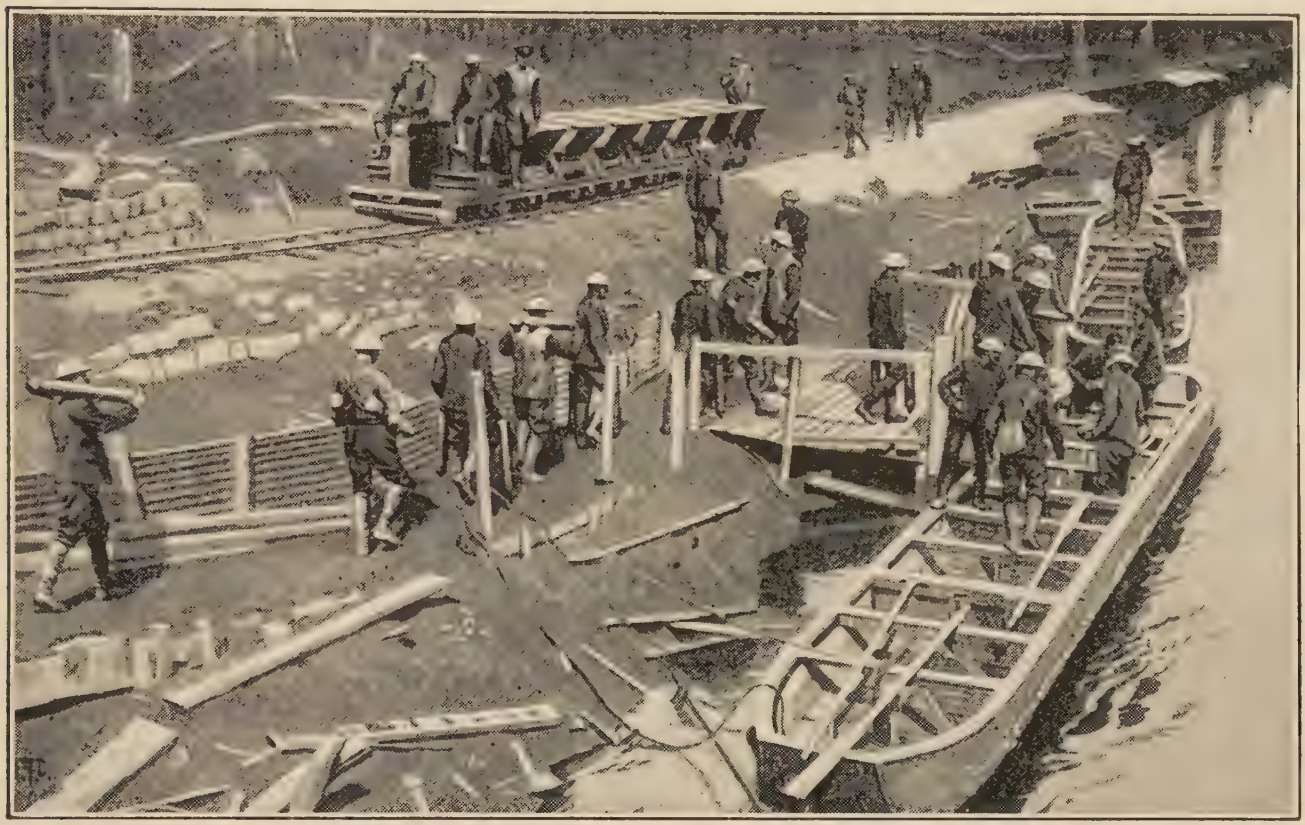
MARSHAL FOCH.

In supreme Command of the Allied Forces on the Western Front, from April, 1918.

To face p. 2920

How British Troops Stormed the Westhoek Ridge

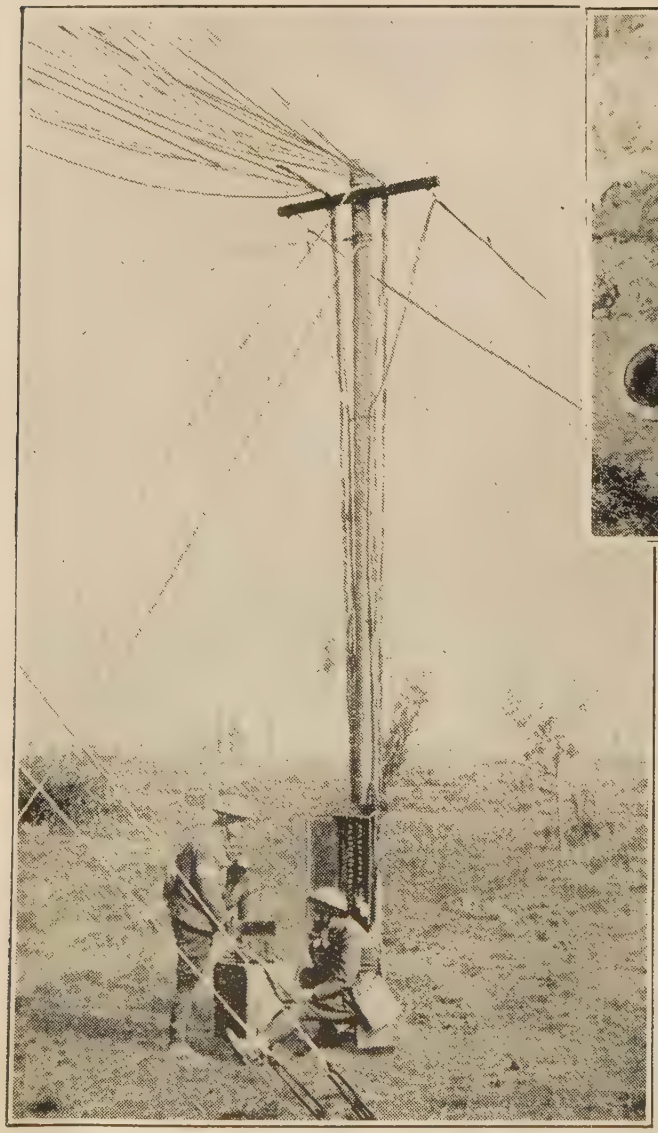


Busy scene behind the lines on the western front. British soldiers engaged in loading up pontoon boats with ammunition for conveyance to the fighting-line. Alongside the canal ran one of those military light railways which played so important a part in "feeding" the front.

Hand-to-hand fighting on the Westhoek Ridge, east of Ypres. Here the Germans, "equipped with steel helmets, body armour, daggers, bombs, and the newest sort of ammunition," put up a stiff fight, but were overcome by the splendid dash and tenacity of our men.

Victors and Vanquished in the Battle of the Ridges

Men of an English county regiment taking road materials over an improvised bridge during the Battle of Broodseinde, and (right) a German commander, in the centre, and his Staff, captured during that battle. The worthy on the left whistled in the safety of captivity.



A very cheerful crowd. Men of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders near Ypres face the camera in unconventional fashion.

Officer and soldier of the Signal Service testing the wires during the Battle of Broodseinde, and (right) British soldiers fusing Stokes trench-mortar shells before going into the lines near Wieltje in the Broodseinde Battle.

British Guns and Grit Get Forward in Flanders

Moving the guns in Flanders during the British advance on the ridges. "Mud, shells, chaos, and more mud," said one writer, marked the progress of a gun from its old position to the new one whence it could take part in a renewed death-dealing barrage.

British troops going forward over bad ground—muddy earth punctuated with broad, deep, rain-and-mud-filled shell-holes—to the attack on Broodseinde. Despite the terrible nature of the ground, the indomitable men won through to their objectives.

Through the Sloughs to Passchendaele

"Heavy rain has fallen" was a recurrent phrase in communiques from Flanders. What it meant for the troops is shown in this picture of men of a pioneer battalion laying a duck-board track up to the forward trenches and making ditches to divert the floods.

"We carried out a successful raid last night" was another familiar phrase. Here is depicted the scene that meets the eyes of British soldiers advancing in the grey morning after a raid—Germans lying dead behind their machine-guns and suffocated in pits of mud.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

Lafayette

GEN. SIR HENRY HUGHES WILSON, K.C.B., D.S.O.

Chief of the Imperial General Staff

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

GENERAL SIR HENRY WILSON

WHEN, in February, 1918, Henry Hughes Wilson succeeded to the post of Chief of the Imperial General Staff, one of the highest places that the Army has to offer, he was practically unknown outside the Service. Even then, though enthusiastic tributes to his abilities were paid in Parliament and in the British and French Press, the newspapers might have been searched in vain for any of the personal stories which usually accompany the printed records of military leaders.

Like Lord Roberts, of whom he was a devoted friend and admirer, "he did not advertise." And when his appointment was less than seven days old, he retired, so far as the mass of the public was concerned, into comparative obscurity, leaving the results of his work at the War Office to answer any inquiries of the curious.

Son of Mr. James Wilson, D.L., J.P., of Currygrane, Edgeworthstown, County Longford, Ireland, where he was born on May 5th, 1864, the subject of this brief sketch is one of the many distinguished Irishmen whose names have lent lustre to the military annals of the Empire; and some interest attaches to the fact that the year of his birth was the year in which Prussia committed herself definitely to a career of military aggression by the forcible annexation of Schleswig-Holstein, which involved the possession of Kiel and led to the ousting of Austria from the hegemony of the German peoples, and her complete subordination as a vassal of Potsdam.

On Active Service in Burma

Educated at Marlborough College, Henry Wilson entered the Army as a lieutenant in the Royal Irish Regiment, November 12th, 1884, but transferred to the Rifle Brigade —"the Greenjackets"—in the same month. A year later he went to Burma, taking part in the Third Burmese War of 1885–9, which led to the annexation of Upper Burma. Wounded in the fighting on June 19th, 1887, he received the medal with two clasps.

Returning to England, he had a brilliant career at the Staff College, Camberley, where his versatility caused the professors of a conservative turn of mind to entertain some needless qualms as to his future. Given captain's rank on December 6th, 1893, he was from June 24th, 1895, to August 31st, 1897, Staff Captain in the Intelligence Department of the War Office; and from September 1st, 1897, to October 8th, 1899, he performed the duties of Brigade-Major of the 2nd Brigade at Aldershot.

Brilliant Record in South Africa

The outbreak of the South African War brought him his first great opportunity, of which he made full use. Mentioned four times in despatches, he was awarded the Queen's medal with five clasps, a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy on promotion to the rank of major, and the D.S.O. Going out to Natal as brigade-major of an infantry brigade, it is understood that the effort that finally caused the Boers to raise the siege of Ladysmith owed more to his individual genius than is recorded in any despatch or history. He took part in the actions at Spion Kop and Colenso, and was present at Vaal Kranz, the Tugela Heights, Pieter's Hill, and Laing's Nek, and during the latter part of the war was D.A.A.G. on the Staffs of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener respectively.

From the beginning of April to the end of May, 1903, he served at the Army Headquarters as D.A.A.G. for Military Education and Training; and from the beginning of June, 1903, to the end of December, 1906, was A.A.G., being given the brevet rank of colonel in December, 1904, and made a G.S.O. First Class, acting as Assistant Director of Staff Duties.

Commandant at the Staff College

Other steps in rank quickly followed. He was promoted colonel and temporary brigadier-general in January, 1907, and from January 1st, 1907, to July 31st, 1910, was Commandant at the Staff College, being preceded in this post by General Rawlinson, and succeeded by General Robertson. In 1908 he was made a C.B.

For four years, from August 1st, 1910, to August 4th, 1914, he held the important post of Director of Military Operations, being made Hon. Colonel of the 3rd (Reserve) Battalion Royal Irish Rifles in 1912, and promoted major-general on November 5th, 1913. He thus played a large part in creating the new school of Staff Officers who in turn created the organisation of the British Army in the Field during the Great War, and he was personally mainly responsible for the perfection of the arrangements which brought the original Expeditionary Force into action.

In France and Russia

With that Force he went out as Sub-Chief of the General Staff, greatly distinguished himself during the epic ordeal of the Mons retreat, and was specially mentioned for his services in Sir John French's Third Despatch. He held successively a number of positions as corps commander, and having been promoted temporary lieutenant-general and given the K.C.B. in 1915, in addition to the appointment of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, he undertook a mission to Russia in 1916, which brought him the Order of the White Eagle.

He then went back to France as special senior liaison officer with the French Higher Command, for which post his special study of the French frontier and linguistic gifts qualified him in a high degree. With the French he quickly became popular. He was known to the General Staff before the war, and with General Foch in particular he worked on terms of special intimacy.

British Representative at Versailles

In March, 1917, he was promoted to the substantive rank of lieutenant-general, and after a brief interval of home service in command of the Eastern District, he went out to Rapallo with Mr. Lloyd George, and in November, 1917, was appointed British Military Representative with the Supreme War Council at Versailles. The impression he made on the Prime Minister may be gauged by Mr. Lloyd George's words in the House of Commons on December 20th:

"The British Government," said Mr. Lloyd George, "have chosen as their Military Representative one of the most brilliant minds in the British Army, Sir Henry Wilson, and not merely one of the most brilliant minds in the British Army, but in any European army. A profound student of strategy, he made a great reputation as the head of the Staff College, and has had a unique experience in this war, not merely on the British, but on the French and the Russian fronts. He has the great gift of being able to get on with people of other nations, which is very valuable when you are in an alliance. It was he who organised the first British Expeditionary Force, and there is no doubt that that organisation was a very conspicuous success."

These words met with the marked approval of those who heard them. What the subject of the eulogy might have said had he been called upon to comment upon them may be gleaned from his reply to a telegram from the Mayor of Belfast, with which city he had close family relations, congratulating him on his appointment: "I shall do my best to be a credit to Belfast, to the Empire, and to the allied cause." On taking up the appointment, Sir Henry Wilson did so with the temporary rank of General.

Chief of the Imperial General Staff

When General Sir William Robertson resigned the post of Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Sir Henry Wilson was appointed to be his successor. The terms of the appointment were set out thus in the "London Gazette" of March 7th, 1918:

"Chief of the Imperial General Staff.—Lieutenant-General (temporary General) Sir. H. H. Wilson, K.C.B., D.S.O., and to retain his temporary rank while so employed, vice General Sir W. R. Robertson, G.C.B., K.C.V.O., D.S.O., Aide-de-Camp General to the King, 19th Feb., 1918."

In 1891 Sir Henry Wilson married Cecil Mary, youngest daughter of the late George Cecil Gore Wray, J.P., of Ardnamona, County Donegal.

The Battle of Cambrai

On November 20th, 1917, the Third British Army, under General Byng, made a surprise attack towards Cambrai, dispensing with the usual artillery preparation, but using a large number of Tanks. Our men advanced some five miles, capturing La Vacquerie, Flesquières, Marcoing, Havrincourt, Graincourt, and smashed the famous Hindenburg line. The later stages of the fight centred round the famous Bourlon Wood, which was evacuated December 5th.

BRITISH TROOPS IN THE HINDENBURG TRENCHES.—Soldiers of East County regiments with their machine-guns in part of the German second-line trenches on the way to Cambrai. A glimpse is afforded by this striking photograph of the wonderful surprise offensive of November 20th, 1917, when Sir Julian Byng's forces went in triumph behind the Tanks through the Hindenburg line.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

The Triumph of the Tanks in the Battle of Cambrai

By MAX PEMBERTON

THE Battle of Cambrai it has been called, but I prefer to call it the Battle of the "Tanks." Some say it is the most glorious victory of the war, while others tell you it is but a splendid presage of victories to come. One thing is quite certain, and it is this—that never was there such secrecy before about anything we have done or have contemplated doing. London had not an idea of it. The "Know-alls" in the clubs seem to have said no word. There were no "red tabs" to whisper, "I could an' I would." For all that London knew, we had settled down to a masterly inactivity on the western front, and if there were any awakened interest it concerned Flanders.

Here in a sense was the jest of it. Across the water they bothered about Lenin and the Maximalists, the Piave and the Italian front. In France the north merely knew that the south was going to do something, and was going to do it as it had never been done before. "Tanks" had been going down to Arras for many days. The mud of Flanders had crippled them in the north, but there were other terrains, and off they crawled, these monstrous whalebacks, with hardly a word to their friends and no scruple at all to say "Good-bye." General the Hon. Sir Julian Byng, indeed, appeared to have an insatiable appetite for these much-criticised instruments of modern warfare. "Tanks," and still more "tanks," southward towards Cambrai and the old battlefields of the immortal Somme! They were weeks collecting them, and all that time the Hun over yonder in the Hindenburg line knew not a word of it. Serenely he slept in the vast tunnels which Ludendorff had built for him.

Preparing for the Coup

We had forgotten this old battlefield latterly, and rarely had the despatches mentioned it. Long ago it seems since we were praising the mighty deeds our fellows did at Combles and Thiepval—how they dug the Germans like rats from the pits of the river; how they found villages but heaps of powdered dust upon a black and barren plain; how gallantly they fought and bled and died in that first great push for Cambrai. Now suddenly we hear of it all again, and our pulses are stirred. Not at Combles, indeed, nor Bapaume; not at Ruvaulcourt nor in the vicinity of Péronne, but twelve miles away as the crow flies, at the famous Havrincourt Woods, which lie distant some nine miles from Cambrai. Here is the centre of the great surprise that is to be. For days the "tanks" and guns have been rolling up upon the main roads from Arras. Troops have been gathering—English, Scottish, Irish; men from the Eastern Counties, English Rifle regiments, Highland Territorials, men of Ulster and men from the West Riding; Welshmen, too; the fine lads from Lancashire whose metal we know. Unit by unit they came and fell silently into their appointed places. Rarely has so large a force been marshalled with such perfect secrecy; while as for the "tanks," they waddled up by the hundred while the Hun had not an idea of it. For once his aeroplanes had told him nothing.

As luck would have it, there had been no weather for aeroplanes for many days. Wild winds and low, sullen clouds kept Fritz to his hangars. Even on the momentous morning of November 20th, 1917, the sky was threatening, and it looked every instant as though rain would fall. The night had been unusually quiet upon that vast plain. Hardly a star-shell had burst in the vapour which loomed upon the wilderness of prairie, while as for the artillery, for all that we or the Boche did it might have been non-existent. In our own camps all was at "rest," and men slept the tranquil sleep of those who will wield a good blade to-morrow. It is true that there was a ceaseless activity behind the lines—transport rolling on every road, guns being moved rapidly into place, ammunition made ready, the thousands of cavalry horses being diligently tended.

The Bois de Bourlon

It was the darkest hour before the dawn when the call came. Away to the vaunted "line" the "tanks" were already rolling upon their famous journey. The Battle of Cambrai had begun.

Was there ever a battle like it? No artillery preparation, mind you. Not a sound during the night, and then at dawn the bugles ringing, the sudden crash of great guns, the shell-backs sidling out. As the light revealed the scene, you saw a vast plain with wan green grass upon it, and here and there the red roofs of the stricken villages, woods that were still rich in trees, mounds with thickets for their adornment, the dark waters of canals, and far distant the Bois de Bourlon, which is Nature's own citadel for Cambrai.

Over this desolation of grass and solitude, towards the monstrous wire of the Hindenburg line, our "tanks" were lurching. Behind them came the infantry, as unconcerned, as undisturbed, and as methodical as though it were a parade. Together they swept upon the famous entrenchments and drove the Boche out headlong. It was upon a front of nearly ten miles, and we were to penetrate it that day to a depth of between four and five miles. Yet we did it with such order and method that the soldiers themselves could hardly believe it to be true.

Chance for the Cavalry

Here were fortifications the Hun had been twelve months building. There were tunnels in every direction—one great tunnel as the point d'appui of such a size that it should have been for a railway rather than a refuge. There was barbed-wire so thick that our artillery might have played upon it for a month, and still have left the barrier unbroken. Yet, incredible as it may seem, the "tanks" drove their noses through it like monstrous fish that butt at a broken net. In they went and out again, their machine-guns rattling, their crews in a frenzy of delight. One fell into the Nord Canal, and its crew must climb through the manhole like sailors from a stricken submarine.

Others went up to woods wherein 5·9 in. guns were lurking, and blazed away. Some were hit and destroyed by direct hits from shells—but these were surprisingly few, while the gallantry of the men who drove them was always superb. Let anything happen, and an officer was up and out in a moment. Little he cared for snipers or machine-guns, though, alas! there were occasions when his gallantry cost him his life.

The infantry went in after the "tanks," as I have said, and, surprise of surprises, the cavalry after them. On this day there was work for it enough. How men's hearts were stirred at the sight of that long line of horsemen spreading over the wide plain! They were going to hunt the vermin from the villages, deliberately at the trot, pushing in here and sabring there, and all with the deliberation of a rider in Rotten Row who is wondering what restaurant he will patronise for lunch. Soon we hear that Mœuvres has been taken, and Anneux and Cantaing and Noyelles and Ribecourt, which looked so fair from afar, but is indeed but a whited sepulchre. Shells they are all, but still they stand, and there are ruins of houses, and people creep from cellars and lofts, and there are tears in their eyes when they hail the victors. Not so the Hun, who is now going back to our "cages" which await him. Docile he is if a private; haughty and aloof if an officer. One fur-coated aristocrat, seeing our cavalry ride past, declares that he would never have thought it possible. Another rages and curses, and cannot believe that this *magnum opus*, this wonderful Hindenburg, or Siegfried, or whatever line you choose to call it, has really been broken through.

"It Was a Famous Victory"

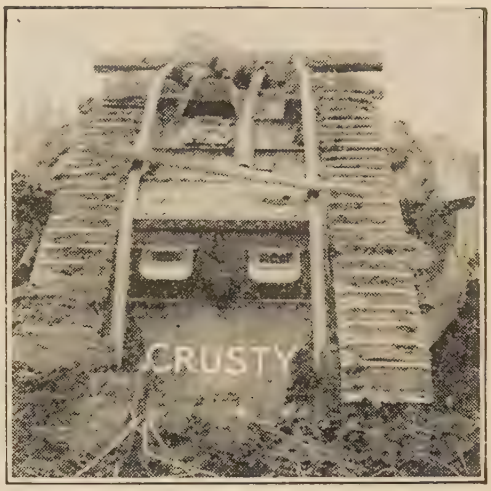
We hurried the men into the "cages," and there were eight thousand of them by nightfall. Our own work lay right up in the very shadow of Cambrai. Easy had been our path, but soon it was to become more difficult. The sheltering woods, the villages remote, harboured Huns who fought like very devils. We had taken the first and second line, and in our zeal pushed on even to Fontaine Notre Dame, which we could not hold. Yet, then and on the morrow, the Scotsmen got the defensive lines south-west of Cantaing, and Ulster regiments were into Mœuvres. La Vacquerie had been taken, and the Welsh Ridge; there were Highlanders in Flesquières, and English, Scottish, Irish, and Welsh secured the crossings of the canal at Masnières and captured Marcoing and Neuf Wood. It remained for men of the West Riding to storm the villages of Graincourt and Anneux, and for Irishmen to carry the whole of the German line northwards to the Bapaume-Cambrai road.

So ran this famous victory. Become lethargic at home, men at first said little, hardly able to believe the good news. Then came reason to their aid, and perceiving how great a thing had been done, they called upon the churches, and throughout the land the sweet echoes of the joy-bells were heard.

May we hear them often upon occasions as worthy!

H.M. Landships Outdo Hannibal's Elephants

H.M. landship Lusitania waiting to go into action against the Hindenburg line on the Cambrai battle-front on November 20th, 1917.



The Lusitania's sister landship Crusty negotiating a newly-made shell-hole with imperturbability.

Imposing study of a "tank" in action poised on the top of a ridge just before the regulated "topple" takes place.

Another impression of a "tank" thrusting its irresistible mass over ground tortured into great tumours and pitted with huge holes.

"Tanks" moving into action over good ground, and (right) one moving down the ruins of a village street. The German communique compared the landships employed in Sir Julian Byng's surprise attack near Cambrai to Hannibal's employment of elephants in warfare.

Triumph of the Tanks in the Assault on Cambrai

Sir Julian Byng's victory near Cambrai on Nov. 20th, 1917, is distinguished as the triumph of the "tanks." Creeping silently through the mists at dawn, and unheralded by any of the usual portents of battle, hundreds of them moved forward in groups, scrunching down the German wire, heaving themselves upon the trenches, and pouring out fire before which the enemy fled.

The British wounded were in high spirits. One young Cockney kept a group of comrades in roars of laughter as he described his own adventures, which ended in his being sniped. He was so comical that, although his story was couched in language of a raciness not approved of by the clergy, a padre standing near joined in the merriment he provoked.

Arid Ruins & Green Ramparts in the Trail of War

British soldiers waiting to water their horses at a watering-station set up amid the ghastly waste of ruins that once was a prosperous village.

Under canvas on the ramparts of a town in the British sector of the western front, with the horses tethered on the road below away from observation. Inset : Colonel Swinton, one of the creators of the "tanks," whose use in large numbers was a feature of the Cambrai victory.

Delivered at Last From Long Tribulation

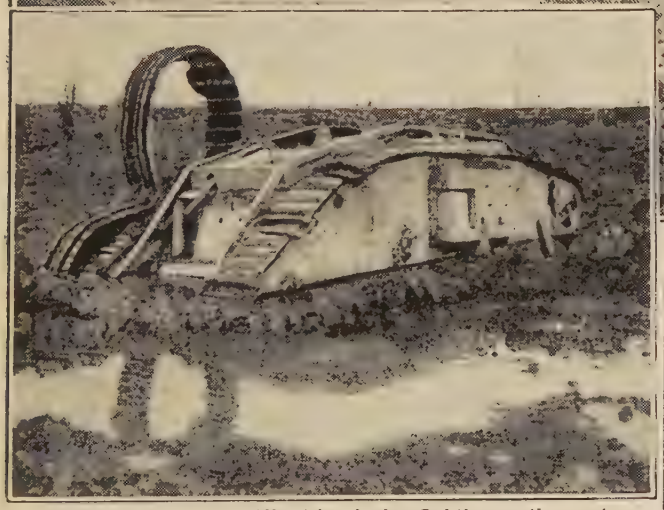
Inhabitants of Cantaing making their way back into safety by a road thronged with the British troops who wrested their village from German hands on November 21st, 1917.

A British soldier with a French child rescued from the enemy at Masnieres, and (right) others of the deliverers helping an old blind lady out of her house, from which the Germans had flung the furniture into the street. The Germans treated the population with severity.

From Noyelles, captured on Nov. 21st, 1917, the inhabitants had to be rescued under German machine-gun fire. The British soldiers gave them refreshment, and, as shown in these photographs, helped them into ambulances, which bore them away to safety and freedom.

Where the 'Tanks' Went Forward towards Cambrai

British "tanks" going forward to attack Bourlon Wood during the Cambrai fighting. They are passing captured German guns.



"Tank" that got into difficulties during fighting on the western front. Owing to the state of the ground it became badly bogged.

Exterior of a dressing-station on the western front. Right: British soldiers engaged in clearing up the Canal du Nord, a goodly length of which they had captured during Sir Julian Byng's advance on the Cambrai front.

English County Troops Who Would Not be Denied

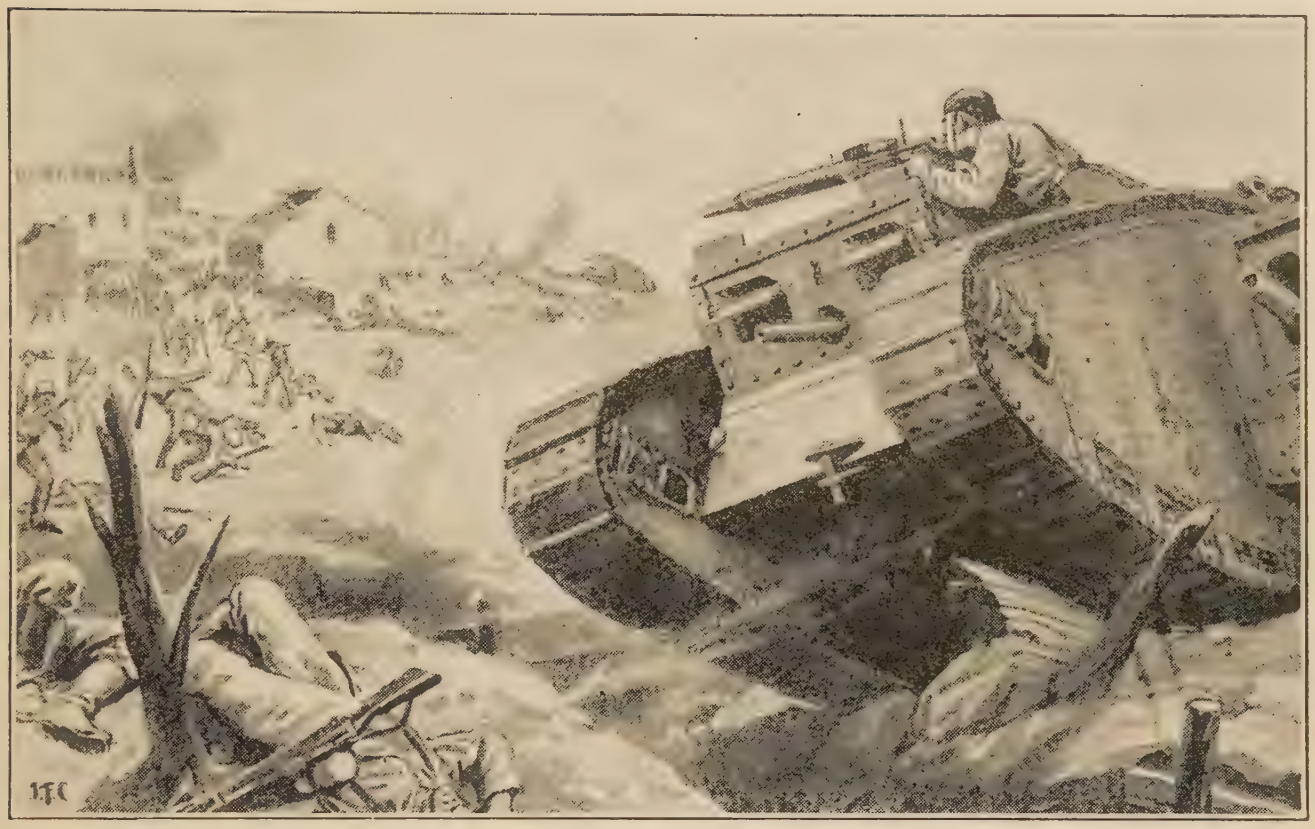
At a field kitchen in the Australian lines on the western front. Preparing bully-beef rissoles for the evening meal.

Some of the booty, including enemy helmets, captured by English County troops during the fighting on the Cambrai front.

Irish troops in the German trenches captured during Sir Julian Byng's great surprise thrust towards Cambrai. Left: Inside view of an enemy concreted machine-gun emplacement captured by our men.

In Ribecourt immediately after English County troops took it early in the Cambrai attack of Nov. 20th, 1917. Ribecourt, said Mr. G. A. B. Dewar in one of his despatches, appeared a whole village at a short distance, but on entering it every house was found to be battered.

Inspiriting Incidents in the Cambrai Conflict



During the attack on the Hindenburg system, on the Cambrai front, a "tank" was put out of action by a direct hit. The officer in charge, when more "tanks" arrived, climbed on the top of one, and with a machine-gun opened fire on and stopped 200 advancing Germans.

Rearguard action during the stubborn fighting by which the Cambrai salient was modified after the great surprise attack on November 20th, 1917. Retiring steadily in short rushes, the British troops again and again lay down, and with machine-gun and rifle fire prevented the enemy masses from breaking through.

Heroes Who Held Up the Onrush of the Huns

On the Cambrai front on Nov. 30th, 1917, a British Staff captain, during the surprise onrush of the Germans, killed with his walking-stick the man who would have taken him prisoner in the yard of his brigade rear headquarters. He then organised small parties, and hunted the enemy out of the immediate neighbourhood, saving the local situation, and possibly the whole Masnieres position.

Posted between Marcoing and Masnieres, on Nov. 30th, 1917, a colonel of the "Die-Hards," after being severely wounded in the right eye, insisted upon carrying on all through that terrible day. Blinded and bandaged, he kept with his men, and, led by an orderly, went round thanking them for what they had done and encouraging them to hold on to the last.

Gallantry at Guislain and Mercy at Masnieres

A British general asleep in his quarters near Villers-Guislain was aroused by enemy firing close by. Collecting a few men, he held up the enemy's outposts till all but he were killed. Rallying seventy more, he dragged up a field-gun and drove the enemy back.

On December 1st, 1917, the British decided to withdraw from Masnieres, where a salient was left which was very exposed. The village was held by exhausted men, with many wounded in the cellars and groups of prisoners taken during the battle. The prisoners voluntarily carried the wounded out on doors and boards, and not one was left behind.

Victors & Vanquished from the Combat at Cambrai

Wounded coming in from the battlefield over a duck-board track through the woods, German prisoners serving as stretcher-bearers.

Placing wounded on an empty supply train to be taken down to hospital by light railway. Inset: Prisoners coming in under escort from the German second line near Cambrai. More than 8,000 prisoners were reported on the first day of Sir Julian Byng's attack.

Green & Orange Brave it with Red, White & Blue

Irish troops resting on captured ground. These, besides co-operating with English and Scottish regiments in the main attack on the whole front, were credited with the capture of important sections of the Hindenburg Line between Bullecourt and Fontaine-les-Croisilles.

Ulster men ready to go up the line. Sir Douglas Haig reported in his early communiques after the Cambrai victory that Ulster battalions moved up the west bank of the Canal du Nord and, crossing the Bapaume-Cambrai Road, entered Mœuvres, west of Bourlon Wood.

General Byng's Great Battle for Bourlon Wood

Ribecourt, which was stormed by English County troops on November 20th, 1917. The left picture shows the entrance to the village, with the church tower in the distance, and the one on the right the church and village pond.

Havrincourt, captured by West Riding Territorials on their way to Graincourt and Anneux. The photograph shows the principal entrance to the chateau.

IN the pictures on this page—reproduced from a series of photographs in a German journal—we have interesting glimpses of French villages which had long been desecrated by the invader, but have now been happily recovered for France by the British troops of the Third Army under Sir Julian Byng.

Perhaps special interest attaches to the two views of Fontaine Notre Dame, the village about two miles to the west of Cambrai at the southern foot of the important high ground on which stands Bourlon Wood. Here desperate fighting followed the successful attack on the Cambrai front, the enemy pouring in reinforcements to recover the dominating wood. Sir Douglas Haig said the capture of Bourlon Wood "opens the way to a further exploitation of the advantages already gained."

The North Canal, near Havrincourt. Ulster troops operating along the west side and West Riding troops along the east carried the line to the Bapaume-Cambrai road.

Fontaine Notre Dame, two miles west of Cambrai, which British troops captured on November 22nd, 1917, but were unable to hold.

Entrance to La Folie Chateau at Fontaine Notre Dame, and (right) British prisoners being marched through Fremicourt, east of Bapaume, in July, 1916. In March of 1917 they were avenged when their comrades captured the village.

Booty of the 'Bonnets' on the Way to Bourlon

Big enemy gun captured by some Highland troops at Flesquieres during Sir Julian Byng's Cambrai offensive.

Two minutes late on rations parade at an artillery centre on the western front. The cook calls attention to the clock.

Pumping-station erected on captured ground during the Cambrai advance. Water supply for men and horses is a first consideration.

British soldiers amused at a capture—a small donkey and cart—which they made in a village taken on the Cambrai front.

Highlanders indulge in a wayside wash and shave in the captured village of Flesquieres, while limbers pass through with munitions.

Smashing the Hindenburg Line at Cambrai

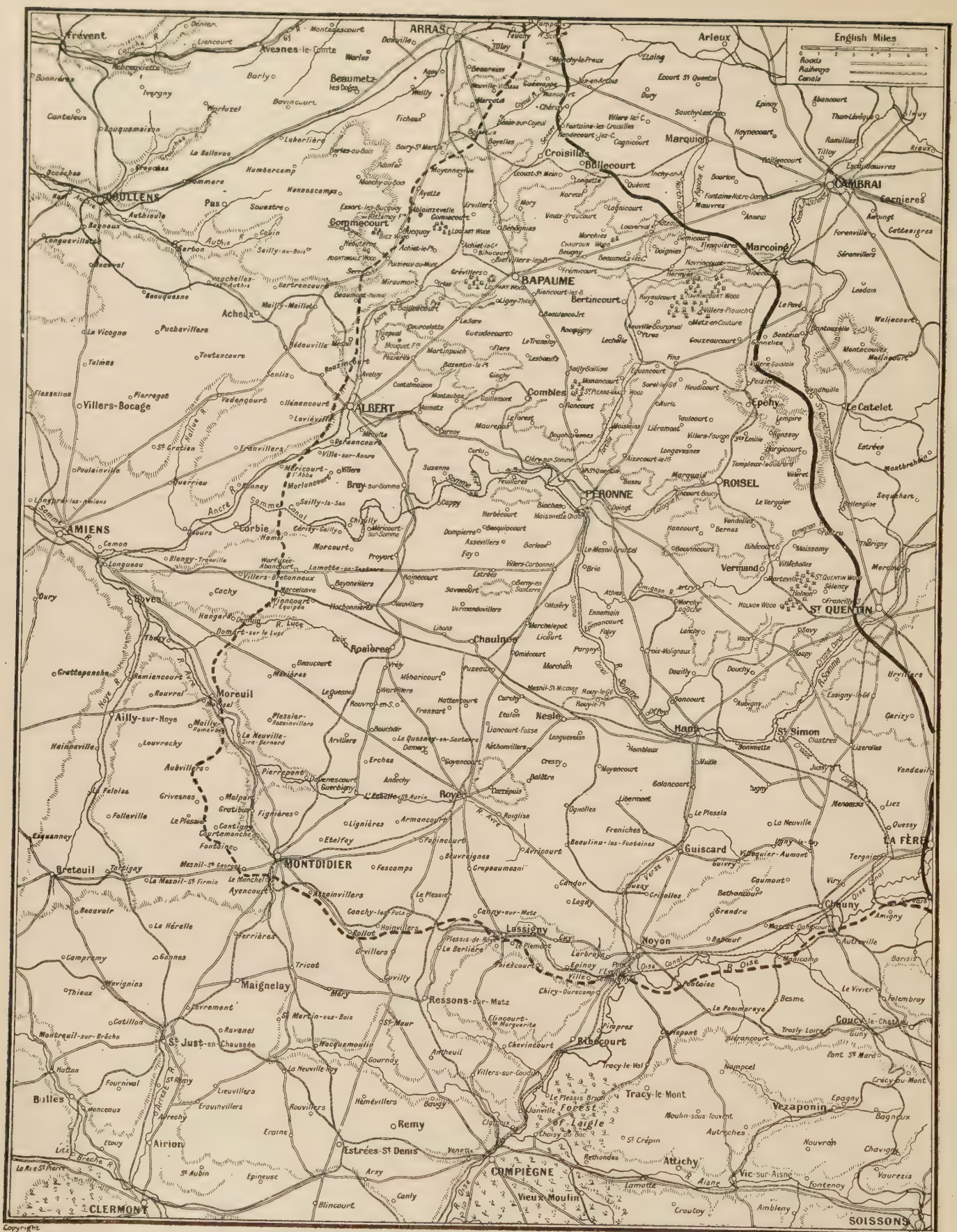
Ribecourt, photographed within a couple of hours of its capture by the British, Nov. 20th, 1917, with German prisoners passing through.

Highland Territorials jumping a German communication trench while advancing to the attack on the Cambrai front. Inset: Disarming, near Havrincourt, some of the 9,774 German prisoners who had been counted since the beginning of the operations near Cambrai.

The Mighty Battle for Amiens

On March 21st, 1918, the Germans attacked on a 50-mile front between St. Quentin and Arras, and within a week had advanced in places thirty miles. Their immediate objective was the important town of Amiens. The British Fifth Army had to give ground, but the Third Army held firm, and after a superb stand the British were able to check the enemy.

HIGH SPIRITS THOUGH LAID LOW.—British wounded being carried back through the French lines. The cheerfulness of the wounded in the mighty battle for Amiens elicited the admiration of the King during his visit to the front on March 28th–30th, 1918. Consciousness of having stopped the greatest onslaught in the war gave an elation which deprived wounds of power to hurt.



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The War Illustrated

AREA OF THE GREAT BATTLE FOR AMIENS.—This map shows the tract of country along which the Germans began their great attack on March 21st, 1918. The black line indicates the position of the battle front at the time that the enemy began his offensive; the dotted line shows the positions to which the British and French Armies had fallen back by April 1st. The attack extended roughly from near Arras to La Fere, and though the Allies had to relinquish much of the ground they had won in the great Somme offensive of 1916, the enemy failed to separate their armies or to capture their objective—Amiens.

The Gallant Defence of the Redoubts

By HAMILTON FYFE

THERE are some dates which stand out sharp and fresh in recollection. Emotions stirred by the events which mark them can always be recalled. They are not dimmed, like most of our experiences, by the obliterating breath of years.

Each of us has his own particular dates of this nature. Mine are those of the Jameson Raid, the Black Week of December, 1899, August 2nd, 1914, and the moment when I read, at two o'clock in the morning, in the busy and brilliantly-lighted buffet of a South Russian railway station, the first account in the Odessa newspapers of the Irish Revolt.

No one who was in France with the British Army in the spring of 1918 will ever forget, I fancy, the twenty-first of March. Many who were in England or Canada or Australia will remember it, too, with a tightening of the bands across the heart. But to us in France the event of March 21st came with so flashing a suddenness. Upon us all, Staffs and fighting men and men who had gone out to do other things than fight, it flung so heavy a burden—a burden fortunately of which the shouldering, with the day and night activity required, made brooding impossible and kept gloomy thoughts away. In every mind it left an impress, whether of one kind or another, which will, I think, be effaced only by death.

I hear the careful reader check me.

"So flashing a suddenness, do you say? How can that be? You yourself had foretold the opening of a German offensive. The Intelligence Department of our Army knew what the enemy had in preparation."

The Day Before

True, careful reader, but even though one knows a blow is about to fall, it may fall suddenly and with startling effect, especially if through weeks one has asked oneself "Will it be to-morrow?" and has become, as it were, blunted to the likelihood of its falling at all.

Our soldiers were ready for it. They had been warned to be ready for it. But, of course, there were some who did not really expect it.

These said, "They would never make the sacrifice of lives which assaults upon strong positions require." Others said, "Germany is busy in Russia. She will develop her advantage there before she does anything on the western front." I used to ask them, "How can Germany develop Russia without having any men or money to spare?" I used to ask whether it was conceivable that the enemy would sit quiet on the western front until the arrival of the Americans gave the Allies superior numbers once more? They were seldom shaken in their opinion, which was that "the Boche isn't going to attack."

It is desirable that the troops in the field should be confident, even though they be wrong. It is all to the good that their spirits should be high and their minds at ease.

On the Saturday before the twenty-first of March I went to the 47th Division's sports. The Londoners of whom this unit consists were enjoying themselves in the warm sunshine, betting mildly on the flat races, laughing at the gas-mask competition, getting excited over the steeplechase course. On the Monday after that I was visiting an Irish division, the 16th, and came across a boxing-match on a hill-top, swept by the soft spring wind. A battalion of the Leinster Regiment was gathered round the ring. Officers and men watched every point, clapping and criticising—an afternoon's forgetfulness of war and a topic of conversation for many days.

Coming of the Fog

Now, if those Londoners and Leinster men had fancied it possible that in less than seven days the Germans would be in possession of their racecourse and their boxing-ring, and they themselves compelled to fall back, would it not have made a difference to their enjoyment? It might not. "Carpe diem" is the British soldier's motto—a very wise one. But if it had made a difference, it would certainly have been to our disadvantage.

Again my critical reader breaks in:

"How can you say that? They might have been preparing to meet the attack."

But they had prepared, my friend. All that had been ordered had been done.

"Then why——"

Wait, if you please. Let me tell the story in the proper order.

March 20th came and went without any happening of special significance, so far as we saw at the time. Looking back, I guess now that the change in the weather may have had its bearing upon the enemy's decision that the hour had come. The usual warmth of the March sunshine made the mornings thick. Heavy, damp mists rose from every valley. These were the conditions the enemy wanted. Fog for the opening of his attack. Dry, sunny days for its development.

So in the night of the 20th-21st there suddenly fell upon the whole of the British line from the little Sensée River, near Arras, to the River Oise far below St. Quentin, a bombardment, partly of high explosive which rends and shatters, partly of gas which stifles and corrodes, such a bombardment as the war had not before brought into the soldier's experience.

Waves of Attack

"Thorough in his methods, that is the Boche all over," a Staff officer, and a clever one, said to me, discussing this opening move. "If he calculates that so many guns are necessary, he says, 'Very well, we'll have that many, and then half as many again, so as to make sure.' Say he reckons that for the success of some operation he ought to have so many divisions to so many yards of front. He puts in twice so many divisions. He takes no risks."

Those were the German methods on the twenty-first of March. First his artillery bombarded as no artillery had ever bombarded before. Then his infantry advanced in masses, shoulder to shoulder, wave behind wave, more men to the mile than were ever yet put into battle, upon a battle-front nearly fifty miles long.

I am afraid that, even had there been no fog, this enormous weight of Germans falling upon us after the long-continued storm of shell would have produced an initial success. But there is no disputing the great help which the fog gave them. Without it they would not have penetrated as deeply as they did. They would have suffered more than they did from our artillery and machine-guns. These did inflict fearful loss on them as soon as it grew clearer. For hours together our gunners and machine-gun companies fired into them as the never-ending waves came on. "But oh, if we could have seen them at the start!" How many men have I heard utter that lament?

"They were on us almost before we knew they were coming." That I have heard just as often. I know it is true, and I know it was not our men's fault. There were places where you could not see more than thirty yards. Nowhere have I heard the limit of sight on that thick morning put at more than a hundred or so. The 36th Division had the Grugies Valley, just south of St. Quentin, filled with machine-guns, so as to catch the German attack and break up the attacking force. "He slipped in to one side of us," a machine-gunner complained. "We never got in a shot at him. The first we heard was that he had got behind us. Result of the mist."

It was in this locality that the blow fell most heavily in the southern area of the battle. The enemy drove a wedge into it with the object of capturing the high ground which overlooks the River Somme, here tamed and made useful as the St. Quentin Canal. Here the Fifth Army held the first line, not by continuous trenches, but by a series of redoubts.

Heroic—"to the Last"

These were small forts, several hundred yards apart, garrisoned by forces varying from two to three hundred men, with plenty of machine-guns.

Troops of the 36th Division made a fine defence until late evening of the Racecourse Redoubt, built on the spot where the people of St. Quentin used to amuse themselves with "le sport." Farther north the Manchesters made a magnificent fight for the Manchester Hill Redoubt. At 10.30 a.m. the garrison reported: "We are being attacked." Telephone messages, all cheery and hopeful, continued to reach brigade headquarters at intervals. The colonel commanding the garrison was wounded. At noon he said: "I doubt if we can hold out much longer." At two he reported that all his men who had not been killed were wounded. The Germans were almost all round them, pouring in a hot machine-gun fire, which we were returning briskly, keeping them at a distance. The defenders were showing a spirit beyond all praise. Towards three o'clock the colonel said: "The Manchester Regiment will defend its redoubt till the last."

Not less glorious was the struggle for the Enghien Redoubt in the 61st Division area, still farther north. These were successive messages received by a buried wire from the brave men holding it:

"Fifty of us left, fighting hard."

"Do you wish us to hold out to the last?"

"We are quite surrounded."

Then no more.

The Reserves Go Forward to the Battle Line

British field artillery galloping through a French village on the way to take part in holding up the great German attack. The artillery magnificently supported the indomitable infantry in their great stand.

British troops marching forward to the great battle front where Germany tried to drive a wedge between the armies of Britain and of France. Inset above: German prisoners taken in the great battle in the west, with their British guards, resting in a French village.

Khaki and Horizon Blue as Foils to Field Grey

British field-guns going into action. The artillery withstood the German onslaught with obstinate courage, on one occasion limbering up and retiring only when the enemy was actually within twenty-five yards.

British troops taking a short rest in a village after being in action. Inset : British and French infantry intermixed in a rapidly dug, shallow trench, awaiting the arrival within range of the German storm troops, into whose mass they were keen to pour volleys.

Toughness of the Thin Brown Line

By HAMILTON FYFE

TWO days after March 21st I drove into Noyon and found the streets of that ancient town filled with blue-coated French soldiers. That proves how quickly the allied reserves were thrown in to stem the German torrent which had pressed back the British front from the Oise River to Croisilles and Bullecourt.

This quick apparition of French troops behind us in the moment of peril was stirringly dramatic. They seemed to have arrived by magic. Two months earlier I had seen Noyon full of them. We had then just taken over the piece of line opposite and below the city of St. Quentin. But, although they had been relieved, the French were still in friendly Noyon, the sleepy, comfortable old place, with immense twin towers to its majestic cathedral, and the narrow, winding lane in it where Calvin was born.

The French did not want to leave Noyon, and I did not wonder at it; but early in February they were all gone. Placards in English appeared in the shop-windows; tea-rooms hung their signs out. The huts of the French society which calls itself Le Foyer du Soldat (the Soldiers' Home) were turned into Y.M.C.A. reading-rooms. The streets were full of "chocolats," as the French children nickname British soldiers whom they admire so much.

Now, on this sunny Saturday morning of March 23rd there were no British troops to be seen. The French, however, had come back.

It was inspiriting to see them, for our position there was serious.

Against Enormous Odds

Our Fifth Army had struggled against enormous odds. The enemy's troops were so thick on the ground that they had a division to every two thousand yards. Their divisions numbered from seven to eight thousand fighting men. Not all these were in the front line, but you will see that their front line was sufficiently well garnished when I mention that the average length of front upon which the German battalions (800 to 1,000 men) attacked was five hundred yards.

Our divisional sectors averaged nine thousand yards, and as this method required a smaller number of troops, we held the front with posts, redoubts, garrisons of a hundred or two men in miniature fortresses, instead of one continuous line. Most of these had been constructed by us; here and there either Nature or the military art of the past gave us positions ready-made.

At a place called Vendeuil, on our side of the Oise, which flowed in its broad, marshy valley between us and the enemy, there is an old fortress, built by the famous French war architect Vauban. This was occupied by a party of the Buffs. They had food and water brought to them every forty-eight hours, and always enough ammunition to last for two days. They knew they were there to delay the enemy, when he attacked, as long as possible. They would be more or less isolated as soon as the offensive began, so that their situation was certainly one which required great courage.

I cannot conceive any sharper test of soldiers' nerve and bravery than to be put in to defend such positions as these. They did defend them magnificently. This party of the Buffs kept the Germans at a distance for several hours. If our men had had the enemy in front of them all the time he would never have got through—at all events, not until their ammunition had run out. But the Germans, in unceasing waves of attack, were able to get round the fort so as to fire on the garrison from several directions.

Heroism of the Buffs

Again and again the Buffs were almost surrounded, but they managed till the afternoon to stave this off. They were terribly diminished in number. Most of those still able to use their rifles or to work machine-guns had been wounded, some of them more than once. They fought until the sun was at their backs; they were grimed and hoarse, the sweat dripped from their foreheads. They had no time to eat except by mouthfuls. Late in the afternoon they were still holding out, with the enemy all round them. Up to six o'clock they were signalling with lamps through the early darkness. Then the lamps flashed no more—the end had come.

Do you recollect Sir Francis Doyle's fine poem called "A Private of the Buffs," and the noble lines with which it ends?

> Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed,
> Vain, those all-shattering guns,
> Unless proud England keep untamed
> The strong heart of her sons!

Not less strong was the heart in those men of the Buffs at Vendeuil than in the private of their regiment whom Doyle made famous long ago.

In another strong post—the Keep, opposite La Fère, a fortified factory on our side of the river—there were men of the London Regiment. They were there to defend the crossing of the Oise, and they had the same orders as the Buffs—to "stick it" as long as they could.

The Germans began to try to get across the river early on March 21st. Our post at Travecy was surrounded in the fog, and communications with it became very difficult. The enemy did not think that it would be difficult to fulfil their programme for the first day, which was to be an advance of five miles. At the very start they found themselves held up by the Londoners at La Fère.

"Sticking It" at the Keep

All the morning the unequal battle went on. Attempts of the Germans to cross in the neighbourhood of the Keep were wisely abandoned; they were too costly. The garrison's machine-gunners swept the Germans into the stream as they made them, and their heaped-up bodies made small islands near the bank, or were carried away by the sluggish current, tinging the water as they drifted, bleeding from bullet wounds.

The enemy now tried a different plan. They crossed at other points which could not be so stoutly defended. They went to a place called La Frette. Four pontoon bridges were put down for them by their engineers. They were in considerable force. But of all who confidently went over those bridges only a few went back. Our troops—these were London Regiment men also—not only beat the enemy off, but they pursued him as far as the river. In that disastrous expedition one German battalion was reduced to thirty men.

Unhappily, our party of Londoners had heavy losses, too, and when they fell back from the Keep they left many dead comrades within it, and they had to leave their wounded also. There were no means of getting them away. Those who were left retired, after "sticking it," stubbornly, killing a great many Germans, and delaying their advance for many hours which were of the greatest value to us.

Farther to the north some Royal West Kents were doing equally good work, making an equally valiant stand. Messages were received all the morning from the colonel commanding. The attack became heavier as the day wore on. The last message that got through was this:

"Holding out 12.30 p.m. Boche all round within fifty yards, except rear. Can only see forty yards, so it is difficult to kill the blighters."

If it had not been for such gallant and resolute defences as these, those French troops whom I saw in Noyon two days afterwards would not have been in time to reinforce our British troops who had taken on a huge task. I knew on that Saturday morning that our men were falling back in places under the weight of vastly greater hostile forces than their own.

Pathos at Noyon

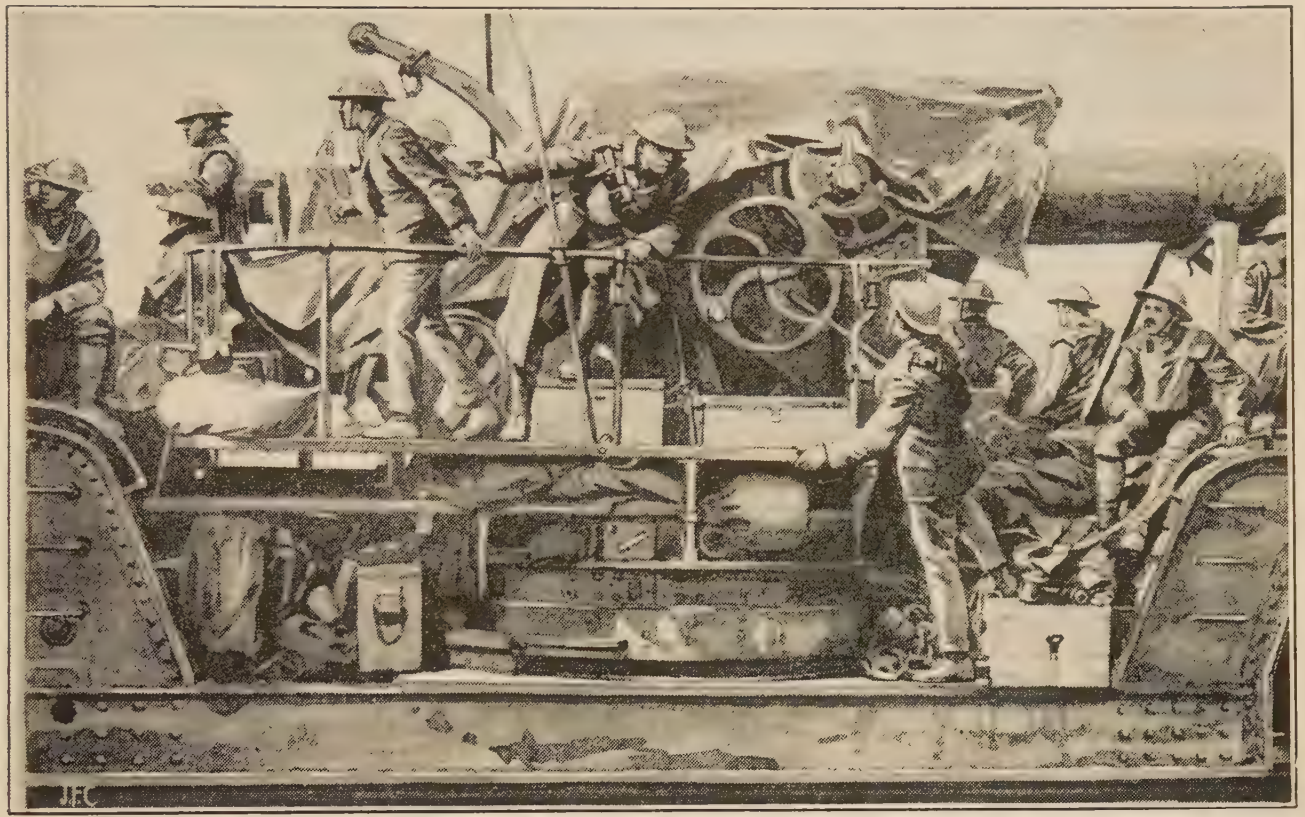
The divisions of the Fifth Army could not be expected to stop nearly three times their number, the force with which the enemy had begun, reinforced already, on March 23rd, by eight or ten more. In one sector eight British battalions had been opposing eight German divisions—say, 6,000 men against 60,000. That was an extreme case, but in every sector we were heavily outnumbered.

The arrival of the French troops was therefore urgently needed for the avoidance of a big German success. It certainly put heart into some of the people of Noyon, though they were leaving in large numbers none the less. It is pitiful always to see folks forced to leave their homes, and that morning I had been witness of several pathetic scenes.

I went into the hotel at the angle of the pretty old market-square in Noyon, and found Madame la Patronne and all her staff undecided whether to stay or go. Madame had come from Paris in the autumn. The Germans had been turned out of this district, and an hotel was needed. All the furniture, all the carpets, all the crockery, everything had been brought from Paris; therefore everything was fresh and bright. Even the gay wall-papers and window-curtains were imported. Nothing could be got in the town after the German occupation. It would be impossible to find anywhere a pleasanter, more friendly inn. I have thought of it sadly very often since that day.

Madame and her maids, buxom Lisette (who waited so deftly at table), and talkative Thérèse (who looked after the rooms), luckily got away in time. Three days later so fierce and sustained was the onrush of the huge German forces that Noyon was again in Boche hands.

Damming the First Flood of the Hun Offensive



British heavy gun going up to help cover the infantry withdrawing before the terrific pressure of the German onslaught. On one corps front alone the enemy used some seven hundred guns. On the other hand, the British artillery got to work more busily every day, thudding away in the back villages with a menacing persistence that told the enemy he would require all his reserves.

British gunners bringing a heavy gun into position. The steadiness with which our gunners stuck to their positions, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe wrote on March 25th, 1918, prevented the enemy from flooding the country with mounted forces accompanied by horse artillery, as he would have done otherwise. "He certainly has not come along these last three days as rapidly as he did during the first two."

Hindering the Massed Offensive of Hindenburg

The linked line—a French and a British soldier together in a trench. In circle: Ammunition dump fired by the British when retiring before the German massed offensive.

British officer attaching a charge of explosive to destroy a bridge and thus hinder the advancing Huns, and (right) Engineers taking down a temporary bridge so as to impede the progress of the Germans during the first rush of the offensive.

Line of British troops holding a position along a French railway during the German massed attacks on the Somme front. Right: The G.O.C. of the New Zealand troops in France holding a rifle inspection.

Where the Enemy was Encountered in the Open

British infantry arriving at a railway embankment which they had been detailed to defend during the pressure of the German offensive on the western front. One result of that offensive was the changing of the condition of fighting from "trench" to "open" warfare.

"Jocks" in action among the shell shattered wreckage of a village on which the tornado of battle had burst on the western front in France. They were sniping at the enemy who were lurking amid ruined buildings at the outskirts of the destroyed village.

Heroes Who Kept the German Hordes at Bay

British infantry reserves in a small wood awaiting the signal to go into action in the great battle. The spirit of the men was illustrated by many records. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, in the "Daily Mail," told of a machine-gun sergeant who fired his gun until the Germans were within twenty-five yards. When asked how he got away, he said grimly, "The ones I hadn't killed went away back!"

Welcome refreshment during a pause on the way to hospital. British soldiers who had been wounded in the stubborn holding up of the German mass attack on the western front journeying from the fighting-line to the base. The stories told by the wounded tallied most wonderfully in emphasising the comparative casualties—"What they did to us isn't a third of what we did to them!"

To face page 3633

GREAT BRITISH GUNS IN ACTION ON THE WESTERN FRONT DURING THE CRITICAL DAYS OF THE SPRING OF 1918.

How General Carey's Force Held the Gap

By HAMILTON FYFE

ONE of the features of the Battle of St. Quentin, and of the Battle of the Lys also, which will always be quoted as a tribute to the fighting spirit of the British race was the brave and useful part played by the "oddments" of our Army in slowing up and stopping the German advance.

That the regular fighting men would resist stubbornly and make the enemy pay heavily for the ground which he gained by weight of superior forces was certain, but the regular fighting men were over and over again forced by the odds against them into positions where they needed help badly. Over and over again this help was given by hastily improvised reinforcements made up of men who were not accustomed to fight.

Behind an army in the field there are always large numbers of "other ranks." There are the men who make and mend roads; there are the signallers and electricians, who put up and keep in order telegraph and telephone wires; there are the cooks, the camp orderlies, the mess attendants, the grooms, the sanitary service men.

All these are, for one reason or another, not considered fit for service in the field; yet in these battles they did excellent service in the forefront of the fighting, "not once nor twice." During those critical days and nights which followed the opening of the German offensive calls were made upon them to take their places in the firing-line, and pluckily they answered the call. Hurriedly put together in battalions, under officers whom they had never seen, without the experience of war or the hard training which fits the soldier for steady endurance and effective manœuvre, they went in and closed gaps, and presented a firm front to the masses of the enemy.

"Carey's Force"

The most famous of these bodies of "irregular" troops was that which we knew as Carey's Force. On the night this was formed—the night of March 26th-27th—Amiens was in danger of being rushed. In great force, and with a large proportion of fresh troops to bear down the opposition of tired British divisions which had been fighting for nearly a week without rest, the Germans had pressed on to within striking distance of the city. Their cavalry patrols were reported to have come very near. The French were on their way to relieve our worn-out battalions, but they could not arrive for several days. It was clear that unless we could put a fresh barrier in front of the enemy, Amiens might go, and one can easily conjecture what the loss of this great railway centre would have meant.

A council of war was held at 2 a.m. on Wednesday, the 27th, in a bare room lit by shaded lamps which threw patches of light over the maps spread out upon trestle tables. The German airmen were busy that night. I saw dead horses lying in the streets of Amiens, and men being taken up in fragments In the village where the council was being held bombs dropped, too, and shook the general's headquarters.

An arrangement, already planned and well advanced, was now completed. It was that every man who could use a rifle should be put into the line at once. There was a considerable front so thinly held that the enemy might at any moment pierce it. A cool-headed, resolute brigadier of the Royal Artillery was told off to take command of the force intended to defend this front. He was given a staff and told to set to work at once.

Within a few hours a force of three thousand men was ready to march. They took the road south-eastward from Villers-Bretonneux, and by two o'clock in the afternoon Carey's Force was on the front allotted to it and was energetically digging itself in.

Keeping their End Up

Digging was work to which a large number of its members were accustomed. Several labour battalions had been drawn upon. Battles were not in their contract. But they were of British race—they knew their aid was needed, and they gave it cheerfully. An infantry training school provided a good many officers used to dealing with new troops. Field-survey men of the Royal Engineers, telegraph men, some American engineers, and all who could be spared at Army Headquarters completed the force. It was strengthened after a day or so by fifty cavalry, and it was given guns.

The brigadier spent most of his time near the front line, keeping his men up to their task. They were told that they must hold the front unbroken until midnight on Friday, the 29th. That meant holding it for two days and a half against almost continuous attacks. Even well-tried troops might have found this exhausting. Carey's Force struggled manfully, not only against the enemy, but against weariness and the depression that weariness is apt to cause. They kept their end up even after the time named as the limit of their endeavour. Relief could not be hurried with the rapidity hoped for. On Saturday, March 30th, I watched an action in which the force still barred the enemy's way to Amiens.

They had lost some ground that morning. Under fierce artillery fire they had gone back, and the enemy pushed in nearer Villers-Bretonneux. But help was at hand. An Australian brigade, tough fighters ever, combined with some squadrons of Lancers, drove off the Germans, and restored the line.

That afternoon I went into a house on the edge of bombarded and deserted Villers-Bretonneux. From an attic window I had a good view over the battlefield. On the near side of a long, gentle slope our batteries were busy. Groups of gun-team horses stood about patiently in the pouring rain. Upon the sky-line stretcher-bearers could be seen moving and carrying wounded. Just over the ridge were our trenches, with those of the enemy a few hundred yards distant. The tap-tap-tap of machine-guns was unceasing.

A Mixed Squadron

The Germans were trying to push forward small parties with machine-guns to make holes in our lines and compel our men to fall back. Presently I saw cavalry trotting in single file, a long line of them, across the open ground from one little wood to another. A shell dropped near them, but the horses took no more notice of it than the troopers did. They went into the wood and were lost to view. If the situation had become worse, they would have been useful in checking the German advance. But this time Carey's Force could not be moved.

I went over to the brigadier's headquarters in a group of huts. General Carey was out "looking after the line." His staff were well content with the way their men were "sticking it." They had to combat not only the open tactics of the foe, but treacherous wiles as well.

Another improvised force which did good work was a body of mounted men, composed of troopers from several British cavalry regiments and from the Fort Garry Horse (Canadian), and of "anybody who could ride." I saw a party going off to join it near Guiscard in the sunny noontide of one of those first golden days of the offensive. There streamed across the road and up a sloping field a mixed squadron which I could not identify. I saw some were Canadians, others were Lancers, Scots Greys, Hussars, and some were not cavalrymen at all, though they rode like men hardened to the saddle. They cantered to the top of the field, a stirring sight, then disappeared. This detachment helped to cover several difficult retreats.

Stemming the Onslaught

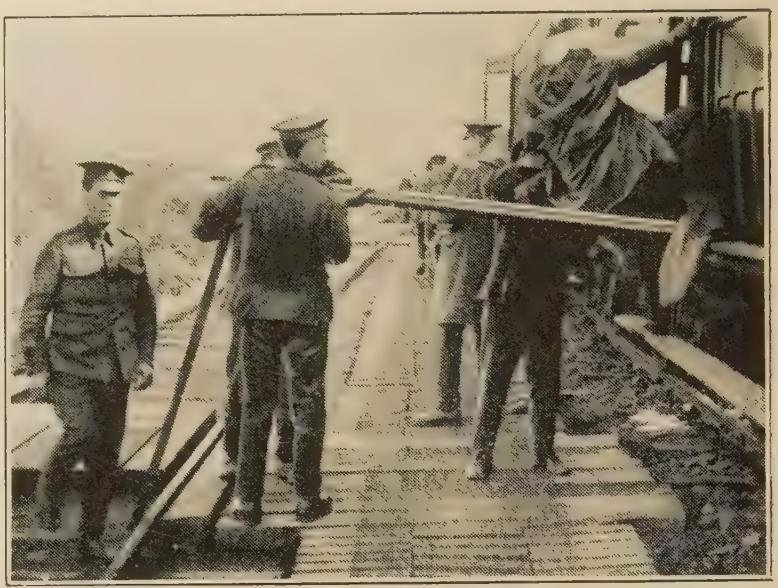
Then there was a force which in the Flanders battle was scraped up from the usual materials and thrown in to help in stemming the German onslaught near Dranoutre. It made its own trenches and stayed in them until the French came up to relieve, despite the enemy's efforts to drive through. And I could add many more stories of the pluck and doggedness as fighters of men who spent their time usually cleaning up, cooking, or handing dishes at table; of those who did surveying or who shovelled dirt; of those who did clerks' work in offices. Listen to the exploit of a party which came from a bombing school and helped to delay the enemy in the earliest and most difficult stage of his offensive.

A Bombing Exploit

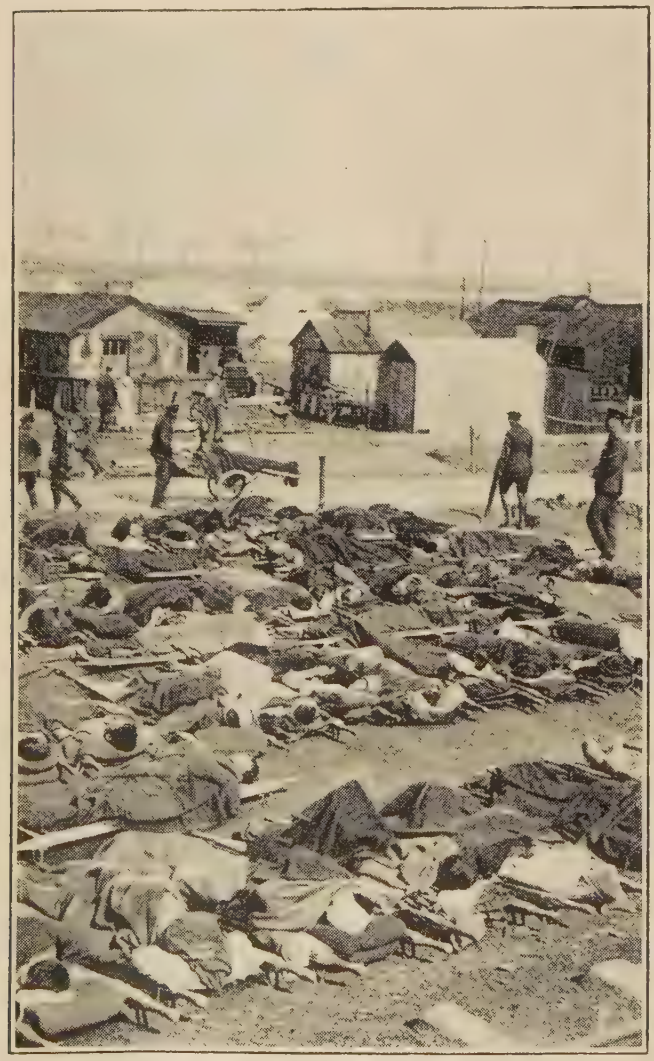
Men have to be taught to bomb, and they go to school for their lessons. The pupils at this school were still learners when the Germans broke through, but they went readily, and even gladly, when the officer-instructors asked them if they would go into the line to back up their comrades. On the evening of March 21st a young officer led them up a trench in the Vraucourt region, one of our trenches which was partly occupied by the enemy. It ran downhill. The Boches were in the higher part of it, bombing our men with bad effect.

The young officer and his bombers had to crawl up the trench in order to keep their heads below the bullets which the machine-guns were spitting out all the time. Thus they came near enough to the block to hurl their bombs. They made it so hot for the Germans that they withdrew to some distance and bombed no more. "For learners we didn't do so badly," one of the school pupils said modestly when it was over. In this and in other engagements they lent most valuable aid.

Men Who Kept Their Spirit & the Line Unbroken



An injured British soldier, wounded in the great German offensive, being assisted through a ruined French village by one of his comrades, and (right) getting a wounded German—taken prisoner in the great battle—aboard an ambulance train from a stretcher.



Stretcher cases—both British soldiers and their prisoners—at a British dressing-station on the western front awaiting removal.

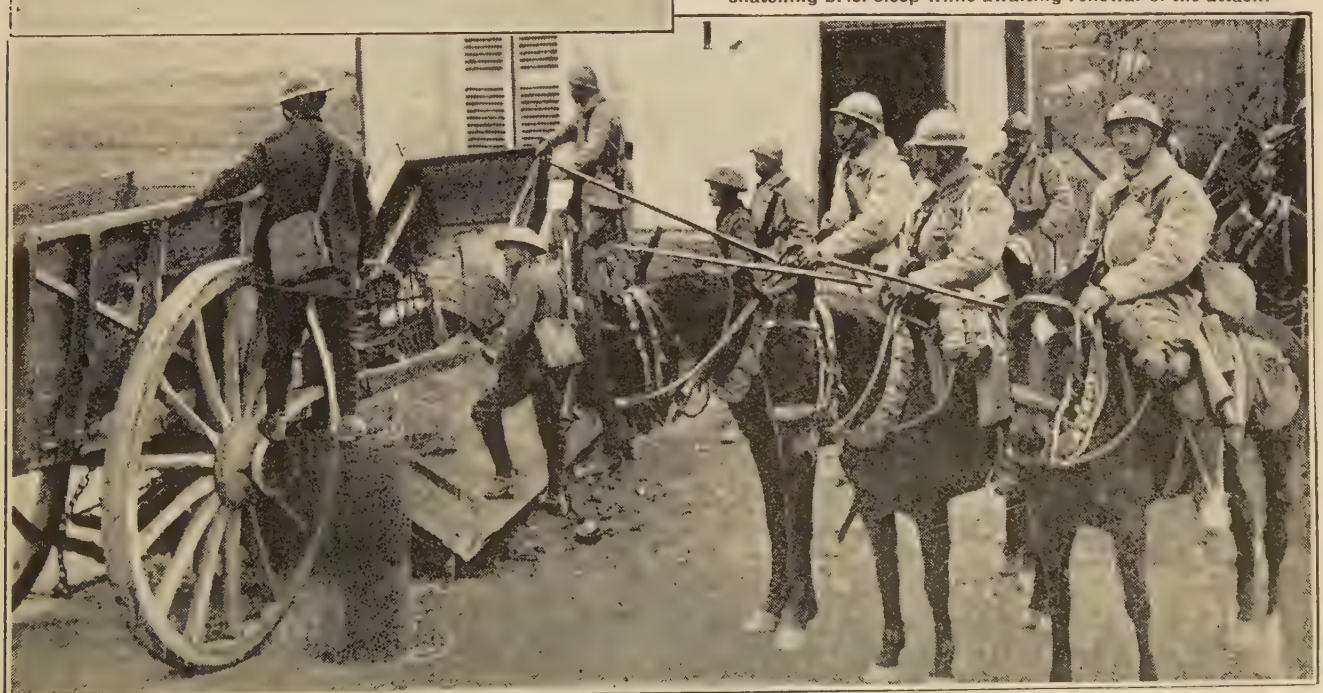
Wounded Canadians and some of their wounded captives at a dressing-station on the western front.

Some of the first of the wounded men from the great battle in the west smile at their hearty welcome home in London.

British and French Undivided and Undaunted

Big British gun in action checking the German advance in the Somme region, and (right) another of the British "heavies" which helped to smash and hinder the massed hordes of the enemy during the advance which cost them so heavily in lives.

British soldiers, tired-out by sustained resistance to the onslaught, snatching brief sleep while awaiting renewal of the attack.



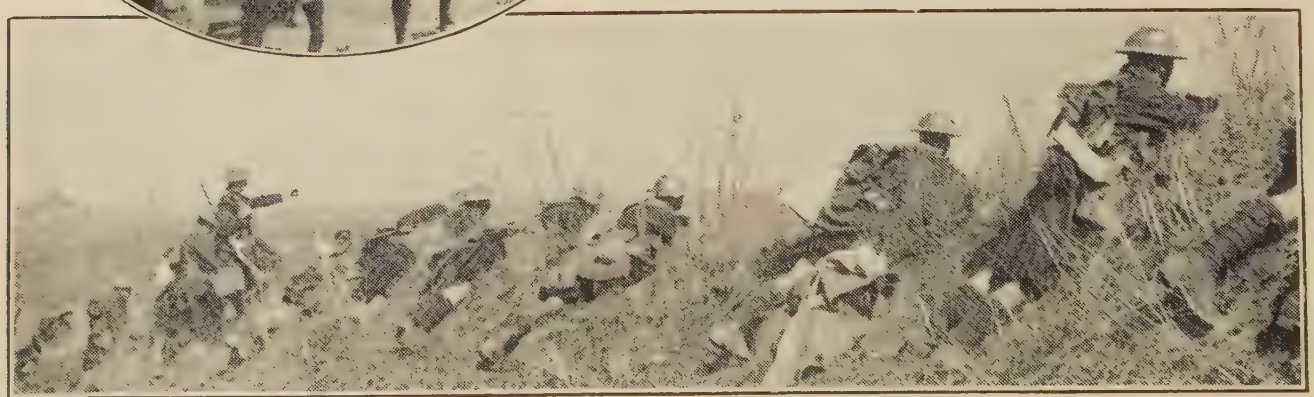
French cavalry and British soldiers waiting the enemy's anticipated approach, and (inset) French cavalry patrol working with British infantry. The allied cavalry proved itself anew in the incessant fighting against Germany's massed forces on the Somme front.

Parrying the Germans' Most Stupendous Blow

British cavalry on their way to support. The German offensive of March 21, 1918, ended the trench warfare, in which cavalry had little opportunity for their proper work. On the sixth day of the battle they came into action and achieved a brilliant success.

Scottish troops moving up to their position in the line. The 9th Division, a Scottish one, and the 51st Division of Highlanders were among those mentioned by Sir Douglas Haig as having specially distinguished themselves in the resistance to the German onslaught.

Scottish and (left) English troops moving up to support. Battalions of the two nationalities shared some extraordinary fighting at Mory.



Kilted troops manning a support trench. The Germans kept a "black list" of the British divisions which they regarded as containing the most terrible of our fighting men. The 51st Division of Highlanders was on this list, and was careful not to forfeit the enemy's opinion.

Stopping the Swing of the Hun Sledge-Hammer

A little company of Scotsmen, intensely keen and confident, watching the tide of the greatest battle in history moving towards them.

Smiling "kilties" going into action show the splendid spirit of the British Army under the supreme test of Germany's full might.

Ammunition dump fired and well alight during the great battle. Inset: British soldiers bringing back a wounded man on a stretcher rested on a child's perambulator for his greater comfort. Everything on wheels is useful for the easier conveyance of casualties.

Our Splendid Gunners in the St. Quentin Battle

By HAMILTON FYFE

IT is not too much to say that in the St. Quentin Battle the Royal Artillery at many points did a great deal towards saving the Fifth and Third British Armies from a serious defeat.

The infantry did all, and more than all, that could be expected of mortal men, but they could not stand unaided before the numbers which the Germans put into the field. By the violence of the enemy's bombardment many of them were blown out of their forward positions, or were killed fighting in them, or were captured, wounded and unable to stir. After that the pressure of fresh troops against tired ones was so heavy that at several points our troops could only fall back, fighting as they went with all the vigour left to them, and making the enemy pay dearly in casualties for his advance.

During these five days' fighting our gunners did work of which it would be impossible to exaggerate the value. I could tell endless stories of individual gallantry. How an R.A. sergeant worked his gun under fire until it was destroyed by a direct hit, then joined an infantry battalion, was given a lieutenant's command, handled it skilfully for two days until, with the enemy all around and his ammunition exhausted, he seized a pick-axe, and was last seen killing Germans with that.

Typical Battery Heroism

How another sergeant worked an anti-Tank gun in the Lys Battle until the Germans were within two hundred yards of it. It had been damaged by a shell before getting into action. Its trail was cut and the breech-block after a short time worked stiffly. Again a pickaxe came in useful. After every round the sergeant prised the breech open for the new charge to be put in.

Or how a gunner officer found the enemy practically on him about noon on March 21st, south of Benay. He had just time to remove the breech-blocks and make the guns useless to the enemy, and he might then have retired. But he told his men to take their rifles and to work a machine-gun belonging to the battery so as to keep the Germans back for a while, which they did, holding the Benay-Hinacourt road and most usefully delaying the advance.

But in order to give as vivid an idea as possible of the task which fell upon the artillery, I am going to relate what happened during the retirement to one particular battery. This will have both a personal and a general interest, for what one battery did many did. All contributed to the famous record. Their adventures were all more or less the same.

The one I have picked out, more by chance than by design, was close behind the front upon which the enemy broke through in the south. I had paid a visit to it a few days before the attack. The major in command was a fine example of Britain's young "new soldiers." He was in New York when war began, earning £40 a week. He took the first boat to Liverpool, and enlisted in a cavalry regiment at a shilling a day. He could have got a commission in course of time upon his public school and Oxford credentials, but he could not wait. He got out to France before the end of 1914. For more than a year he was a trooper. Then he was recommended for a commission, and took one in the R.A. By his cleverness and energy he gained quick promotion, and 1918 found him a major with a battery under his command.

His guns were on the eastern side of the railway running from St. Quentin southwards. North-west of them was the station of Essigny, and to the north-east the village. In front the ground sloped gently upward. It was clear that an attempt to advance in force down this slope would be terribly expensive. The Germans did not make it. They got into Essigny village early. Then they took the railway station. Then they tried to trickle forward along paths and hedges and little watercourses. All these efforts our battery checked. It blew them out of the railway station, and it kept them

ONE OF THE MANCHESTERS

(From a sketch by Major Sir William Orpen, one of the official artists on the western front).

from coming out of the village except in small numbers, a few at a time. It also made the village an unpleasant place to be in.

From ten o'clock in the morning, when the battery commander got the first news of the attack and the order to start firing, those guns went on firing until ten at night. During all that time the enemy gained no ground there. The infantry were in very small numbers there, and the gunners held the line in that sector practically alone, as in many another upon that and the following days.

At midnight came an order to fall back. At that time the front was pretty quiet. They went back some distance and took up their position near Flavy-le-Martel, a village named evidently after some Roman official (Flavius) whose rule bore so hardly upon the district that it nicknamed him "The Hammer" (Le Martel). Again the battery was engaged all day in keeping the enemy back. Again they were compelled to fall back during the night. As the gunners went south-westwards they saw flames shooting into the sky, and soon there came into view a number of sheds blazing at the top of a hill. The road uphill was brightly lit up, and upon it was falling a fierce barrage of German shells.

"There was nothing for it," said the battery commander, "but to go through and trust to luck. I gave the order 'Trot!' and up we went. I had no horse then, so I caught hold of the back of a limber. Somehow we got through without a single casualty. It seemed marvellous then, it seems marvellous now. Not a man or a horse was touched."

They had another equally lucky escape next day. They had, after the major had hunted about for his brigade headquarters, been ordered to get in position to open fire when they got word of the Germans being within range. In an orchard they found capital shelter for the guns. The major had gaps cut in a hedge just wide enough to take them. Thus, with the additional security of the trees, they were screened from spying German aeroplanes.

Here they fired for a long time upon numbers of spots which seemed to be likely concentration points for enemy troops. They saw the British battalions falling back in good order, after French soldiers had gone forward to relieve them. Later the French were compelled to fall back. "The Boche will be here in five minutes," they said.

"Some Smart Work"

Soon after this the order for the battery to withdraw was given over the telephone.

"Just then the German creeping barrage, which had been gradually coming nearer, plumped down a bit in front of our hedge. After that it dropped in the orchard behind us. Skipped over us. No harm done. Another marvel. But we had to get through it to make our way out on to the road, and here, in a ploughed field, we had several men hit. All the wounded we got on to the limbers and gun-carriages, though. Some of them had to be held on, but they were all right until we passed stretcher-bearers and could hand them over.

"The roads were full of traffic—every kind of transport, all sorts of guns—and going was slow.

"The next day the acutely critical time was over, and the battery went to the rear for a rest. That only lasted three days, but it did us a world of good. We couldn't have gone on without it. We were just about 'all in.' The men had been four days without sleep, except in snatches. We were hard at it all the daytime and making longish treks at night.

"They went through it splendidly. My men were a bit anxious when they heard what the Frenchmen said about the Boche coming in five minutes. But I said: 'Now then, we're going to do a shoot. I want to see some smart work.' And they put in some smart work, and by a bit of luck we got on to a village full of Germans, and must have killed any number of them."

That was how the Royal Artillery helped to hold the line and saved the Allies from what might have been a serious defeat.

Deeds of Great Daring that Averted Disaster

Canadians fighting from armoured machine-gun cars had amazing adventures in the great battle. One car was surrounded twice. On the second occasion all the crew were killed or wounded except the driver and one other, who posted his gun at a street-corner, and fired on the enemy until they were quite close, when he jumped into the car and drove away.

Near Bapaume two 18-pdr. guns, reduced in action to two men to each gun and the C.O., were "sticking it" to the last shell. The enemy was crowding forward. In the nick of time 150 men of the Royal Fusiliers rushed up, manned some sectional trenches in front, and held off the Germans while the gun teams galloped up, limbered smartly, and got the guns away, when the Fusiliers also retired.

Boches Glad to be Out of the Great Battle

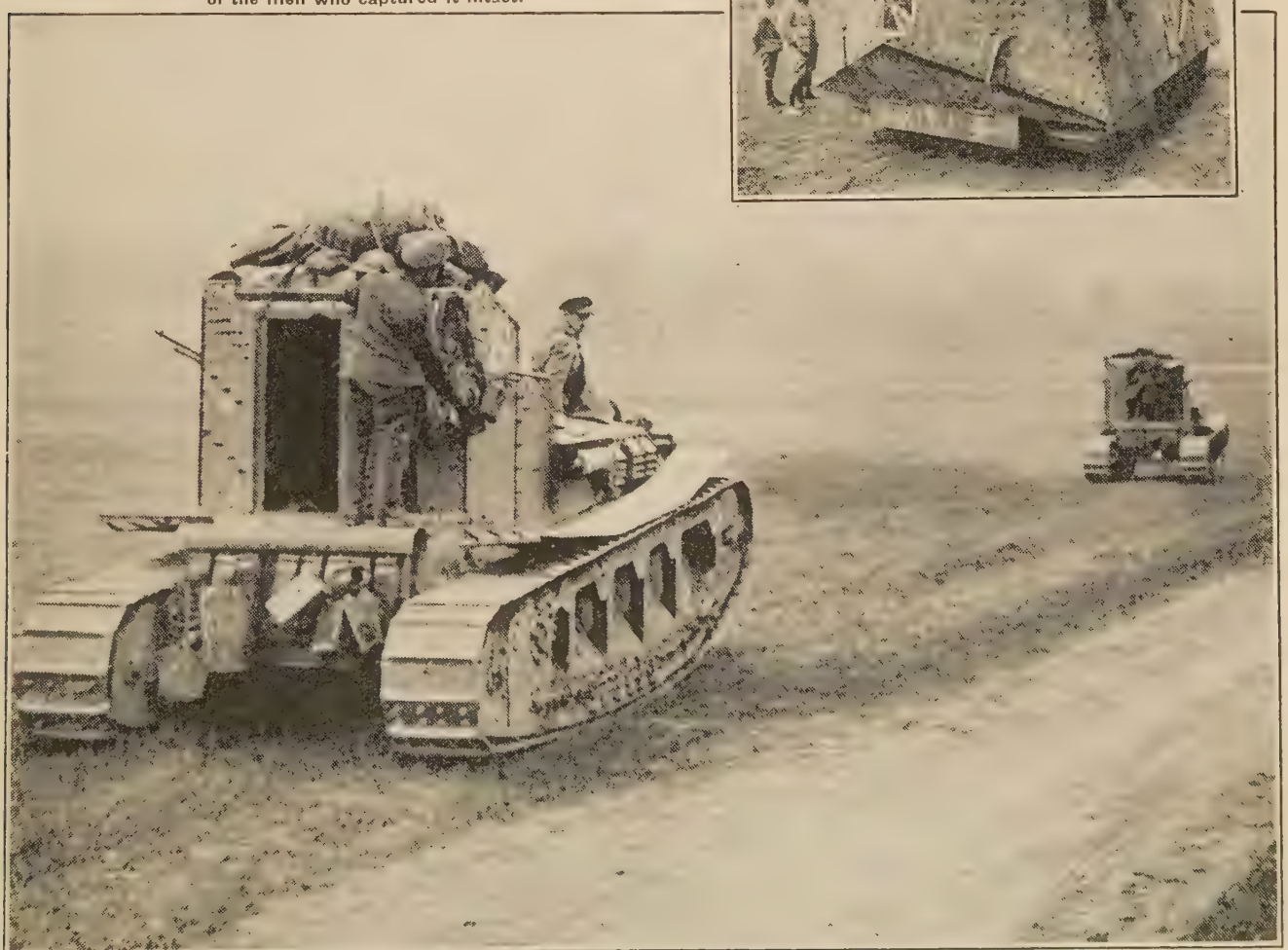
German prisoners, taken by the British in the great battle which began on March 21st, 1918, waiting to be interrogated. Left : A captor and two captives.

Marching a batch of German prisoners, taken in the course of the great battle, to the "cages." Some of the captives are exceptionally tall men.

Two batches of prisoners, taken by the British early in the great German offensive, resting on the way to internment. It was ascertained from prisoners that Germany had in the first five days thrown over seventy divisions into the attack on the British front.

Whippets With Which Nemesis Went Out Coursing

A French artist's impression of the new British Tanks in action near Villers-Bretonneux. Inset: A German Tank covered with the signatures of the men who captured it intact.



New British Tanks going into action. These Tanks, which are smaller, lighter, and faster than the older type, are known as the "Whippets." Seven of them, manned by twenty men, charged bodies of German infantry of the 77th Division forming up near Cachy, and slew Germans "by platoons and companies," breaking up the attack of a complete brigade.

King George With His Armies That Held the Huns

King George visiting New Zealand troops, and (left) talking to an officer during the visit which he paid at the end of March, 1918, to his armies in France.

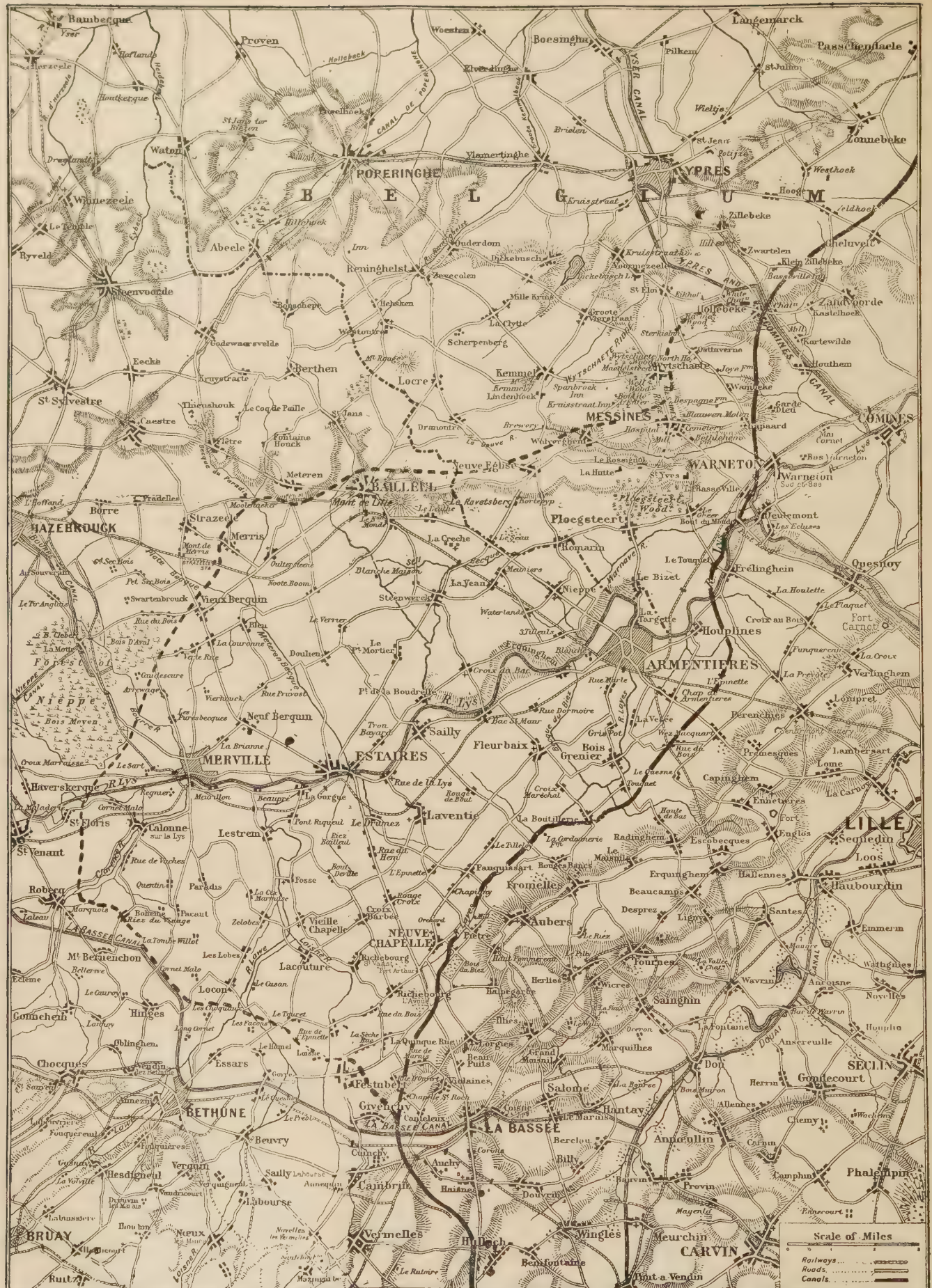
His Majesty inspecting some of the men who had inflicted heavy losses on the enemy in the great battle, and (right) talking to a wounded sergeant on a hospital train.

The King talking to a Scottish soldier, and (right) inspecting men of a Scottish battalion who had just come out of the line, where they had worthily upheld their great tradition. During the visit the King fell in with the 51st Division. "We all know the 51st," he said; and, as a correspondent put it, "the Highlanders tore the skies with their cheers."

The Fight for the Channel Ports

Foiled in their mighty effort against Amiens, the Germans, on April 9th, 1918, made their greatest attack on the British holding the line of the Channel Ports. By April 12th Armentières, Bailleul, and the Messines Ridge had been yielded after stubborn fighting, and on this date Sir Douglas Haig issued his famous "backs to the wall" Order of the Day. On April 29th the enemy suffered a sanguinary check.

MEN WHO BORE THE BRUNT.—British and French troops marching back together through a French village from the fighting-front, where together they shared in defending the Channel Ports. Representatives of the linked line of the Allies, they were swinging along at the "easy" on the way to the enjoyment of a spell of rest.



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AREA OF THE FIGHTING IN FRENCH FLANDERS.—The black line indicates the battle-front on April 10th, 1918, when the enemy began the second phase of his great offensive, on a front between the Ypres-Comines Canal and La Bassee Canal, with the object of capturing Bailleul, Bethune, and Hazebrouck. The dotted line marks the positions to which the British had withdrawn by April 15th.

How Givenchy Defied the Hun

By HAMILTON FYFE

IN the second stage of the offensive, which we call the Battle of the Lys, one of the Germans' most important objectives was the fortified region of Givenchy, which lies a little east of Béthune, close to La Bassée Canal. The troops told off to attack here were made to understand that penetration in this sector was necessary to the success of the operation extending northward from the canal as far as Neuve Eglise. They were also informed that the division holding Givenchy was of poor quality, only fit to be in a quiet sector.

Now it may be that the German commanders believed this of our 55th Division, or they may have invented the lie in order to put heart into their men. Whichever of these theories be the right one, it is certain that they made one of the mistakes of their lives. Believing that their task would be easy, the German troops found themselves up against one of the toughest jobs of the war. This both confused and disheartened them. They were badly beaten, and they were taught not to believe in future anything that their commanders told them of the Allies' demoralised condition.

The victory at Givenchy was, on a small scale, something like the defeat which Hindenburg inflicted on the Russians at Tannenberg in the second month of the war. Hindenburg had the advantage of knowing the marshy region into which he enticed the Russian Army. The Russians did not know where they were going. He did.

Trapped in a Maze

In the same way, at Givenchy, there was a maze of fortified positions and trenches and sunken roads which the Lancashire Territorials, who compose the 55th Division, knew by heart. The enemy lost themselves in this maze. They were trapped by the use of short cuts. They wandered about and were driven in farther and farther until our men, taking roundabout routes, converged upon them and either killed or captured all they found.

Many of them surrendered willingly, weary of the vain effort to find their way through the labyrinth of narrow trenches, fired on by unseen marksmen, stumbling and cursing as they got deeper and deeper into our skilfully-planned system. One British officer led in between forty and fifty prisoners whom he had taken while he was going through the trenches with one orderly.

He saw first a German officer who put his hands up. He had been peering about to see where the piece of trench in which he was led to, and whether it would be safe to take his men on. Just at the moment of the Germans surrendering a shot was fired at the British officer. He was covering the German with his revolver, and he called out to him, "Tell that man who fired to put his hands up, and any more there are with you."

The German officer snapped out an order, and along came about fifty men with their hands well above their heads. The British officer and his orderly marched them off to the rear. At another place as many as three hundred prisoners were made. That first day finished the German eagerness to take Givenchy by infantry attacks. They shelled it instead; shelled it with an intensity which cannot be described save in terms which must sound fantastic. The country was cut up as if some enormous harrow had been over it. Yet the Lancashiremen held the line, and the Germans gained no more by their furious bombardment than they had by their direct assault.

There was one comical incident in the battle. A German major was taken prisoner. His pockets bulged, and it was thought that he had in them papers which would be of value to us. But when he was asked to empty his pockets he turned out a large quantity of Huntley and Palmer's biscuits.

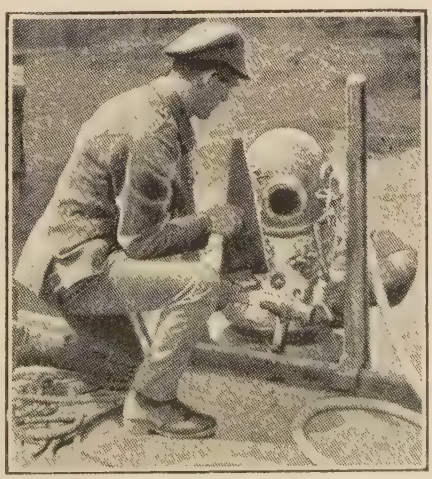
Gloucesters' Great Feat

"How do you Germans manage to get English biscuits?" he was asked.

The major had to admit that he had taken them from one of our canteens. He had not seen a decent biscuit, he said, for years. The temptation was too great.

After his failure on April 9th the enemy planned for April 20th an even fiercer attack upon Givenchy. It was held now by another division, the 1st. No higher praise can be given them than to say that they defended it as bravely and obstinately as did the 55th. They had, to begin with, an even more devastating bombardment to endure. The German commander had his heavy artillery trebled. For every gun of large calibre used on April 9th he had on April 20th three guns. For four hours the garrison crouched beneath a hell of explosive. Their defences were flattened out. When the German infantry advanced, the men in our first line, dazed and deafened by the bombardment, were compelled to fall back.

Givenchy is a hill. Not a big hill, but it looks big in the middle of a flat, marshy plain. Our lines of defence lay all round the base of it, and extended over and even into the hill itself. All day there was hard fighting for the possession of the place. There was a moment, in the middle of the morning, when it seemed impossible that we could hold it. "You must not fail again," the Germans had been told. They fought with determination.



DIVER DESCENDING INTO A CANAL.
—Diver of the R.E. going down to repair the foundations of a canal bridge on the western front.

They were in vast numbers. Fresh men came into the fight all day.

But a combination of men from many parts of Great Britain proved itself too strong for them. The Gloucesters established once more their right to wear badges on the backs as well as in front of their caps. They gained it in some battle of the past by beating off an enemy attacking them from the rear as well as frontally. Now they repeated this exploit. The Germans made a breach in the line and got round at their backs. They settled down grimly to keep their end up, and they still had the enemy at arm's length when the evening closed in.

Continually fresh bodies of troops were sent forward against them. Every attack was beaten off. Our men were in small parties holding little fortified posts, connected up by the system of trenches of which I have given some idea already. Around these little posts the angry sea of the attackers surged and beat. One of them, in the Gloucesters' area, was overwhelmed. The men in it fought till all were casualties. The enemy poured through the gap thus torn in our line of defence, but they soon found themselves up against the Camerons, and they penetrated no farther.

One feature of the preparation for the defence of Givenchy, a feature of value in deciding the issue of all battles, was that the men in their isolated positions had plenty to eat. Not only were they provided with emergency rations in large quantity, but they were also kept supplied with meals in the usual way.

Fight in the Dark

All who have had experience of warfare know what a difference it makes whether soldiers' stomachs are comfortably filled or, as Meredith phrases it in one of his poems, are like "lambs that bleat." When they are hungry and see no prospect of food arriving men begin to lose confidence in themselves.

Nothing finer than these two repulses of German attempts to seize the hill, which was so vital to their plan, has been done by British troops during the war. In the second case the struggle went on well into the night. There was fighting in the darkness of tunnels and dug-outs, very confused but very ferocious. In one place a German platoon commander called on a British platoon to surrender. He thought they would do so, but suddenly he received a warning to put his hands up. "We are more numerous than you," said a voice, in the darkness. "We take you prisoners, or else——"

The threat was enough. The Germans, with their hands up, followed contentedly enough until they came to the light, and then saw that they had surrendered to a body of British troops about half as large as their own.

None of the Germans who had got into those deep defences went back to his own lines. They were killed or captured, and the hill remained in our hands. All that the enemy won by his second attack was a small part of our front line, and we took that back a few days later. Both divisional commanders said their men had done magnificently, and they were very proud of them. They had every reason to be.

HELL-FIRE CORNER.—This photograph was taken on the Menin road by Captain Hurley, who, it will be remembered, accompanied the Mawson and the Shackleton Expeditions to the Antarctic. It was exhibited among the remarkable Australian Battle Pictures at the Grafton Galleries, Bond Street. The upturned waggon in the foreground and the ghastly figures of the horses, encrusted and sinking in the mud, tell of tragedy enacted, while the smother of smoke and flying fragments of another shell give grim warning to those who may have to pass that way.

2966

Heroes Who Met the Onslaught of the Offensive

Tired out by his part in the heroic stand of the great defensive. A British cavalryman who has fallen asleep where he dismounted.

British soldiers defending a street barricade in Bailleul. The photograph was taken a few hours before the town fell. In oval: Exhausted soldiers in one of the villages they were defending.

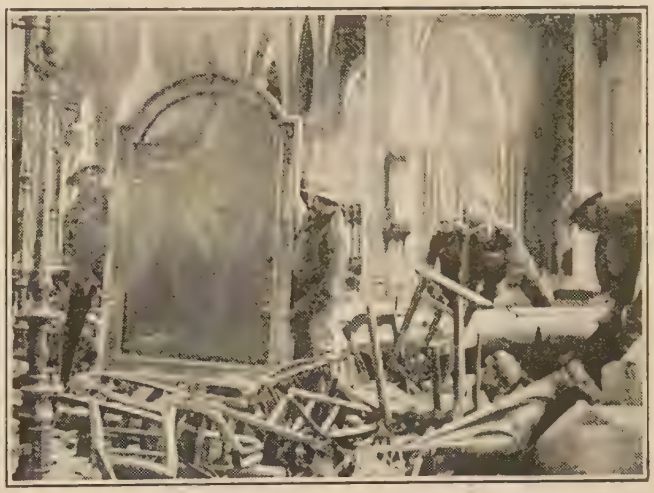
General view in Bailleul as it was on April 16th, 1918, the day on which it fell into the hands of the Germans. The British forces, though compelled to fall back, fought with stubborn heroism and took heavy toll of the enemy masses before yielding the town.

Guns That Fended the Foe From the Channel

Field artillery taking up position to hold up a German advance. Guns and ever more guns were rushed up to the northern battle. Though they had travelled hard and were dog-weary, the men unlimbered and came into action with splendid gameness.

Bringing up ammunition to the heavy guns shelling the German masses. Describing the artillery tumult, Mr. Gibbs said, "The knockings and sledge-hammer strokes of the heavy guns came loud and shocking above the incessant drum-fire of the field artillery."

Salving Holy Objects from the Sacrilegious Hun



British soldiers salving sacred objects from an already badly damaged church in Armentières before they should be wholly destroyed by further German bombardment. Right: Taking down the pictures from the walls and removing the larger canvases from their frames and rolling them up for easier transport to safe custody.

Bringing the statues of prophets and saints from the church whence they had directed men's minds to thoughts of peace.

Removing the canvas of a very large picture from its frame, and (right) taking the figure of a former soldier of the Church militant here on earth from its canopied niche in the chancel to await the time when the forces of evil should be driven back and broken.

British Outposts in the German Offensive

At an outpost line on the western front held by Highlanders during the German spring offensive. With machine-gun and rifles the men were posted, ready to make the enemy masses pay heavily in casualties for every yard of ground he gained. Right: British detachments moving up to the line on the western front at night. The man in the foreground was serving as a "link" connecting two detachments.

In action on the Ypres salient. Men of a British outpost in readiness for an anticipated attempt of the enemy against their position. Though the British line east of Ypres was drawn back somewhat as a consequence of the German pressure to the south towards Hazebrouck, and despite the enemy's capture of Messines Ridge and Kemmel Hill, the British hold on the Ypres salient was stubbornly maintained.

Fighting in the Open on the Western Front

British soldiers in a German subterranean "communication trench" that they had captured. This tunnel, nearly a mile long beneath the Hooge-Menin road, had been built by the enemy to bring troops to the village of Hooge, about three miles east of Ypres. Right: In readiness for the enemy. British troops lined along the bank of a canal during the German offensive on the western front.

A British field-gun and machine-gunners ready to hold a canal against the enemy during the course of the great German offensive, the opening stages of which began on March 21st, 1918. At such points delaying actions of the greatest importance were frequently maintained, and in the event of a retirement being necessary the bridge could be easily destroyed.

Blowing Up the Bridges

How British Engineers Hindered the German Advance

By HAMILTON FYFE

ON the second and third days of the Lys Battle our men were fighting hard to hold the enemy on the river. As they fell back on both sides of it they had to blow up the bridges one after the other, and in the doing of this dangerous and urgent task there were many who showed conspicuous courage and devotion.

First I will tell of some men of the Yorkshire Regiment who were in a little town called Estaires. This was attacked by the Germans on the evening of April 10th. To the south-west of the town there was a bridge which could be raised to let barges pass underneath. The enemy strove desperately to seize this, but that night the Yorkshiremen kept them off.

Fierce Street Fighting

Next morning, very early, there was a rush and a tremendous machine-gun barrage, and the Germans swept over the bridge into the town. In the streets the Yorkshiremen tackled them. There was fierce fighting. The roadways were filled with dead and dying men. Step by step the enemy were forced back, and at last, with a cheer and a charge the Yorkshires sent all that was left of them across the river whence they had come.

They kept within a short distance of the bridge, though, and made the ground near it too hot to be held. So we retired, too, and fixed our machine-guns in positions which commanded the river. Thus the bridge was in the centre of a wide, empty space, swept by bullets, where for the moment nobody could live. But it was not long before some of our men got over to the side on which the enemy were. They established a little post with a machine-gun and enfiladed the Germans so gallingly that they had to get a field-gun into position to compel the Englishmen to move back.

By this time it was clear that we should have to continue our movement westwards, so orders were given to blow the bridge up. So it often happens in battle that some position which has been long and gallantly fought for must needs be given up just when the enemy pressure has become less violent.

The Action at Estaires

In order to blow the bridge up it was necessary for us to take the enemy's attention off it, so that our engineers could put in the explosive. By this time the Yorkshiremen had done all they could. Fresh troops had to be found to make the needed diversion. A trench-mortar detachment was given the job. Armed with rifles they went out to re-establish the post from which we had been shelled, and to keep the Germans away from the bridge.

Many times lately the trench-mortar men have proved their worth and gallantry as they did in this case. They gave the engineers time to put in the charges properly; then they got back as best they could, and the bridge went up in the air.

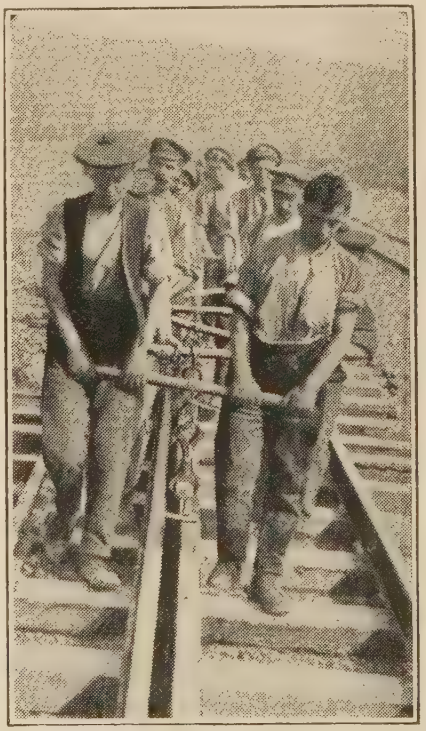
Next day the same kind of struggle was going on in and around the town of Merville. Here we were almost "snowed under" by the German superiority in numbers. At one time there were twenty thousand of the enemy attacking between two and three thousand of our men. We held them off by keeping up a deadly fire whenever they showed themselves. But they poured in a fierce fire also, and we had to fall back steadily. By the evening the hope of regaining the ground which the enemy had taken across the river had to be given up. All our efforts were to be concentrated on holding our side of the Lys. The bridges had therefore to be destroyed.

Heroism at Merville

The Germans were trying very hard to prevent this, and to get across before we could blow the bridges up. The laying of the fuses was difficult. On to one bridge several of the enemy rushed while our engineers were engaged in this final operation, and there was a hand-to-hand fight.

The first lot of Germans were thrown into the water, and the engineers went on with their task as quickly as they could. But very quickly more Germans, and this time a larger number, ran on to the bridge and threw themselves upon our men.

Much, then, depended upon the young officer in command of the blowing-up party. He was a subaltern in the Royal Engineers, and was only twenty-two. By cool and vigorous action this young man both got his men away and managed to blow up the bridge with the Germans on it. Unfortunately, a bullet hit and killed him just as he was leading his party into safe quarters. They had done very valuable work in stopping the enemy's advance and giving our infantry time to get back to fresh positions.



TAKING THE RAILS FORWARD.—British railway engineers constructing a broad-gauge railway at the rate of a mile a day on the western front.

Another of the bridges at Merville was blown up with Germans on it, just after the last of the British soldiers had got clear. I came across an Australian engineer afterwards who had been engaged in destroying bridges and culverts during the Battle of St. Quentin, and he said he made a point of waiting until there were some of the enemy on them before he blew them up. He would put in the charge and lay the fuse, and then go a little distance off, behind a hill or in a ditch, with a wire connected to the explosive. There he would wait until he saw Germans right on the spot. Then he would "press the button." The dynamite did the rest.

Fine Acts of Bravery

One bridge at Merville was not completely destroyed by the explosion. An officer came to it after dark, and decided that he would finish it off. He had been out to visit some of the troops, had crossed this bridge, and meant to return by it. He had heard a noise which he took to be a German shell bursting, but when he got back to the bridge he realised that it had been the noise of the sappers' charge going off. As it had not gone off effectively enough, this officer resolved to supplement it with another. He knew where some sticks of dynamite were concealed. These he fetched, and was putting them into position when a party of the enemy surprised him, and by throwing bombs, drove him away, very much annoyed at not being able to carry out his plan.

By these fine acts of bravery and sacrifice at the bridges across the Lys the advance of the Germans in this region was brought to a standstill very soon afterwards. The 50th Division, which had fought day and night from the 9th till the 12th, both inclusive, facing masses of the enemy, stayed in the line until the German advance had been checked. Then it went to rest.

Six Against Forty

The place in the line of this tired division, which had worked back as far as the Forest of Nieppe, and stopped the Germans in front of it, was taken by troops who were fresh and full of buck. The Germans came up against a nasty snag, when they found that instead of the men who had been fighting for days, they had to do with battalions ready and eager for the fray. There was a scrap a few hours after the reliefs had taken place, and the enemy were taught to respect the new-comers. They kept quiet for some time after that.

How respectful they were was proved by an amusing incident. A party of five King's Own Scottish Borderers went out with a young officer on patrol. They spotted a number of Germans, about forty, digging a trench round a house. The officer saw that in an exchange of fire six men must be worsted by forty. His one chance was to scare the enemy into flight. So he gave the order to fix bayonets and charge. Half a dozen Germans were killed. The rest ran away. They evidently did not feel like taking any chances.

Staying the Avalanche of Massed German Might

A battalion of the Warwickshires marching back for a rest. The regiment, which covered itself with glory during the war, came in for some savage fighting with greatly superior numbers of the enemy in the brickfield between the Forest of Nieppe and the Lys Canal on April 15th, 1918.

Many of the peasantry delayed leaving their homes until shells were actually howling over their villages. Then they hurried away, old women laden with bundles, young women carrying children, all shrinking from the roar of the British batteries coming into action for their defence.

Where the Hun was Held & Then Driven Back

British gun-limbers passing through Bethune, showing the squat tower of the church on the right. Bethune, which is about twenty miles to the north of Arras, is near the southern end of the line of the German push between Givenchy and Ypres in April, 1918. On June 15th some Suffolks and Gordons, with other units, made a successful attack, pressing back the German line on the Bethune front.

A contingent of British soldiers on the western front marching along a road and driving with them some of the sheep from an area threatened by the advance of the Germans during their great offensive. The value of an advance is minimised to an enemy by the removal of all potential foodstuffs and the systematic destruction of such as cannot be removed.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

Hoppe

THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT MILNER, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.,
Secretary of State for War

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

ALFRED VISCOUNT MILNER

WITH a personality fascinating to all brought within the circle of his friendship, Alfred Viscount Milner is perhaps the loneliest as well as probably the most variously gifted figure in the public life of our time. If his political critics are many and bitter, this fact is due less to any errors of judgment on his part than to a political system that makes heterodoxy anathema to the orthodox in each camp, to his birth in Germany, and to a characteristic reserve that, from the outset of his career, has made him shrink from any quest of popularity.

The Hand of Destiny

His appointment as Secretary of State for War might almost seem to be the work of destiny. His mother was a soldier's daughter; he was born in the month dedicated to Mars; his first public speech dealt with the Imperial Forces; at the memorable send-off banquet given to him on the eve of his departure for South Africa in 1897 the then War Minister sat at his right hand. But Minerva as well as Mars watched over his cradle—with the Djinn of Dyspepsia in the background.

Alfred Milner was born on March 23rd, 1854, in the University town of Giessen. He was the only son of an English physician, Charles Milner, M.D., who practised at Stuttgart. His mother was daughter of Major-General Ready, sometime Governor of the Isle of Man. Dr. Milner, though son of a German mother—his father was English—always paid taxes as a foreign resident in Germany, and when in England was one of the earliest and most active of those who responded to the call of "Riflemen, Form!"

Influence of Jowett, Green, and Toynbee

For three years Alfred Milner, who early in life lost both of his parents, went to a German seminary, but at the age of ten he was a scholar at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Thence he went to King's College School. In February, 1873, he matriculated at Balliol, where he came under the influence of Benjamin Jowett and Thomas Hill Green, and acquired a life-long interest in social questions through his friendship with Arnold Toynbee. The most brilliant Oxford scholar of his year, he carried off a First in Classics, winning the Craven, Hertford, and Derby Scholarships, together with the Eldon Scholarship for Jurisprudence and the Jenkyns Exhibition. In 1879 he was elected a Fellow of New.

Outside the prescribed curriculum, it was not in the playing-fields but in the Union, of which he was President in 1876, that he made his mark at Oxford, adopting, like his friend Herbert H. Asquith, the Liberal side. "The most statesman-like speech I have ever heard from so young a man," was Lord Granville's comment on young Milner's remarks in proposing the toast of the Army and Navy at the Palmerston Club's inaugural banquet, the company at which included George Joachim Goschen, who was destined to be the first to open for him the doors of the permanent Civil Service.

Journalism and Politics

Coming to London, with the Oxford manner perhaps a trifle accentuated, Milner, in 1880, joined the staff of the "Pall Mall Gazette," under John Morley, and continued on it under W. T. Stead until 1885, leaving his mark on the paper in the articles on "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," which led to the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor. Meanwhile, he entered as a student at the Inner Temple, and was called to the Bar in 1881, but, beyond a fleeting appearance at Northampton, never practised.

When he left the "Pall Mall Gazette" he left journalism for politics, declining, it is understood, a post on the "Times." At the Harrow election in 1885 he won golden opinions, but failed to secure a seat in the new Reformed Parliament, polling 3,241 votes against the 4,214 given to his Conservative opponent, William Ambrose, Q.C. The occasion, however, led to a speech by him on national policy which showed a thorough insight into the principles of constitutional government, and displayed a democratic temper in advance of his time, particularly in regard to foreign policy and the need of reform in staffing the Foreign and Colonial Offices. What was needed, he said, was "to substitute the democratic principle of fitness for the oligarchical principle of influence in determining the selection of men in every department, in the highest as in all other ranks, of the public service." He advocated a preponderant Navy. As to the Army, he was "unwilling that despotic and reactionary States should have a pre-eminence, not, indeed, in military establishments—they were welcome to that—but in military capacity." He was in favour of the military training of all citizens, and a firm advocate of closer Imperial relations, believing that the self-governing Dominions should have a voice in the Cabinet, and a good understanding with the United States.

First Public Appointments

In 1886 G. J. Goschen became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and chose Alfred Milner as his principal private secretary. His duties in this capacity involved a successful confidential mission to France, and a hand in the National Debt Conversion scheme of 1889. From 1889 to 1892 he was nominally Under-Secretary for Finance to the Khedival Government, in effect Sir Evelyn Baring's Chancellor of the Exchequer.

As Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue from 1892 to 1897, Milner assisted Sir William Harcourt in bringing about the readjustment of the Death Duties in the memorable Budget of 1894, being created a C.B. in the last-mentioned year and a K.C.B. in 1895. Then Mr. Chamberlain called him to a post which Mr. Asquith described as being "the most arduous and responsible in the administrative service of the country"—that of Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa.

Sir Alfred Milner went out to the Cape in 1897, receiving a G.C.M.G. on his appointment. One of the first things he did after reaching Cape Town was to add Dutch to his other linguistic attainments. No official could have taken up his great task with a more intense sense of responsibility. Everywhere, throughout eight years of arduous toil, his high personal character received recognition, and his despatch of 1899 is one of the most important of such documents of State. He met President Kruger at the Bloemfontein Conference, and during his brief visit to England in 1901 received the Freedom of the City of London. He established the British system of administration in the new colonies, and did yeoman service in promoting their development after the war, devoting special care to the welfare of the native populations.

Secretary of State for War

In 1901 he was made a G.C.B. and a Member of the Privy Council, and elevated to the peerage as Baron Milner. In 1902 he was made a Viscount. He relinquished the Governorship of the Cape in 1901, and the High Commissionership and Governorship of the New Colonies, to which he was appointed in 1901, in April, 1905. In June, 1915, he was appointed Chairman of a Committee on Food Supply in War Time; in December, 1916, he joined Mr. Lloyd George's Ministry as a Minister without Portfolio, and to his hands were frequently entrusted the solution of some of the knottiest problems of war policy. In February, 1917, he went on a special mission to Russia; and in April, 1918, he succeeded Lord Derby as Secretary of State for War.

Viscount Milner, who is unmarried, is the author of a classic work on "England in Egypt" (1902), and in 1913 issued a collection of his speeches under the title of "The Nation and the Empire." Always a supporter of the Toynbee Hall Settlement, he helped forward the Old Age Pension movement, and took an active interest in the Wages Boards measure. Urging that if the Empire is to meet satisfactorily the intense commercial competition of the future, it must be trained in brains as well as in hands, educational reform has ever found in him a thoughtful and practical advocate. He is Hon. D.C.L. of Oxford, and Hon. LL.D. of Cambridge, Toronto and McGill Universities. In 1916 his old college elected him Hon. Fellow.

"Truth," a candid critic, said in July, 1918: "Nobody in his right mind will have any doubt that Lord Milner is at heart a loyal and devoted Briton." He has certainly devoted his lifetime to Britain's service.

Sons of Empire in the War

As in previous years, the gallant men from our Overseas Dominions won undying glory. The Canadians had the honour of capturing Passchendaele Village on November 6th, 1917, and the Fort Garry Horse made an historic charge at Cambrai, November 20th. Earlier in the year the Canadians had stormed Hill 70 and closed in upon Lens. The Australians captured the first part of Polygon Wood and Glencorse Wood in the great advance east of Ypres. New Zealand and South African troops won fresh laurels.

"IT HAS BEEN LEARNT FROM PRISONERS."—Canadian Intelligence officers interviewing a German prisoner who has been brought in on their sector of the western front. In the frequent raids on the German trenches which took place between bigger movements the bringing in of a few prisoners often meant gaining important information of enemy dispositions and intentions.

Canadian Heroes Who Captured Hill 70

Canadian column passing through a ruined village on the western front. Inset: The smallest Canadian, enlisted in 1914.

Some of the heroes of Hill 70. Canadians who fought at that stubbornly contested height overlooking Lens marching to rest camp after being relieved. Small French boys delightedly march with the band at the head of the column.

Canadians' Care for Their Equine Wounded

Where wounded horses were nursed back to health. View of the horse lines of a part of the Canadian Mobile Veterinary Section in France.

Arrival of new equine patients, which were always met at this station by "Nanny," the pet goat of the Veterinary Corps, and (right) stencilling a fresh arrival with the initials of the Canadian Mobile Veterinary Corps.

Bandaging a horse that had been hit in head and legs by shrapnel, and (right) fixing a boot on a hurt foot. Most of the horses shown in these photographs had been wounded during the advance of the Canadians on Hill 70, August 15th, 1917.

Canadians in Contrast with their Hun Captures

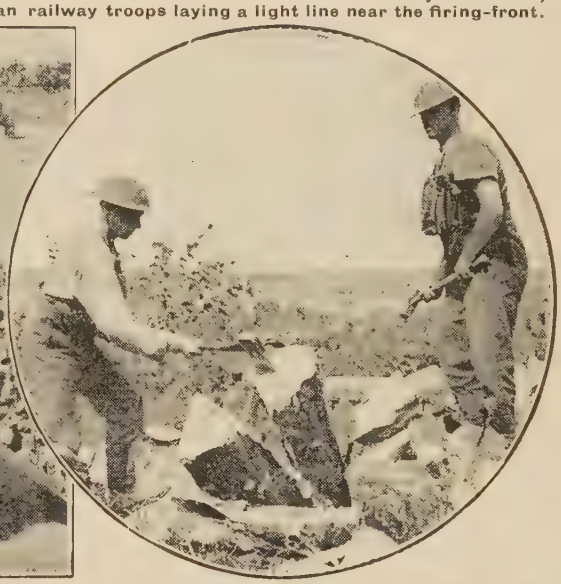
Canadian cooks taking tea up to the men in a village near the line. Right: Canadians building new quarters on the western front. Bricks and stones from demolished buildings are to be had for the picking up, and brought up on mules to wherever they are wanted.

These two photographs of Germans taken prisoners on the Flanders front support the view that the flower of the German Army had either been killed or was wilting under the fumes of the Allies' artillery fire. With few exceptions the men are of wretched physique.

Gas projectors used by the Canadians during the advances in the neighbourhood of Lens. Right: A Canadian officer, failing to find any furniture available in the village just recovered from the enemy, adapts the box-seat of a German waggon for use as a table.

Maple Leaf Heroes Who Held the Line at Lens

Canadian soldiers coming out of a Boche concreted tunnel in the captured outskirts of Lens. These tunnels ran in many directions, and were provided with many such outlets as that shown. Right : Canadian railway troops laying a light line near the firing-front.



An ammunition loading-station behind the Canadian line, showing something of the ordered activity which went on unceasingly along the western front. Right : Canadian Pioneers splitting logs for use in the building up of trenches, dug-outs, etc.

A South African nurse at the grave of her brother on the Somme battlefield. The padre who stands by her had been the lad's teacher at school. Right : Canadian Pioneers carrying split logs across the Souchez River over a footbridge formed of duck-boarding.

Spades & Clubs in Winning Hands on the West

Winning their way along the Passchendaele Ridge. Canadian troops pressing forward through the mud and shell-hole pools beyond Passchendaele village, which they captured on Nov. 6th, 1917. Following close behind their barrage they drove the enemy from the village after small resistance, capturing a good strip of territory beyond, where they successfully dug themselves in and held the new line.

German prisoners taken by the British on the western front being escorted to the rear. In default of cavalry at one point, a dozen signallers and cyclists, neither armed with rifles nor trained in their use, were employed as an escort. Mounted on mules and armed only with stout clubs, they served as sufficient guard for their column of captives, upwards of two thousand in number.

Ruin Wrought and Suffered by the Hun

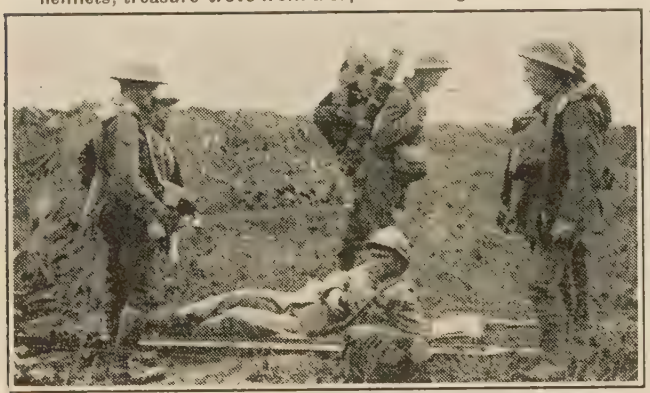
Houses in a village captured by the Canadians. Under each pair the enemy had established concrete gun positions.

Well pounded by Canadian artillery before being captured. A German fort in the vicinity of Lens formed of concrete reinforced with iron girders, and (inset) all that remains of the old French barracks at Ypres, looking like some ancient ruins revealed by excavation.

Scenes After Victory Near the Hindenburg Line

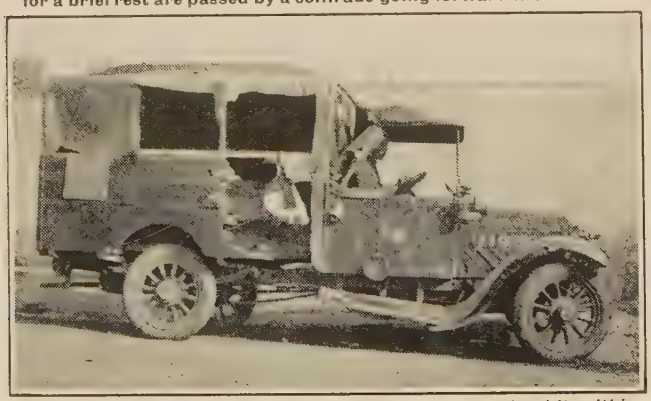
Canadians with a Hun sniper's rifle and two Hun helmets, treasure-trove from a captured village.

Stretcher-bearers of the Canadian Army carrying a wounded comrade through a ruined village on the way to a field dressing-station.



British R.A.M.C. men with a wounded French officer while pausing for a brief rest are passed by a comrade going forward with "wire."

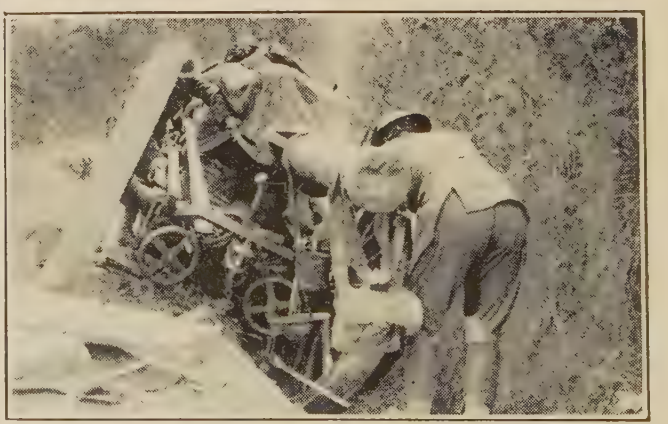
Saving their legs—and shoe-leather. Canadian soldiers have a joy-ride through a village which has just been retaken.



Canadian Red Cross "casualty." This car was twice hit within six months. On the first occasion its driver was killed.

Effect of a shell hit on a gasometer on the battle-front in Flanders. The seated soldier serves to suggest the extent of the damage.

In a village on the western front a Canadian officer examines with interest a German wooden gun used for firing "rum-jar" shells.



Badly holed! A Canadian gun that had got "ditched" on its way to the front. There were many others to "carry on."

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GAS-MASKED BRITISH GUNNERS FIRING POINT-BLANK INTO ADVANCING MASSES OF THE ENEMY DURING GERMAN OFFENSIVE OF MARCH, 1918.

What Canadian M.M. Gunners Did

By HAMILTON FYFE

THE Canadians were not in "the big show." I heard many of them say this regretfully. They wanted to be in it. They chafed against inaction while not far from them the great battle was being fought. They were doing good service, but it was the service of those who "stand and wait," and that is not the kind of service to which the Canadians are accustomed. "If only the Boche would start in on us!" they said. They meant it, too.

But while the Dominion troops were holding a sector in which, during those crowded March and April days of 1918, there was "nothing doing," the Canadians were not altogether unrepresented in the successful effort of the British armies to bring up short of its aims the first stage of the German offensive. Indeed, the contribution which some Canadian motor machine-gunners put in was of the greatest value. It saved many British lives. It accounted for many Germans. It tided over a number of difficult moments during the battle.

Armoured Car Unit

This unit, consisting of armoured cars with machine-guns, which could either be worked from the cars, or taken out and used independently, was formed in Canada by several rich men at the instigation of a French Canadian of distinguished ability and enterprise. The unit had not yet been in action when it was suddenly called upon to take part in fighting some of the rearguard actions required for the protection of our armies as they fell back. Its machine-guns were actually in the trench system when the call came.

At nine o'clock in the evening on March 21st a telegram was received. "Can you send your machine-gunners?" it asked, and "How soon can they be ready to start?" The reply was made that two batteries would pull out before midnight, and the remainder by five o'clock in the morning. Orders were sent to the men in the trenches to come with their guns as quickly as possible. By five a.m. all the batteries were on the road.

Ready Wherever Wanted

They had a long way to go before they came to the battlefield, but they drove like men who knew they were wanted, and that same day, March 22nd, they were in action in two places.

Their task was to stiffen resistance to the German advance wherever our line was weak. The officer in command of the cars wrote in one of his reports that his cars were "in constant demand." To every demand for their help the men responded. After five days' fighting, during which they had only about twenty hours' sleep, they were reported to be in the best of trim. "Every man is cheerful and full of fight." That was their commanding officer's testimony.

They had heavy losses. That was not to be avoided. They were doing dangerous work. One battery was in action with its guns on the ground. They checked the enemy time after time, but he came on after every check, and at last their ammunition began to run out. The battery commander saw that he must think about getting his guns away. He left a few to keep up a brisk fire while the rest were got into the cars. Unluckily, before the packing up was finished, the gunners, who had been left firing, found they had no ammunition left.

They saw that the cars were not ready to start. They knew that unless the Germans were held up somehow the cars would be captured. They had a small supply of bombs, and with these they kept the enemy back for a few minutes. Then they pulled out their revolvers and used up all their cartridges. Still the cars did not start. The Germans were getting nearer every moment. Something must be done to check them just a little longer. The one possibility was to charge.

Charge With Bare Fists

They had no bayonets. They had no rifles even. The only weapons available were spare machine-gun barrels. They picked up these, and with a shout ran into the open. It meant certain death, and they must have known this. But not one of them hesitated. Those who had not been able to get a gun-barrel used their fists. They were all killed, but they saved the cars. Their comrades got away, and told with affectionate gratitude the story of their gallant sacrifice.

At Maricourt, near Péronne, a battery fought till it had only three men left. All the rest were either killed or wounded. Their orders here were to cover the extrication of the heavy guns and of a number of Tanks. These move slowly. The Canadians' job turned out to be a long one. At first they were firing from positions protected by wire. But they found that the wire hindered their view, so they boldly carried their guns out in front of it.

PREPARING TO "PRESENT!"

(From a sketch by Major Sir William Orpen, one of the official artists on the western front.)

They went on working them in the open until the enemy got round one of their flanks. Then they started to get back through the wire again. No more than three—a sergeant and two privates—remained unwounded. One of the privates, a motor-cyclist, with his machine handy, was sent to fetch up the cars, while the other two kept a couple of guns going. The cars came, the wounded were picked up, and the remains of the battery got safely away under its commander, who had had his arm blown off.

"They Lay in Heaps"

Often daring action was needed to get the full value out of these armoured "landships." At one point the Germans were discovered to be massing in large force upon ground which our infantry fire could not reach. It was sheltered from them in such a manner as to be what is called "dead ground." The only way to get at them and break up their concentration, which threatened to be dangerous, was to work round the sheltering slope and pour in a hot fire from the flank.

Two cars were detailed for this enterprise. They drove at full speed and took up their positions. Their guns, worked from the cars, caught the Germans unexpectedly and mowed them down. "They lay in heaps," one of the Canadians said afterwards. But very quickly the German artillery got on to the cars. One was hit and disabled. The crew of the other tried to tow it away, but this could not be managed with shells bursting all around. It had to be abandoned. But the desperate effort had succeeded. The German concentration was broken up.

Eight Crowded Days

There were several very brave exploits by individual men. One gunner worked a car all alone when all his comrades had been knocked out. Another man found himself the only survivor of a car crew except for the driver. They were in a village which was just being taken by the Boche. He planted his machine-gun at a corner and played a stream of bullets in the direction of the enemy, while the driver turned the car round. Then he picked his gun up, heaved it into the car, jumped after it, and got away unhit.

One very interesting encounter which the cars had was with a body of German cavalry. Many hold it to be more than doubtful whether cavalry can be of any use against machine-guns. The Canadian commander's report upon the encounter supported this view. "Cavalry," he wrote, "against organised machine-guns, with Canadians firing them, is useless."

For eight days these cars were in a number of the hottest forefronts of the battle. They did all that was asked of them, and they did it well. When they got back to Canadian Headquarters they were sadly reduced in personnel, and their cars were a good deal marked. But they knew they had done good service, and they were thanked by the Canadian commander. Canada and the Empire owe them hearty thanks as well

Horsemen from Afar in the Saddle for Action

New Zealand troops in Sinai, bound for Gaza, and the victories by which Sir Edmund Allenby secured Southern Palestine from the frontier to Jericho.

Inspection of Canadian cavalry on the western front by General Sir Charles Kavanagh, K.C.B.; and (inset above) a troop of Canadian cavalry charging up a steep hill in France in training for the day when mounted troops would get into action.

Men of the Maple Leaf Ready to Meet the Foe

Men of the Maple Leaf in France. A famous Canadian regiment on the march with pipes and drums playing and colours flying. The Canadian Scottish have worthily carried on the great traditions taken with them "from the lone sheiling and the misty isles."

We are seven. A merry group of Canadians outside a large enemy concrete-covered dug-out in a ruined but retaken village, and (right) some of their companions making the road good in a village in which civilians still remained.

Nova Scotian troops of the Canadian Corps on their way up to the line on the western front. The sons of Nova Scotia finely celebrated the Jubilee Year of their country's entry into the Dominion of Canada by the part they played in the defence of the freedom of the world.

Canadian Mobile Guns Reap Fame in France

Canadian armoured motor-cars, carrying machine-guns, parked behind the British lines on the Somme, being keyed up for action.

Heavy Canadian artillery passing through a village on the western front. Inset : Canadians overhauling the machine-guns in their car. These troops specially distinguished themselves by dash and daring during the German offensive on the Somme, March, 1918.

Gallant Charge of the Fort Garry Horse

Men of the Fort Garry Horse who returned from the charge at Cambrai, Nov. 20th, 1917.
Inset: Lieutenant H. Strachan, awarded the Victoria Cross for his leadership of the charge.

Officers and men of the famous Fort Garry Horse, heroes of one of the most thrilling charges in British cavalry annals. The squadron sabred its way through a battery of German guns and penetrated two miles into enemy territory. It fought its way back on foot, bringing in all its wounded and a dozen prisoners, having killed 150 of the enemy and put a battery out of action.

Australian Heroes of the Flanders Heights

Limbers loaded with ammunition on their way to the Flanders front, where the Australians were operating. It is a singularly picturesque silhouette photograph. In the fighting on October 5th, 1917, Australians had "the most uphill objective"—and attained it.

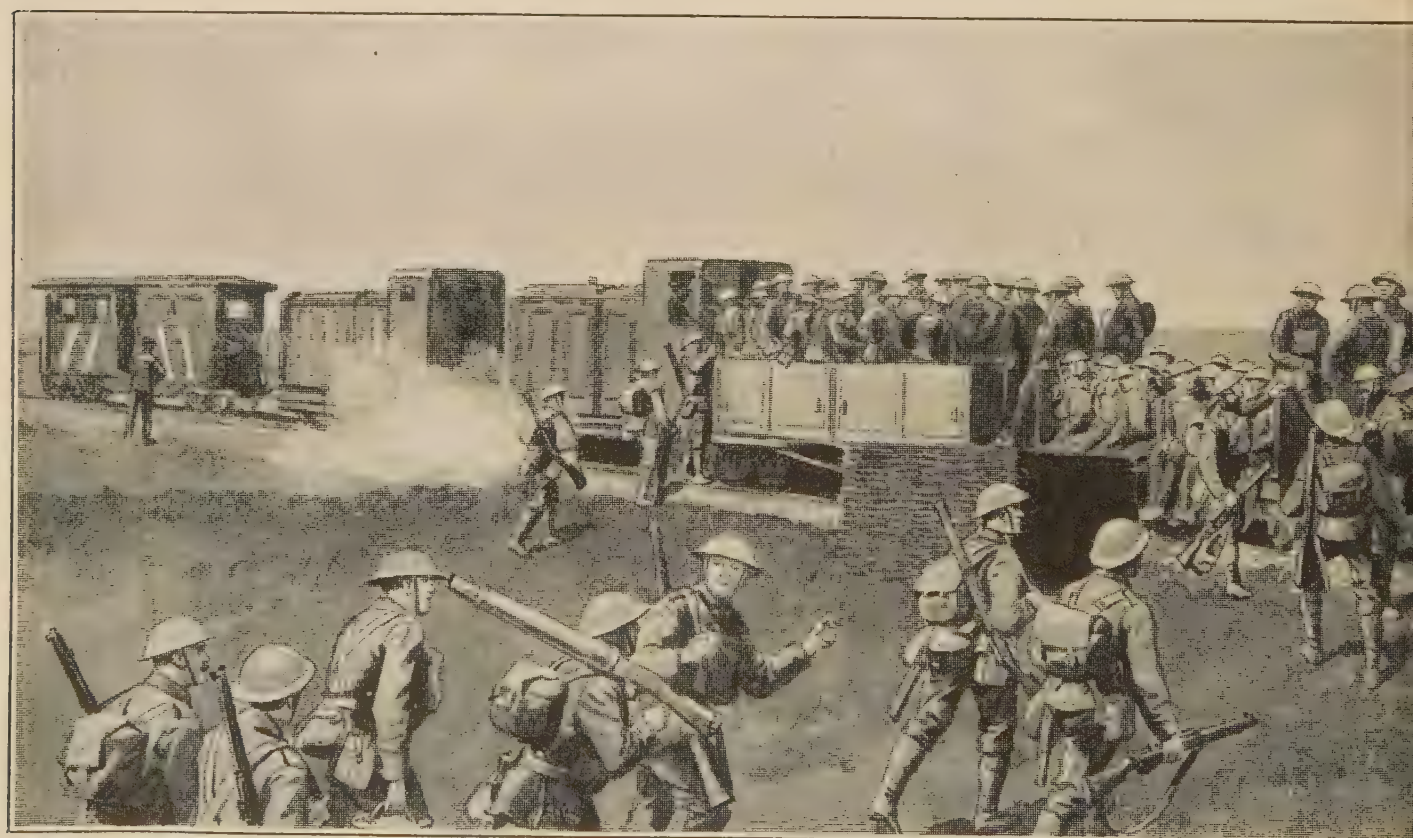
Australian troops, who took part in the brilliant successes to the east of Ypres, on their way back to a rest camp. The Australians won great glory in the successive battles of the Flanders ridges, which shook the enemy hold on Belgium.

Advance Australia! on the Ypres Battle Front

A glorious episode of the triumphant advance east of Ypres on September 20th, 1917. The Australians captured the first part of the Polygon Wood and Glencorse Wood. In describing their taking of the strong point named "Anzac," Reuter's correspondent said: "A man whose name should become immortal in the history of the Commonwealth suddenly sprang on to the parapet, and amid cheers planted the blue-and-white starred ensign of Australia where it could be seen for a long distance around. It was an act of proud defiance to the Huns." It was but one of many brilliant episodes in the Australian advance.

Magnificent Men From the Dauntless Dominions

Australian field artillery supporting the infantry in the villages just ahead. The Australians played a great part in the restoration of the British line east of Amiens, recapturing Villers-Bretonneux on April 24th, 1918, and preventing the enemy from reaching his objectives at the village of



British troops going up to the support lines in German light-railway trucks drawn by Canadian armoured tractors. In the last days of April hostile artillery resumed activity on the sector of the allied line between the River Scarpe and Lens, between which points lies Vimy Ridge. With

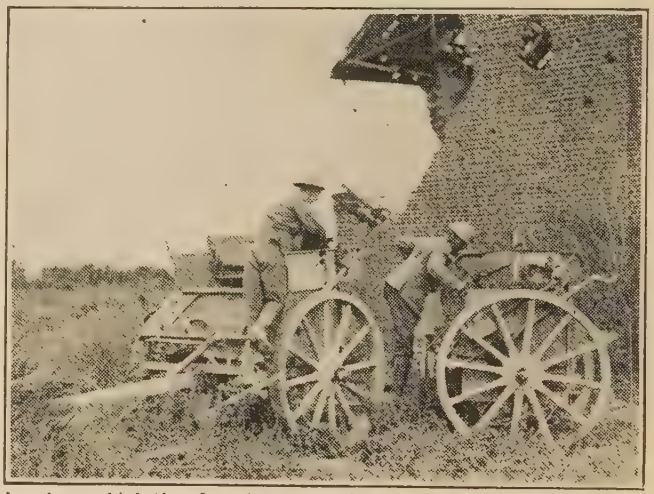
Stemming the Teuton Torrent Making for the Sea

achy. Sir Douglas Haig telegraphed to General Birdwood desiring him to inform all ranks of the Australian Corps that he was fully aware of eir magnificent achievements, for which he thanked them. In this appreciation he included the 1st Australian Division fighting further north.

my Ridge behind them the Canadians waited serenely for the Germans to dare a frontal attack. They made the ridge peculiarly their own in ril, 1917, and were prepared to exact a terrible price in blood for any challenge to their possession of ground which they regarded as sacred.

More Prized Positions Wrested from the Foe

Handing in a fresh supply of shells for a New Zealand howitzer battery on the western front. Right: The telephonist of a New Zealand howitzer battery receiving messages as to the range at which his guns are to fire.



Curious contrast on the western front. Canadians interested in a longbow which they found among ruins near Lens from which they had evicted the Hun, and (right) limber of a German gun taken by the Canadians near Lens and used later against the enemy.

After a foraging expedition. Canadians returning with provisions to their post on the Lens front. Right: An enemy fort of concrete reinforced with iron girders in the Lens district. It was well smashed by the Canadian artillery before its capture was effected.

Britain's Empire Effectives—and an Enemy 'Dud'

Canadians utilising the "tump line" for taking heavy materials up to the firing-line. This is an Indian method of carrying weights.
Right: Examining books and discs of a New Zealand contingent before they leave for the front.

Arranging the explosion of a "dud" enemy shell.
Left: Listening to the massed pipers in the Canadian lines on the western front.

Australian support troops on the western front moving up to take their place in the front line. By their dash and heroic tenacity during the successive advances east of Ypres the Australians added glory to that which they had gained earlier.

Some Fine Australian 'Shows'

By HAMILTON FYFE

"A GOOD show"—that is the usual term applied by the Army to any successful fighting. The phrase illustrates our persistent refusal to admit that we take anything very seriously. The Germans speak of their successes as "unforgettable triumphs." The French speak of "glorious victories." We say "a good show."

The Australians had several good shows during the spring and summer of 1918. The first effect of their being put into the line during the critical times at the beginning of the offensive was seen in the relieving of the German pressure towards Amiens. Enemy battalions were pushing in on Villers-Bretonneaux. Carey's force was doing its best to hold them, but needed help. That help was given by the Australians and by one of our finest cavalry divisions. The Germans were thrown back.

A month later there was another attack on Villers-Bretonneaux. This time the Germans in large force got into the little town and drove us out. The attacking troops included the 4th Prussian Guard Division, composed of assault troops, and a division fresh from the Russian front. It was evident the enemy meant business. At first it looked as if he had done a good stroke.

Beneath Moving Tanks

It was in this battle that he first used Tanks; they helped him a good deal. They were bigger Tanks than ours, but not so fast or so handily turned. They looked like huge turtles, and their six machine-guns—two in front, two at the back, one on each side—spat out bullets with vicious energy. They carried a small field-gun as well, chiefly for use in case of an encounter with other Tanks, such as occurred before the Villers-Bretonneaux episode was over.

Our men stayed in their trenches in spite of the threatening aspect of these monster travelling forts. Some of them let the Tanks actually pass over them. An officer of the Middlesex Regiment related next day how he had this alarming experience: When he saw the Tank approaching, he calculated that if he took his men out of their shelter they would certainly be shot down. So he decided to stay where he was. As the Tank came up they fired volleys at it, the officer joining in with his revolver; but it took no notice. On it rolled, with its ungainly motion, and lumbered right across the trench. Yet no one was any the worse.

Next day, when our Tanks had been in motion, we captured a German, who said he had gone through the same experience in a shell-hole. He was so unnerved that he fainted, and when he came round to consciousness he found that another Tank was passing over him. But he did not faint again. "One can get use to anything," he said, with a wan smile.

The position, when dark closed in on April 24th, was that the enemy held Villers-Bretonneaux and some ground westward of it. This was dangerous, for it gave them high ground and a good starting-place for a further advance towards Amiens. One of the Australian generals proposed an immediate counter-attack. His plan was to form an arrow-head by sending two columns—one from the north, moving south-eastwards; the other from the south, to work north-eastwards. These would join hands in front of the town, and cut off all the Germans who were in it.

An immediate effort was found to be out of the question, but orders were given for the counter-attack in the form suggested to be made that night. The chief part in this was allotted to Australian troops. It was the third anniversary of their landing on Anzac Beach, a date which will for ever be known in Australia as Anzac Day. No better occasion for a "good show" could be desired. No better show than the Australians gave has been seen during the offensive. It was a clever tactical operation, boldly and steadily carried out.

An Anzac Day Event

The attacking force started at 10 p.m. The night was overcast and rainy. There was no preliminary bombardment. The idea was to take the Germans by surprise and it came off. They did not expect a counter-attack. They were not in good shape to receive one. Counter-attacks succeed best, so recent experience has proved, when they are made at once before the enemy has had time to pull himself together after his hard work.

There was some stiff fighting, though. At the start the Australians went at it with the bayonet, but as soon as the Germans got their machine-guns going they had to advance more cautiously. They kept on pushing ahead, however, and by daylight had got within five hundred yards or so of the point where they were to meet the other attacking force.

This had not encountered such serious opposition, but it had suffered more heavily. It reached the rendezvous long before the northern column had fought its way through, and its aim was fully realised. The town was retaken, and not far from a thousand prisoners with it. They came up out of cellars, where they had taken refuge, and surrendered readily, asking for something to eat. They said our gunners had interfered with their food supply. They certainly were very hungry

Some German Prisoners

While the two Australian columns were encircling the town, English troops attacked it directly from the west. The Berkshires and the Northamptons were prominent in this fighting. Both had a fair proportion of new and young soldiers in their ranks. Though fresh to warfare, they stood their ground well. All their officers spoke highly of them. But, as I said before, it was the Australians who had the principal rôle in the operation. They took most of the prisoners. I saw several hundreds at one of their divisional headquarters next morning.

Lying on the grass before the French château, they were smoking cigarettes which their captors had given them, after they had had a square meal. They were enjoying the sunshine and the freedom from their usual duties and discipline, when, all of a sudden, I saw them jump and stand to attention with the rigidity of statues. A sergeant, who had been made prisoner, had been told to assemble them and march them off under escort with fixed bayonets. He barked out words of command, and the German soldiers felt that discipline had pursued them; they looked fifty per cent. less cheerful than before.

Going away, I met more on the road. They were white-faced and looked shaken. I asked what accounted for the difference between their appearance and the care-free aspect of the others. "We had an accident on the way," an Australian officer told me. "Two of the Boche shells burst among us, and knocked out thirty of the prisoners. It was a nasty thing to happen. Poor devils, I felt sorry for them—killed most of them, the rest badly wounded. You'll meet them on stretchers farther back."

Not quite a month afterwards, on May 20th, the Australians did an equally effective piece of work, though on a smaller scale. They closed in upon the hamlet of Ville, on the Ancre, killed a great many Germans, and took four hundred prisoners. The operation was skilfully planned and executed with that tough vigour for which the Australians are famous.

Surrender—to a Piano

The scheme was similar to that which succeeded so well at Villers-Bretonneaux. Two bodies attacked—one from the north, across the river, which they had to wade with the water up to their waists; the other from the south, along a spur of high ground, from which they rushed the village in the hollow. The action moved according to time-table. The two bodies joined half an hour after it had begun. Hundreds of the enemy were hemmed in.

Some fought, some surrendered—none got away. One of the surrenders was amusing. Some Australians, hunting for hidden Germans, found a piano in a cottage. One of them sat down and began to play. He had not played long before a cellar-flap was pushed up, and a sergeant, with several men, came up. They could not endure the torture of hearing the piano so maltreated, so the other Australians said.

Along with these well-directed blows I must mention the one the New Zealanders delivered at the beginning of April near Hébuterne. There was a ridge which we wanted. The enemy were known to be in large force on the ridge and below it, but it was suspected that after their rapid advance they were rather mixed up. A plan was made for a sudden spring. At two o'clock in the afternoon the New Zealanders attacked, and in seven minutes they had done the trick—the ridge was ours, and not the ridge only, but nearly three hundred prisoners and a hundred machine-guns. The Germans were in a confused state. They were trying to sort out the units which had got muddled up together. Catching them thus disorganised, our troops rounded up prisoners without much difficulty, after they had made their unexpected and irresistible rush. It was that which carried the operation to success.

It is because their commanders have initiative, and are encouraged to be enterprising, and because the men respond so gladly when they are called upon for an effort, that the Australians put up so many "good shows."

Artillery that Aided the Australians' Advance

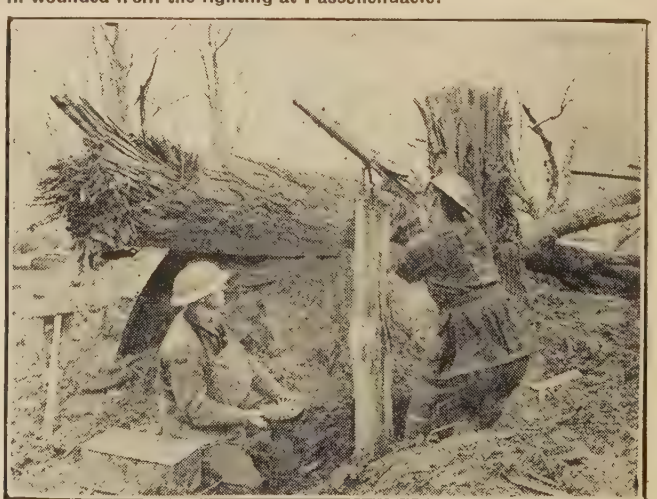
Loading one of the giant howitzers that took part in the bombardment which attended the Anzacs' advance in Flanders.

Battery of 18-pounders in action with the Australians during the fighting for the ridges, and (inset) bringing up fresh supplies of heavy shells. Each shell weighs 1,400 lb., and the splinters and fragments had an effective radius of over eight hundred yards.

Glimpses Through the Gateway to the Battlefield

Australian troops passing in Indian file through a war-made wilderness of waste on their way to relieve their comrades in the front line.

Remains of an avenue of stately trees on the western front, known by the soldiers as "The Gateway to the Battlefield." Right: German prisoners assisting Australian troops in bringing in wounded from the fighting at Passchendaele.



Doubtful security—a shelter where two lorries had been badly strafed on the western front. Right: Australian Lewis machine-gunners in a good position, or "posse," against a shell-smashed tree, try a "pot-shot" at an enemy aeroplane.

For the Glory of France

Never did the indomitable French soldiers fight better than in the Fourth Year. Although yielding ground in the Battle of the Aisne, May 27th, and at Montdidier, June 9th, they eventually defeated these two formidable attacks. On July 15th the Germans started their greatest dash on Paris and crossed the Marne. On July 18th General Foch launched his immortal counter-offensive from Soissons to Chateau-Thierry.

FRENCH SOLDIER WITH MACHINE-RIFLE AT A CORNFIELD CORNER.—This photograph, actually taken by a combatant during action, shows a scene during the German advance on the Courcelles-Tronquoy road, S.E. of Amiens. The first wave of the attack had been repulsed—observe the dead German—and the French soldier was firing at the enemy advancing through the corn.

Leaders of the Allies' Linked Line in Flanders

Part of the line on the French battle-front, showing the only effective means of maintaining a roadway over the appalling mud.

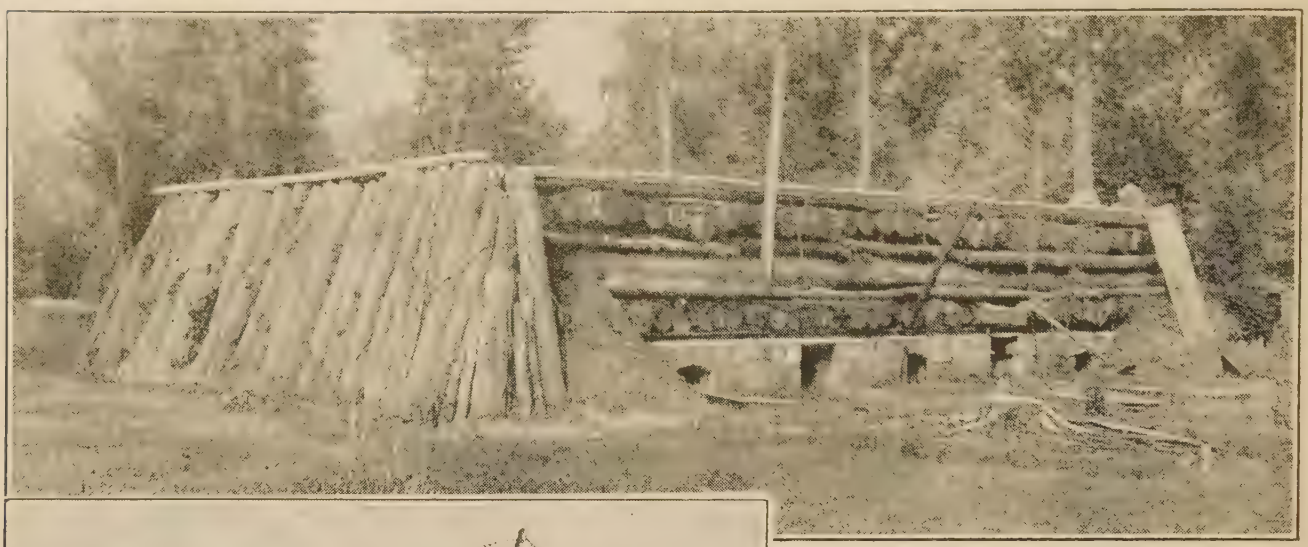
All that is left of Dixmude flour mill—from near which Belgian troops successfully raided enemy positions. Inset: Sir Douglas Haig and General Anthoins, the allied commanders, who directed the victorious operations in Flanders, October, 1917.

On the French Front from Flanders to the Aisne

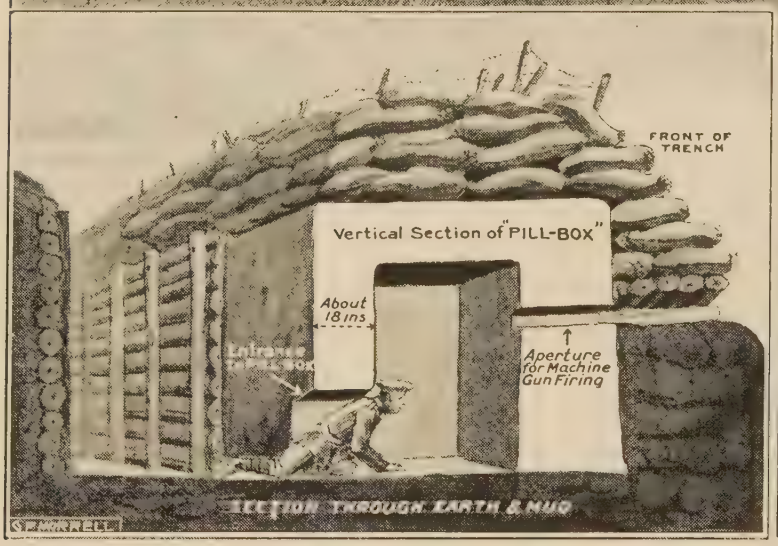
French grenadiers attacking the enemy with bombs during the victorious advance on the Aisne. On that front from October 23rd to 27th, 1917, our allies took 11,157 prisoners, including 237 officers, and 180 guns.

A Teuton trick which failed near Bixschoote. Within the shell of a ruined house the enemy had built one of his strong concrete forts, but the French artillery spotted it as being something more than a ruined dwelling, subjected it to a lively bombardment, and eventually captured it. Inset Exterior view of a French Army telegraph station on the Oise front.

'Pill-Boxes' & Gun-Posts that the Germans Lost

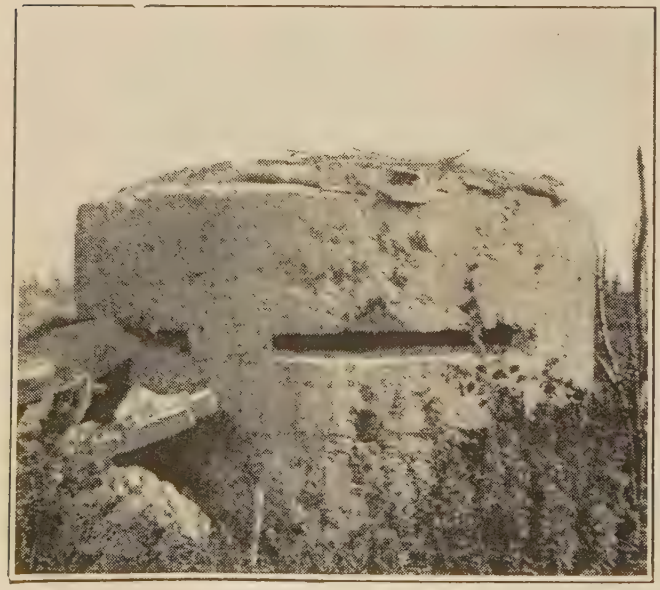


German dug-out in the Forest of Ourscamp, Oise, in possession of the French.



Vertical section of one of the concrete forts, or "pill-boxes," on which the Germans relied to prevent the advance of the Allies in Flanders. They were sometimes well covered with sand-bags and wire, and though deemed absolutely impregnable by their devisers, frequently proved but death-traps.

Machine-gun emplacement of concrete at Chilly, captured almost undamaged by the French.



German concrete machine-gun position before the Forest of Chaulnes, south-west of Peronne, and (right) a German machine-gun emplacement built against a brick wall at Parvillers in the same district.

Courage and Faith in France and Flanders

Terrible moment for French patrols on the Aisne front. Surprised by a star-shell the men fall prone and wait in perfect stillness for the glare to pass away before starting back for their own lines with such information as they secured.

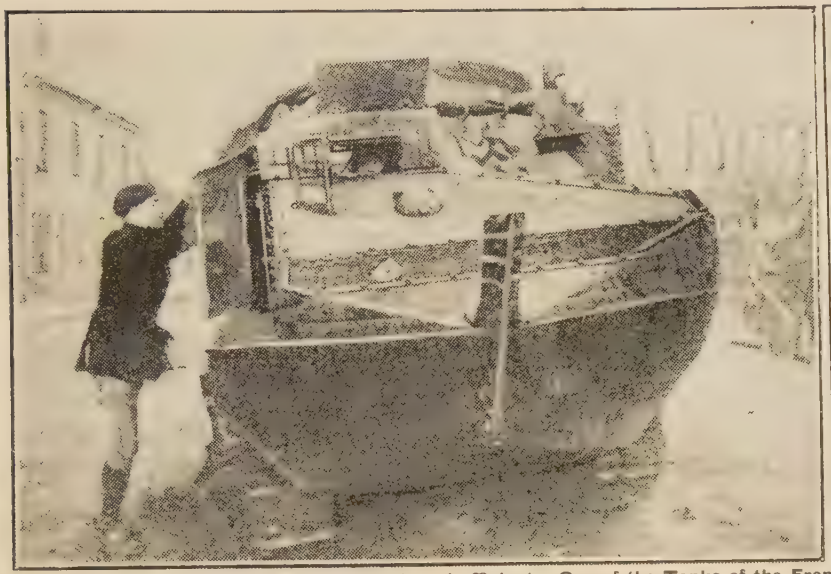
Prisoners from the Flanders front escorted by British through a village as the people pass to prayer. Mr. Philip Gibbs describes the Germans as looking "like men who have awakened from some frightful dream of hell and see that life is still normal and clean."

General Maistre's Masterstroke at Malmaison

Determined French attack on one of the hills on the Aisne front on October 23rd, 1917, when the Germans were driven from the high ground on the south-west approach to Laon. The attack, carried out against the best troops of Germany, was triumphantly successful, for not only was an important stretch of territory recovered, but the enemy losses were very heavy.

French soldiers bringing in German prisoners captured during General Maistre's victorious advance in the region of Allemant and Malmaison on October 23rd, 1917. The total number of prisoners captured in this brilliant battle on the Aisne front was over 11,000, and a German retirement on a twelve-mile front was one of the immediate consequences of the contest.

French Generals Who Stayed the German Attack



Cumbersome and not comely, but quick and efficient. One of the Tanks of the French Army resting for repairs in a village near the western front. Right: General Boichal, who displayed great ability, in charge of a division between Montdidier and Lassigny.

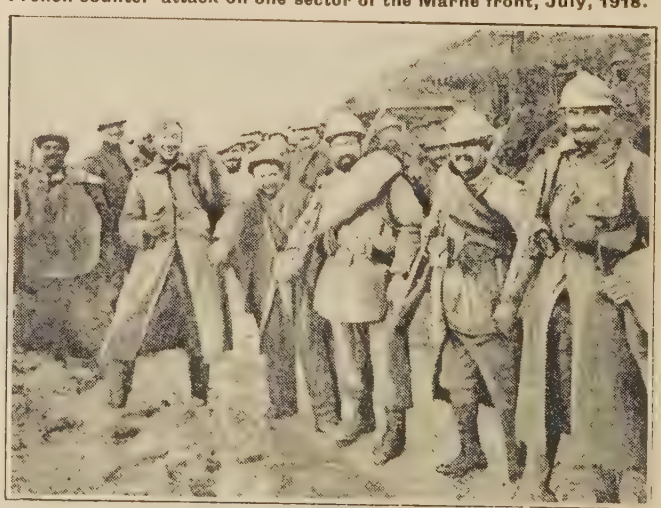
American convoy in France moving forward with supplies. Right: General Humbert, one of the French commanders who reorganised the allied line to the south of Ham, arrested the massed onrush, and fought the Huns to a standstill.

One of the guns of the French Reserve hurried into position to hold up the German offensive. Right: General Pelle, who, in command of three French divisions, hurried to the region where the German masses broke on the British Fifth Army, and stayed them.

Mangin: Victor at Verdun & Master on the Marne

French troops waiting their turn to cross a canal in the counter-offensive that drove the Germans back from the Marne.

French anti-aircraft guns in action in a wood. Left: General Mangin, who won great glory at Verdun, and who conducted the successful French counter-attack on one sector of the Marne front, July, 1918.



Moving the shell to the breech of a French 12.8 howitzer. Although each shell weighs something like 850 lb., the mechanism enables the gun to be loaded and fired twice a minute. Right: Smiling French soldiers leaving the trenches for their six days' leave.

To face page 200.

A GALLANT SOLDIER OF FRANCE DELIGHTS HIS BRITISH BROTHER-OFFICERS BY SINGING AN OLD FRENCH SONG IN THE OFFICERS' MESS.

The Allied Triumph on the Marne

By LOVAT FRASER

THE week which ended on Sunday, July 21st, 1918, will perhaps become almost as memorable in the annals of the Allies as that glorious second week in September, 1914, when the Franco-British armies won a victory on the Marne which has entirely governed the course of the war in the west. Never since the first battle of the Marne have the Allies enjoyed such a splendid triumph as they attained in the third week of July.

The new offensive which Ludendorff initiated on July 15th was meant to be the first of a series of operations which would give Germany the mastery of Northern France. His initial move was to endeavour to enlarge the German salient between the Aisne and the Marne by two great attacks east and west of Rheims. East of Rheims he failed from the very beginning, for he made practically no progress after the first two hours of the attack. West of Rheims he made considerable advances on the first two days, and German troops crossed the Marne at several points.

By the afternoon of July 17th the German offensive was everywhere held up. At dawn on the fourth day, July 18th, General Foch completely surprised the enemy by a brilliant counter-stroke on the whole western side of their salient, between Soissons and Château-Thierry. The advance of the Franco-American troops who delivered the counter-stroke was so irresistible that the position of the German troops south of the Marne was quickly imperilled. At 9 p.m. on the fifth day, Friday, July 19th, the enemy began their flight back across the river. By Sunday, July 21st, they had lost nearly the whole of their gains in the first two days, and the allied troops were recovering great slices of the original salient. On that day the world saw that the first move of Ludendorff's great scheme had been hopelessly smashed.

German Surprise Attack

We must go back a little if we would understand aright the character of this shining success. The Germans made a surprise attack on the heights north of the Aisne at the end of May, swarmed across the river Aisne, and streamed down to the Marne, capturing Soissons on the Aisne and Château-Thierry on the Marne, and creating a big salient. But the salient was very vulnerable, especially on its long western side between Soissons and Château-Thierry.

The Germans at first recognised its perilous nature, and a French expert has pointed out that the true reason of Von Hutier's subsequent thrust at Compiègne, which failed, was to cover and protect the Marne salient from an attack in flank. After Von Hutier's failure, the Germans seem to have persuaded themselves that Foch was not strong enough for a counter-stroke, and they dismissed their anxieties.

The German offensive was made by the group of armies commanded by the Crown Prince. It was really divided into two attacks, and the country just round Rheims was left in the middle as a "dead sector." The western attack extended for about a dozen miles along the Marne from Château-Thierry to Verneuil, east of Dormans, and then swerved north-eastward to a point near Rheims. The eastern attack was from the village of Prunay, east of Rheims, to Massiges, which is not far from the hills and forests of Argonne. The bulk of the troops engaged were French, but there were very large numbers of Americans scattered all along the line, and certain substantial American formations at particular points. Italian forces were also in the fighting line at chosen spots between Dormans and Rheims. Late in the week British divisions joined in the fray on the eastern side of the salient, towards Rheims.

The Enemy's Design

The specific object of the German command was to facilitate an advance along the Marne towards Paris. South of Rheims is a spacious and high wooded plateau, known as the Montagne de Rheims, which is the key to the triangle of territory formed by Rheims, Epernay, and Châlons. The French defences on the Montagne were very strong, but the enemy hoped that by advancing east and west of Rheims, to Epernay and Châlons respectively, they would encircle the Montagne, which would fall into their hands, together with the ruined cathedral city. Meanwhile, other troops were to cross the Marne near Château-Thierry and extend the front southwards, and, after the Montagne had been captured, the triumphal advance towards Paris was to be begun.

The Germans were holding the front on which they attacked with about seven divisions, and as they used thirty divisions on the first day, they must have taken twenty-three divisions from their very large general reserve. We may dismiss the attack east of Rheims in a very few words, for it was an utter failure from the outset. General Gouraud, the distinguished French commander who was called "The Lion of the Argonne" early in the war, was in charge of all the rolling uplands of Champagne east of Rheims. Knowing the attack was coming he withdrew nearly all his troops from their advanced positions to the main battle-line, and when the Germans rushed forward they found no opposition. By the time they reached the main French line they were tired, and the French and Americans, who had escaped the worst of the preliminary bombardment, shot them down in heaps. The enemy got no farther, and the collapse of the eastern attack really undermined their plan on the first morning.

Effect of the Counter-stroke

The western attack, which was made on a front of twenty-two miles, fared rather better at the outset. The Germans got across the Marne at several points, and held a strip two or three miles in depth on the southern bank, though at Fossoy, near Château-Thierry, they were driven back across the river by the Americans.

Farther east the enemy pressed forward three or four miles to the lower slopes of the Montagne de Rheims. By the third day they were held everywhere, and, finding there was no chance of widening the front southward, some of the German units on the southern bank actually turned eastward towards Epernay. They were again ruthlessly driven back.

Then, on the fourth day, came Foch's magnificent counter-stroke, which smashed in the whole western side of the salient between Soissons and Château-Thierry. It is still a subject of general wonder among the Allies why this side was not better defended. The fault may have been Ludendorff's, but more probably he will have to divide responsibility with the Crown Prince. The flank was clearly exposed, and offered a direct temptation to a counter-offensive. It was an attack on the right flank by General Manoury, on the line of the Ourcq, which brought disaster to Germany in 1914. One would have thought that the crushing defeat in the first battle of the Marne would have taught the German Staff a bitter lesson. The current explanation is that they foolishly thought Foch had no reserves.

The counter-stroke went with a swing from the start. The northern half was commanded by General Mangin, who distinguished himself so greatly at Verdun, and the southern half by General Degouttes, who has only recently come into prominence. There was no artillery preparation; the troops went forward supported by Tanks, and the result was a complete surprise. On the first day progress was made to the extent of several miles, and by Sunday, July 21st, the salient had been penetrated to a depth which was nowhere less than six miles, and in some places amounted to ten miles. The Allies reached the Montagne de Paris, a mile from Soissons, which dominates that town. They cut the road and the railway between Soissons and Château-Thierry, and bombarded the alternative line from Fismes to Nanteuil, thus imperilling the supplies of the enemy farther south. They marched through Château-Thierry on the Sunday morning, after the town had been evacuated by the Germans.

America's Answer to Scoffers

Above all, by the Saturday night they were able to report the capture of twenty thousand prisoners and four hundred guns; and on Monday, July 22nd, the rumour ran that the haul of prisoners was nearer forty thousand. The Allies have made no such capture of guns since the war began, and yet throughout the week's operations they never lost a gun themselves.

The sequel began to be revealed on the night of Friday, July 19th, when the Germans south of the river were found to be flying to the northern bank. By Saturday night the southern bank was clear of the enemy, and the salient was being steadily contracted on both sides. The German losses were very heavy, and by the end of the week they had thrown in a total of over fifty divisions.

The Germans did not stand on the Ourcq, because they never got the chance to stand long anywhere. By the night of Saturday, August 3rd, they had crossed the Vesle except at a few points.

The French entered the wreck of the city of Soissons on the evening of Friday, August 2nd. The Americans took the little town of Fismes, just south of the Vesle, by storm at noon on August 4th. On Sunday night, August 4th, the anniversary of our entry into the war, and the British Empire's Day of Remembrance, there were no German troops south of the Vesle, save only the thickly-strewn dead.

French Infantry Advance in Battle Formation

Men of the firing-line and their supports taking cover in a captured trench until their reserves come up and enable them to begin their advance t the next position to be carried. When advancing in extended order the French soldiers, who are distinguished for their initiative and persona

French battalion advancing to the attack in the accepted battle formation. Each company forms its own firing-line and supports, linking up le and right with the similar formations of the other companies. As shown here, the men in the firing-line open out in extended order, the spa

Firing-Line and Supports Take a German Trench

courage, rely much less upon the moral support of personal contact with the man next them than do the Germans, who get out of hand unless closely packed, and who consequently suffer much heavier casualties in the mass formation characteristic of the German system of attack.

between them increasing according to the openness of the ground and consequent exposure to enemy fire. The supports follow in Indian file, in order to present as narrow a target as possible, and merge with the firing-line in the final stage of the attack, reinforcing it for the bayonet charge.

Steady & Courageous in the Supreme Crisis

British troops recrossing the Marne under the pressure of the renewed German offensive. The armies of the German Crown Prince reached the Marne on May 31st, 1918, on a ten-mile front near Chateau-Thierry. Once before—in the first week of September, 1914—the enemy had reached and crossed the Marne. A week later he had been routed and was in full retreat to the Aisne.

French troops fighting amongst the ruins of a village on the western front. In their grim resistance to the Germans pouring in masses on their heels the French soldiers showed superb spirit, contesting every inch of ground and displaying as much skill as courage in skirmishing, scouting, tracking, hiding, and making use of every scrap of cover afforded by the ruined buildings in the villages passed through during the retreat.

Three-Minute Raid by the French in Champagne

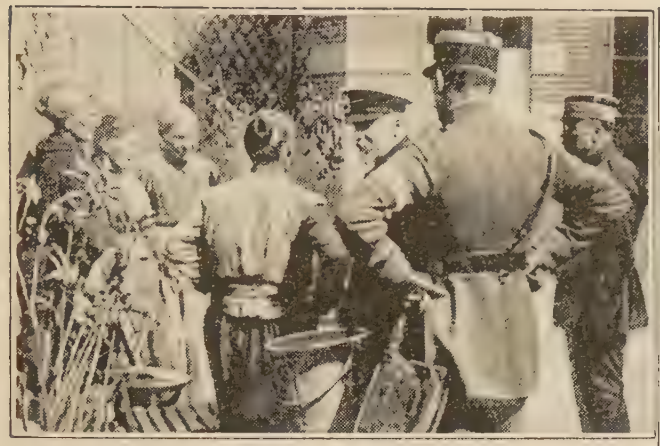
In these graphic photographs a Frenchman succeeded in securing a striking record of a remarkable raid on enemy trenches in Champagne. The top photograph shows the French soldiers leaving their own trenches at the commencement of the raid. In the middle picture they are crossing No Man's Land, and in the bottom one they are seen at the enemy's trenches (towards the left one of them who had been wounded was making his way back). From the time the Frenchmen left their own trench till they were back in it—having killed several of the enemy and taken four prisoners—but three minutes and twenty seconds elapsed.

British Valour That Helped to Save Rheims

Men of the West Yorkshire Regiment coming out of action after assisting in the repulse of the Germans near Rheims. British divisions were fighting on the south-west of the historic cathedral city in the first week of the German offensive. Among other achievements they captured the Bois de Montagne de Rheims and advanced into the Valley of the Ardre, taking 400 prisoners and some guns in the process.

Black Watch distributing packs after the battle in the woods between Soissons and Rheims. Two British divisions—a Scottish and an English—joined General Mangin's army after the first day of his attack, when the fighting was at its hardest owing to the French having lost the advantage of initial surprise. General Mangin selected them to take part in the final operation because of their fighting quality.

Calm After Storm in Troubled Château-Thierry



President Poincaré chatting with liberated inhabitants of Château-Thierry and (right) congratulating two bakers who stuck to their work through the German occupation.

French stretcher-bearers carrying a casualty through the street of a French village still under fire in the heart of the battle zone.

The Germans evacuated Château-Thierry on July 21st, 1918, so hurriedly that they had no time to carry off the copper utensils gathered from churches and houses and stacked for removal. Right: Feeding the liberated inhabitants, who had suffered great privations.

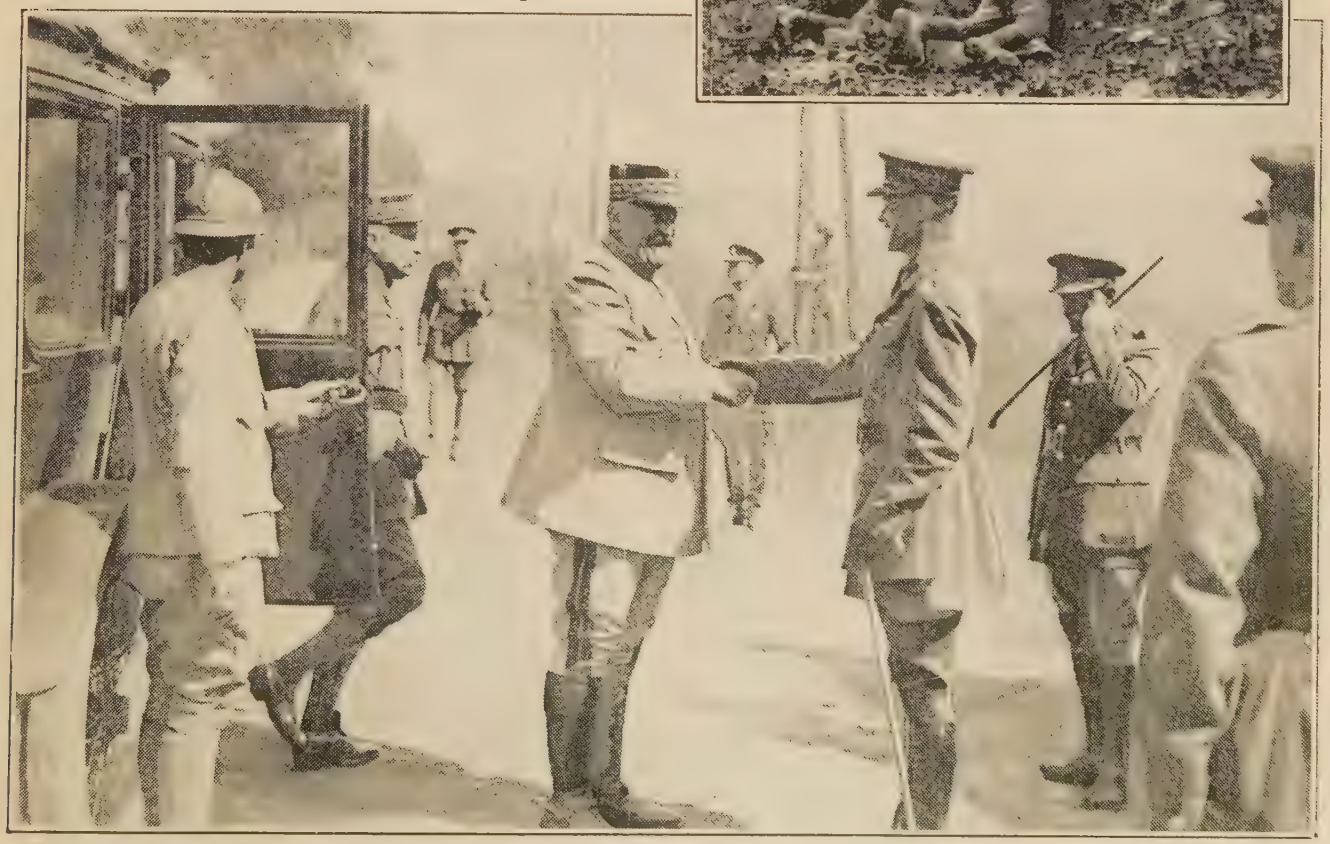
Flags of Enslaved Peoples Flaunt Free Anew

President Poincare presenting colours to a battalion of Czecho-Slovaks on the western front. The first Czecho-Slovak Corps was attached to the French Foreign Legion. So many compatriots rallied to it on the appeal of the National Czecho-Slovak Council that by the summer of 1918 it had grown to an army corps, with its own red-and-white national flag.

Soldiers of a Polish regiment swearing fealty to France and to the allied cause before taking their place on the western front. Under their historic flag, displaying the White Eagle, Polish volunteers fought splendidly for the Allies, who secured the enthusiastic support of that long oppressed people by declaring that the re-creation of a free and independent Poland was a condition of their peace terms.

British Gallantry Praised by Grateful France

British troops that took part in the French victory in Champagne in July, 1918, marching past General Berthelot and General Sir H. Godley. Right: British outposts on the edge of a wood.



General Berthelot shaking hands with General Sir H. Godley when arriving to review the British troops that fought with the French in the battles of the Marne and Vesle. Speaking on behalf of the French Army, he said: "Your French comrades will always remember with emotion your splendid gallantry and your fellowship in the fight."

Happy Heirs to the Future of Fair France

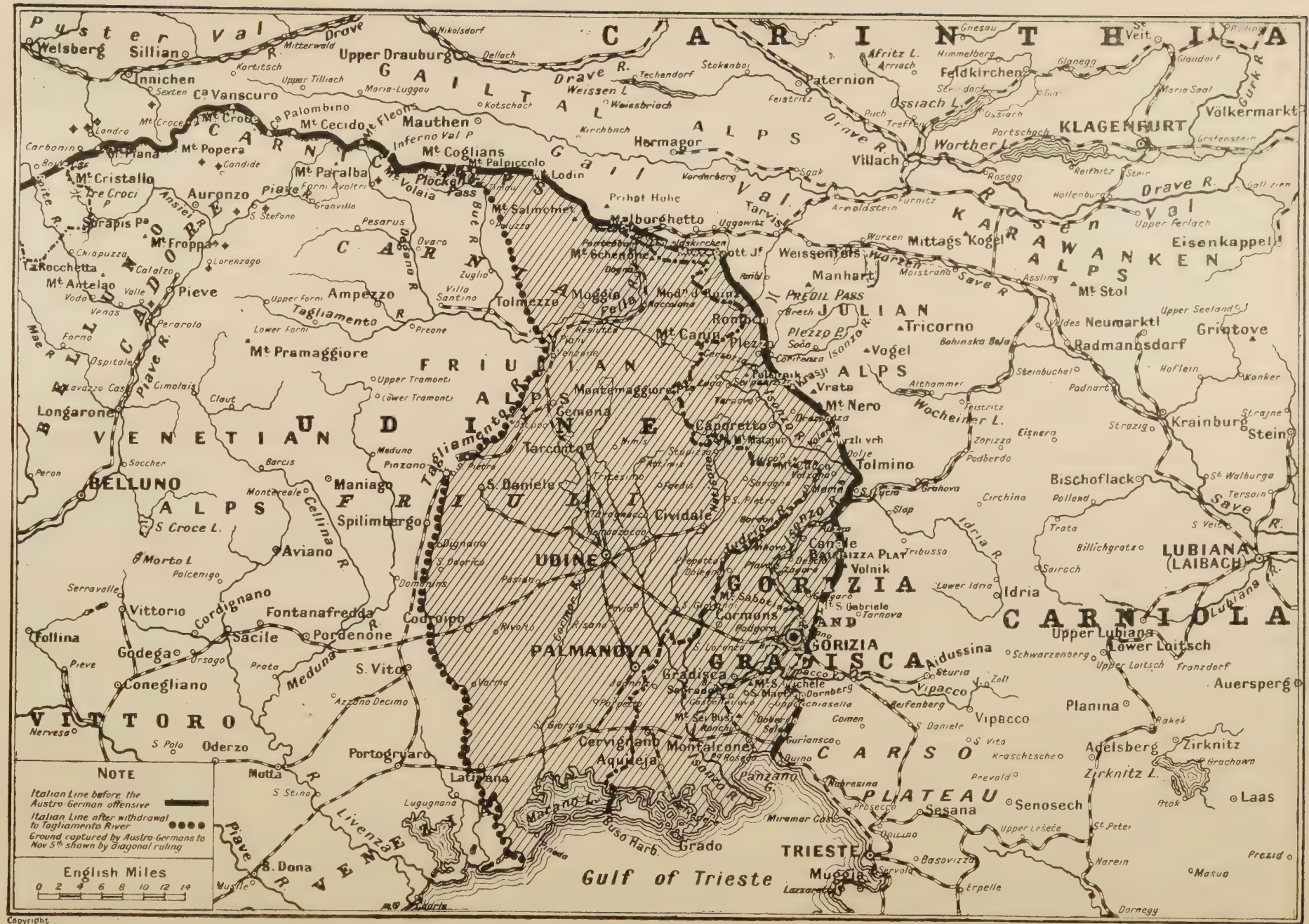
Children of Noyon made happy by a distribution of toys. Inset: British officers at Nesle besieged by children clamouring for presents on the French National Fete Day.

The brave schoolmistress at Quesnoy, in the Oise sector of the front, where heavy fighting had taken place. Although her school had been greatly reduced in numbers, many of the inhabitants having gone, she carried on her work indomitably with the few children still left.

On the Italian Front

After a series of great victories the Italian forces under General Cadorna sustained a grave defeat at Caporetto towards the end of October, 1917, when the Austro-German armies broke through and compelled our ally to fall back to the line of the Piave. British and French troops were immediately rushed to Italy. In June, 1918, the Austrians launched an ambitious offensive, which ended in grave disaster.

THE HERO OF THE PIAVE.—General Armando Diaz succeeded General Cadorna as Commander-in-Chief of the Italian Army in November, 1917, when the retreat to the Piave line was still in progress after the reverse at Caporetto. A Neapolitan, and a brave and brilliant soldier, he greatly distinguished himself on the Carso front, where he broke the Austrian line at Selo in August, 1917.



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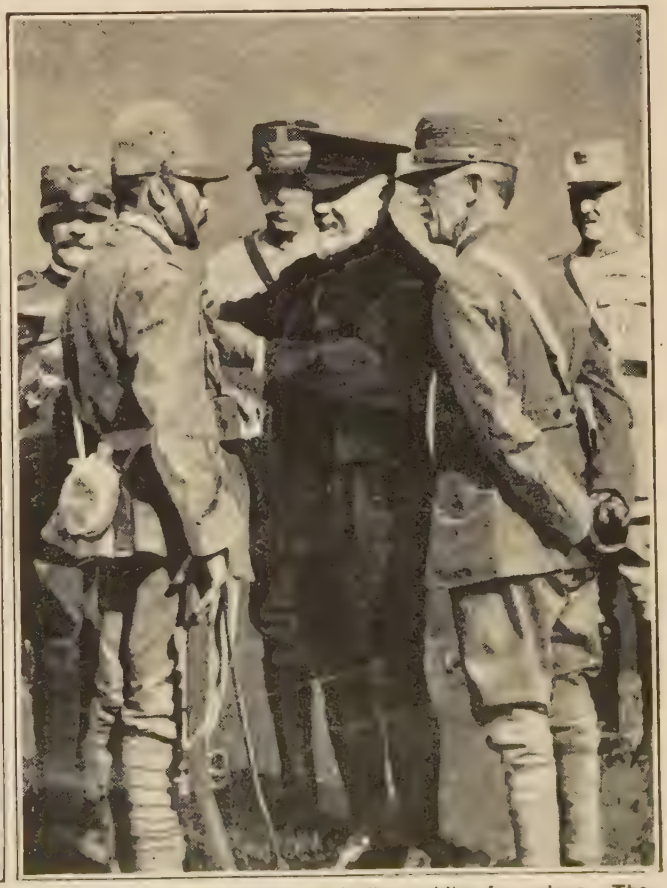
The War Illustrated

THE SCENE OF ITALY'S GREAT TRIAL.—In a terrific onslaught on the Italian advanced lines the Austro-German troops broke through between Plezzo and Tolmino on October 24th, 1917, and crossed the Tagliamento at Pinzano on November 5th, capturing in these operations, according to their own reports, 200,000 prisoners and 1,800 guns.

Austrians Dance to the 'Mandolinisti' Tune

British troops reviewed by President Poincare during his visit to the Italian front. A specially interesting photograph in view of the Italian advance on Trieste, which began on Aug. 19th, 1917.



Trench near Monte Hermada, "the key to Trieste," and (right) President Poincare decorating an Italian soldier for valour. The enemy used to sneer at the Italians as mandolin-players. Italy accepted the name and, on the Isonzo, as the "Times" correspondent says, the "mandolinisti" have been making the Austrians dance to their tune.

Pouring Help Into Italy in Her Hour of Peril

A French transport column halting on Monte Genevra—part of the reinforcements pouring from the Allies into Italy while the Italians were gallantly stemming the Austro-German rush into the Venetian plain.

French cavalry riding through the streets of Verona, and (inset) a French motor convoy passing through Brescia being cheered by the Italian troops on the left. These camera proofs that help was close at hand for the Italian Army will be studied with interest.

Men and Incidents on Italy's Mountain Fronts

The "final" in a boxing tournament which was held in the open air near the British R.G.A. camp behind the Italian Carso front. Italian officers and men joined with their British comrades in watching the sport, which was carried on during the "lull" which preceded the triumphant Italian offensive along the Isonzo front.

In the Italian Alpine trenches at the foot of the Great Tofana, on the east of the Trentino front.

Bebe, the monkey mascot of an Italian officer of infantry, brings in a flag from an Austrian trench on the Carso front.

Italy's Rampart of Rocks and Iron Will–

In a first-line trench on the mountainous part of Italy's Piave front, where a despatch-carrier is handing a message to the officer in command. Where the Piave flows round the eastern end of the Montello the Austrians made their first crossing in their offensive of mid-June, 1918. Before the close of the month the Italians had won back the whole of the right bank of the river.

Italian patrol passing through barbed-wire that had been smashed by artillery fire. With their rifles slung on their shoulders, the men carried stout stakes that served not only to help them over the rough ground, but also—as is seen by the two men on the left—to raise any loose strands of the wire in which they might get caught.

—Against Which Austria Advanced in Vain

Bringing up reserves to the Italian front in motor-cars covered with branches to screen them from enemy aircraft. An anti-aircraft gun can be seen sited on the rock in the right foreground. The enemy's air forces were definitely outclassed in Italy as elsewhere, their ascertained losses during the offensive up to June 27th, 1918, being 103 machines, as against nine machines and three balloons of the Allies.

Loading ammunition on mules for the mountain batteries in Italy. After the impetus of the Austrian offensive was crushed on June 15th, 1918, the Allies reacted vigorously among the heights on the Asiago Plateau and against enemy positions in the mountains on the west bank of the Brenta, wresting from the enemy Monte di Val Bella, east of Asiago, and the southern slopes of the Sasso Rosso.

Arresting Attila's Advance to the Adriatic

Scottish regiment headed by its pipes marching into an Italian village on its way to aid in arresting the Hun invasion of Italy.

Italian Intelligence officer interrogating Turkish prisoners. On the arrival of reinforcements on the Piave the number of Turks and Austrians captured steadily increased. Right: French Alpine Chasseurs digging trenches in their section of the Italian front.

French Alpine Chasseurs paraded on the Italian front, with a British and an Italian soldier representing the Alliance. This famous French regiment won fresh glory on Monte Tomba on December 30th, 1917. Right: British soldiers at home in their Italian billets.

To face page 2025

ROSES AND SMILES FOR ALLIES AND FRIENDS. ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME OF BRITISH TROOPS IN NORTHERN ITALY.

The Return of Goth and Hun

How the Modern Barbarians Swept Into Italy

By EDWARD WRIGHT

FIFTEEN hundred years ago Roman sentries on the Alps above the milky, twisting waters of the Isonzo saw the helmets of the Goths, gathered from Prussia and the Danube under Alaric. Over the Plain of Friuli broke the storm of invasion, sweeping on to Verona, where it was stayed for a time, but at such cost as sapped the strength of the Latin races and opened the gate of empire to both Teutons and Huns.

When Attila and his savage Mongols drove the Goths and other German tribes before them and swarmed in turn through the Alpine passes from the Hungarian plain, the courage of the Romans failed them for the time. The legend of the terrible viciousness of the vast Asiatic horde destroyed their confidence in themselves. By the mouth of the Isonzo one splendid Roman force made a stubborn stand and inflicted grave losses on the Huns. Northward, however, at the critical point in the frontier that was again yielded on October 24th, 1917, another Latin garrison appears to have abandoned the gate to Italy, and the braver force southward was turned and broken.

Attila, by the way, had just been most heavily defeated in a battle of the Marne, and thereby prevented from mastering the whole of the Western world. It was in order to hearten his Germanic and Mongol forces with facile victory and rich booty that he burst across the Isonzo upon Italy.

The Two Attilas

There is, moreover, a direct connection between the Italian successes of the ancient Attila and the modern. It was not idly that the Hohenzollern Kaiser once called upon his soldiers to remember the Huns, and imitate their method of terrorism. Attila conquered the Eastern Goths and Southern German tribes, including the Alemanns, and gathered their best men into his horde under a system of military servitude. When Attila's army was dispersed and the Teutons received their freedom, they were proud of the Mongol masters who had lashed them into a passion of inhuman ferocity. They enshrined Attila in their national epic, the "Nibelungenlied," and, as the Kaiser at last revealed to the startled modern world, deliberately followed his policy throughout the centuries.

Italy, with her fatal gift of beauty, was always their prey. Whenever a Germanic Emperor, from Otto and Barbarossa down to Francis Joseph, felt strong enough to strike, he struck at the Italians. Only when the descendants of Goths, Alemanns, Huns, and Avars were overbusy slaying each other did Italy win brief breathing spaces, and give the world new ideas in free government, in art, letters, and science. During the final struggle between the Northern and Southern Germanies that ended at Sadowa, Italy was able at last to lay new foundations of nationality.

But the time allowed her was very short for the purpose. Finely and bravely she recovered from her traditional fear of the Northern Teutons, who had been the last to oppress and exhaust her. The Austrians, by the summer of 1917, were regarded in the same way as the Goths had been after the Romans had dispersed the levies of Alaric. But again, above the half-broken vanguard of the Goths, there loomed the terrifying menace of the master-conquerors—the Huns.

Neo-Pagans and the Pope

With remarkable insight the men about the Hohenzollern Emperor nicely appreciated the effect produced upon the imagination of some of the Italian populace. Upon this curious condition of popular feeling they skilfully and variously played. Of old, Attila had negotiated with the Pope. In these later days, through agents in the Vatican and in the Black Families connected with Papal organisations, the suggestion was made that a Germanic victory would result in a restoration of the temporal power enjoyed under the old Teutonic rulers of Italy. Strange sermons were delivered by many Italian parish priests, and Pope Benedict himself openly advocated a Germanic peace, based seemingly upon the surrender of British sea-power. Wherever influence could safely be exercised frankly in favour of the Germans, as in Spain and among the Sinn Feiners of Ireland, this was done.

At the same time the modern pagan forces of the anti-clerical school of revolutionary Socialism were also brought to bear upon the Italian mind in the interests of the enemy. By means similar to those by which Russia was reduced to chaotic impotence, serious essays in insurrection were engineered in Turin and other principal cities. Finally, in a crowning audacity, the traitors, springing largely from the same race as Mazzini and Garibaldi, propagated by letter and pamphlet among the troops in the fire trenches above the Isonzo their gospel of cowardice and dishonour.

Always, behind all these religious, Socialistic, masonic, and Boloistic intrigues, there was subtly conveyed the apprehension of the pitiless invincibility of the legions of the new Attila. The record of the sufferings of the Belgians, which had first aroused the indignation of the Italian working classes, was now used, at the instance of the enemy himself, as a means of affright.

What General von Below Stood For

The enlightened classes of Italian people regarded the affair as Britons and Frenchmen did. They were confident in the ultimate virility of their reborn nation, and though immediately anxious for all possible help from their Allies in the approaching supreme ordeal, they were as resolute as were the French in August, 1914. There remained, however, certain bodies of peasantry sunk in superstition, untouched by modern thought, and living obscurely on traditions of the horrors of the old, bad times. This class had, in battle, overcome victoriously its fear of the ancient Austrian master; but it was still somewhat shaken by the new legend of the more terrible power of the future Prussian master.

General von Below, the opponent of Sir Douglas Haig on the Somme, was placed in command along the Isonzo. His presence on the Italian front was of moral and practical significance. Morally, it was a pretence that the British armies were not fighting forcefully enough to require his power of resistance, and were thus leaving him free to assail their Allies. Practically, his presence was an indication that all which the Germans had learnt from the British offensives was to be suddenly employed against the Italian armies.

The weakness of the Russians enabled a vast number of guns to be brought against the Second and Third Armies of Italy, together with large, fresh German infantry forces. The battle opened in the third week of October, 1917, with a terrific bombardment, marked by changing whirlwinds of blasting-powder and clouds of the latest poison-gas.

Then, in dense fog and darkness, before daybreak on Wednesday, October 24th, General von Below submitted the two Italian armies to that primitive yet final test of nerve—the old-fashioned Prussian mass attack. On the Carso and on the plateau above Gorizia the defending forces stood firm and cool, shattering every column of assault. But a small part of the left wing, entrenched in a practically impregnable position on the Plec line opposite the hostile bridgehead at Santa Lucia, gave way in an unaccountable manner.

Cadorna's Heroic Calm

Either diabolic treachery or absolute cowardice appears to have worked upon the Italian contingents at this all-important point. They fled before the serried column of Germans, who, with astounding rapidity, pierced the Italian front, enveloped considerable masses of the Second Army, and debouched in victorious exhilaration of striking power upon the historic plain of battle above Venice. The Third Army of Italy barely saved itself. All that one million Italians had gained in thirty months they lost in thirty hours.

It was amid the confusion and dismay of this unexpected blow—similar to that under which the French Army of Lorraine reeled from Morhange in the summer of 1914—that the legends of the new Attila told upon some of the Italian troops. Five units resisted to the death, trying to hold high key positions on the Cividale road. Their efforts were vain, as other forces that should have guarded their fronts became fugitive mobs. Yet General Cadorna remained as steady as was General Joffre after the Lorraine and Belgic disasters. Painfully and quickly, with crippling losses in guns and dreadful losses in men, the Italian commander retired to a new line, there desperately to await British and French assistance, or, still more desperately, to retreat farther, in order to gain time for help to arrive.

But, beneath all the military and material anxieties there was a deeper moral and spiritual issue. The ancient Goths and Huns had torn Italy into fragments, and she was not yet wholly reunited in spirit. Was it to be the strange task of the new Huns and Goths to forge, with blows intended to break, the fine, fertile, modern Italian race into entire, perdurable, cohesive nationhood?

Coolness and Courage of Comrades in Arms

Italian soldiers crossing the Piave to raid the Austrian trenches. Perilous as the outward journey is, the return will be far more so, with the aroused enemy searching the waters for their ferry.

French soldiers, under fire on Monte Tomba, snowballing each other in the trenches captured from Austrians, Dec. 30th, 1917.

A British (left) and an Italian soldier, on guard in a village where the Anglo-Italian lines join, presenting arms to their officers.

Ready to Reckon with the Invaders of Italy

At the southern end of the western front. British soldiers in and about their new Italian billet. Open-air cookery going on near the archway is watched with interest by some of the men, while others make purchases from the juvenile vendors of fruit.

British troops and supply column nearing the front in Italy, watched with interest by a couple of Italian soldiers. They are passing along one of the "masked" roads which served to bother enemy observers on the look out for movements going on behind the lines.

Comrades in Arms Holding Converse Together

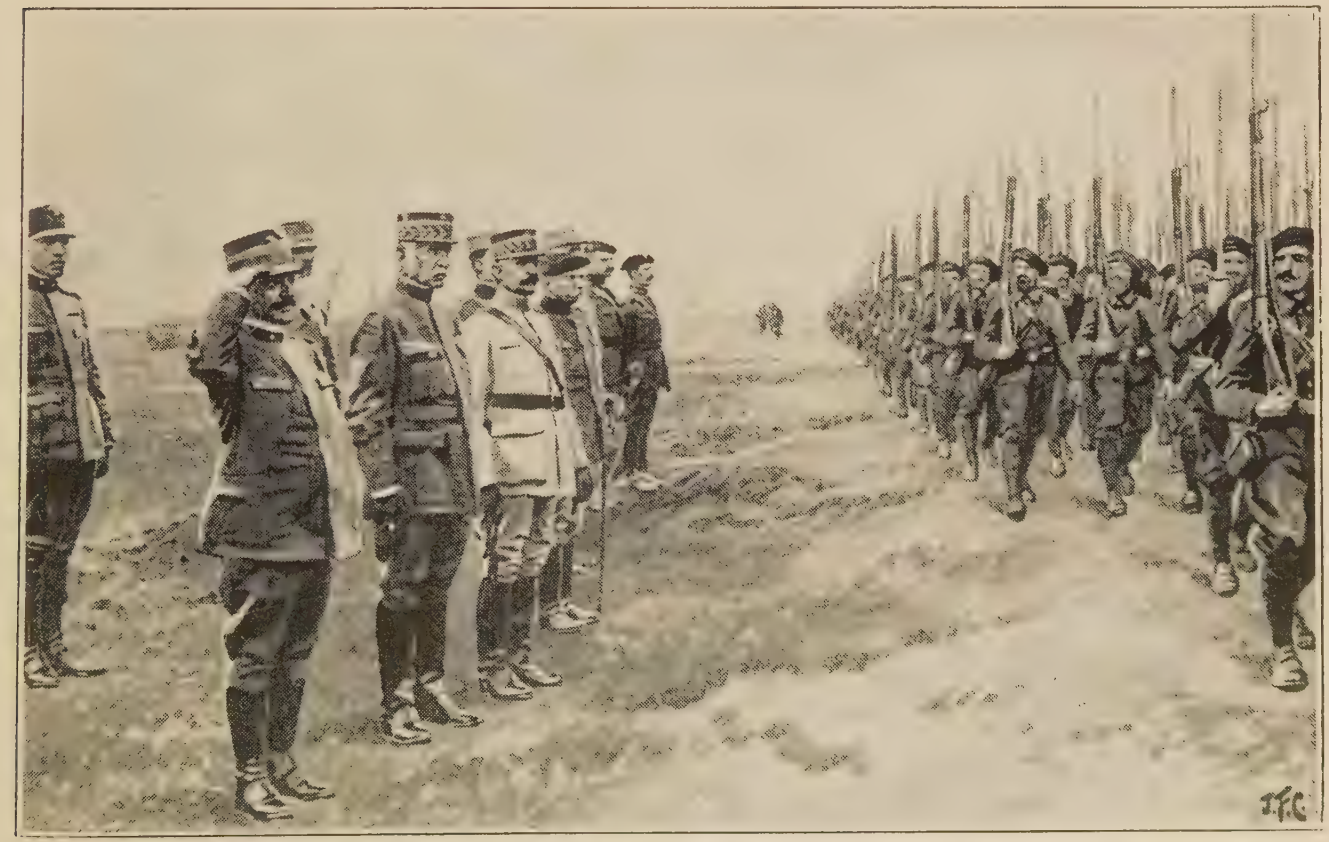
British soldiers fraternising with Italian comrades who are enjoying a snack of luncheon on a heavy gun by the roadside. Right: General Garibaldi, grandson of the Liberator, chatting to a group of British soldiers rallied to the liberation of Italy from the invader.

English, Scottish, and Italian troops cementing the Anglo-Italian alliance on the way to the common battlefield. Left: A British military policeman endeavouring to arrive at an understanding with an Italian carabiniere.

English troops barricading a road up to the front line with wire entanglements and sandbags. The sector of the line defending the Venetian Plain allotted to the British reinforcements covered the Montello Ridge, about twenty-five miles north-west of Venice.

Where the Allies Aided the Intrepid Italians

Italian infantry doubling up a mountain road in the Val Frenzela to repel an Austro-German attack. This valley, dominated by the Austrians on Monte Sasso Rosso—shells from which are seen bursting—was one of the most exposed points on Italy's mountain front.



General Diaz, in chief command of the Italian Army in its task of holding and driving back the enemy on the Piave, saluting newly arrived French Alpine Chasseurs. On his left stands General Fayolle, commander of the French troops in Italy.

Intrepid Allies Who Went to Italy's Aid

French officer talking to a couple of Italians in Verona. The photograph suggests Rossetti's famous picture of the passing of Dante and Beatrice, near the same spot, at the end of the bridge spanning the Adige. Verona, which is seventy-one miles west of Venice, was one of the ancient towns threatened by the invading enemy.

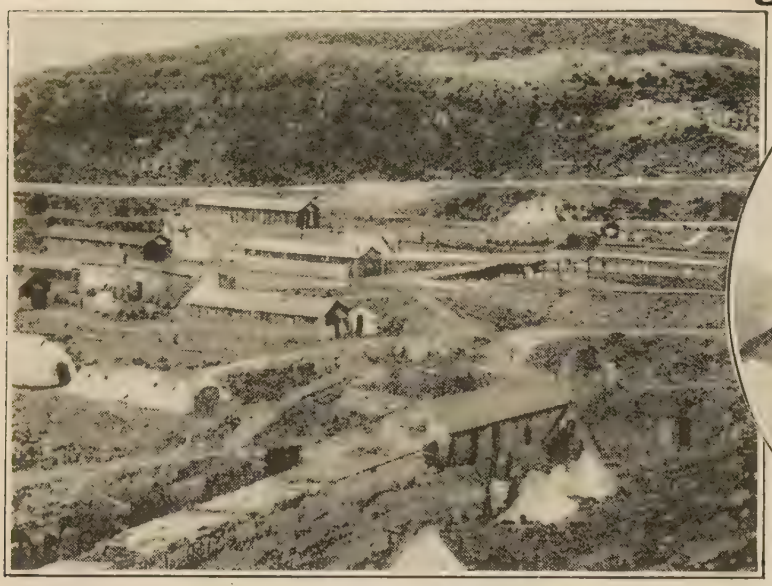
Arrival of British troops at an Italian railway station on their way to hold up the Austro-German invasion of the Venetian plain. Italian ladies offer floral welcome to the new-comers. On the left are weary fugitives from the district overrun by the enemy.

Pushing Back the Austrians Across the Piave

Nightmare shapes in an inferno of their own creation : A picture taken from a German paper of an Austro-Hungarian aid-post during a bombardment with gas-shells by the Allies. Many times since the Allies in self-defence adopted the use of gas did the Teuton have reason to regret his introduction of the cruel device. Right : British troops in " field barracks " among the Italian heights.

Italian infantry in action on the Piave plain. All along the line of the Piave the Italian infantry maintained powerful pressure on the Austrians seeking to cross the river, turned into a rushing stream by heavy rains, carrying out many successful small coups de main and patrol actions. In the early morning of June 24th, 1918, the enemy recrossed the Piave in disorder, defeated and pursued.

Under the Union Jack Among the Asiago Uplands



A British field-hospital post among the uplands of Asiago, where British and French troops co-operated with the Italians in the great victory over the Austrians, June, 1918. Right: Chiefs of the medical staff on a visit of inspection to a mountain hospital.

British soldiers working in an aerated water factory where soda-water was made in large quantities for the benefit of the troops serving on the Italian front. Right: Interior of an Army blacksmith's forge set up by the roadside in Italy.

Artillery observer scanning the enemy positions from a natural staircase among the mountains. Right: Composite group of British, French, and Italian soldiers, carrying little flags of their allied countries, foregathering in a street in Italy decorated with flags, festoons, and laudatory mottoes in honour of France's Day, July 14th, 1918.

Lafayette

LT.-GEN. THE EARL OF CAVAN. K.P., K.C.B.

In Command of the British Forces in Italy, 1918

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

THE EARL OF CAVAN

GENERAL CAVAN, who succeeded General Plumer, in command of the British troops on the Italian front in the spring of 1918, belongs to a well-known fighting family. The Lambarts have been distinguished for more than three hundred years in war, politics, and sport. Oliver Lambart, the first baron, a native of Preston, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, won fame in the Netherlands under Sir John Norris, was knighted in 1596 for his valour in the expedition against Cadiz, became Governor of Connaught in 1601, a Privy Councillor in 1603, and Baron Lambart of Cavan in 1618. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

War Service in South Africa

Oliver's son, Charles, also a soldier, represented Bossiney, in Cornwall, in the English Parliaments of 1625 and 1627, and was created Earl of Cavan and Viscount Kilcoursie in 1647. The seventh Earl commanded the Guards in Egypt under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and held a command in the Eastern Counties during the invasion alarms of 1803-4. He became a full general in 1814. The ninth Earl, as an officer in the Navy, saw service in the Crimea and China, and represented one of the divisions of Somerset in the House of Commons, 1885-92, was a Privy Councillor, a Knight of St. Patrick, and a well-known yachtsman.

Frederick Rudolph Lambart, the tenth Earl, whose mother was Mary, only child of the Rev. John Olive, Rector of Ayot St. Lawrence, Herts, and whose record during the Great War has fulfilled all the forecasts of his greatest admirers, was born on October 16th, 1865. As Viscount Kilcoursie, he was gazetted to the Grenadier Guards on August 25th, 1885. From April 29th, 1891, to July 16th, 1893, he was A.D.C. to the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Stanley of Preston. Getting his company in 1893, he saw active service for the first time in the South African War. In this campaign he greatly distinguished himself, especially at Biddulphsberg and Wittebergen. At Biddulphsberg the Grenadiers led the attack, and Lord Cavan risked his life several times in the rescue of wounded from the flaming veldt under the storm of Boer bullets. He was mentioned in despatches, and awarded the Queen's Medal with three clasps, and the King's Medal with two clasps.

An All-Round Athlete

After his return to England, Lord Cavan, who had succeeded to the Earldom in July, 1900, was Commandant of the School of Instruction for Officers of Auxiliary Forces at Chelsea from March, 1903, to February, 1904. Later he succeeded to the command of the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards. In 1910 he was made M.V.O. (Fourth Class), and he commanded the Guards Brigade for training and manœuvres, 1912-13. In November, 1913 he took retired pay, and joined the Reserve of Officers. He left behind him, however, a reputation that kept his name before the authorities as that of an officer of infinite resource and capacity, and few commanders have been more popular than he was with rank and file. He was a good sportsman in every sense of the word. Hunting, fishing, shooting, cycling, golfing, tennis, yachting, football—in all out-of-door recreations he excelled. In 1908, at Windsor, he won the Officers' 120 Yards Race in record time. He held his own also at deer-stalking and chamois-hunting.

It seemed, however, that his military career was over. Then came the Great War. He was immediately recalled to active service. On August 5th, 1914, he was given the temporary rank of Brigadier-General, and in command of the 4th Guards Brigade proved he had forgotten nothing of what he had learned in South Africa, and that his active out-of-door life had prepared him for adaptability to modern war conditions. In those early days of the war, in the retreat from Mons, when the Guards were called upon to fight seven or eight times their number, Lord Cavan won and held the affection, no less than the entire confidence, of his men. Under him they could boast that they never lost a trench. It was as it he had ever before him the motto of his house: "Prepared on every side."

With the Guards at Ypres and Loos

The confidence he inspired was not confined to the men of his own regiment. Scots, Coldstreamers, and Irish, as well as Grenadier Guards, believed in him and showed it. His brigade won great distinction at the first Battle of Ypres. As on many another bitterly fought over field of death, the Guards, in the words of one chronicler, proved that their incomparable discipline was compatible with a brilliant and adroit offensive. Sir Douglas Haig, the First Corps commander, in his report, stated that "on many occasions Brigadier-General the Earl of Cavan, commanding the 4th Guards Brigade, was conspicuous for the skill, coolness, and courage with which he led his troops, and for the successful manner in which he dealt with many critical situations."

In June, 1915, Lord Cavan was promoted to the rank of Major-General, and in August was given the command of the newly-formed Guards Division which was thrown into the battle-line at Loos at a critical hour on Sept. 27th. Nearly three-quarters of a mile of ground had been lost during the previous day, and it was the task of the Guards to win it back. Great things were expected of them. And the expected happened.

"Ould Ireland For Ever!"

It was during this offensive that the Irish Guards, being called upon to retake some trenches in the face of a terrific fire, charged in an impetuous rush, before which nothing could stand, to the cry of "Ould Ireland for ever!" to which, so the story ran along the line, Lord Cavan was the first to give voice.

In recognition of his services at Loos, Lord Cavan was made a Commander of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath. He was also promoted to the rank of temporary Lieutenant-General. In addition, he received from President Poincaré the insignia of a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, and from King Albert the insignia of a Grand Officer of the Order of the Crown.

With men of such a calibre one success implies but a step to another. After displaying the highest qualities of a divisional commander, Lord Cavan was given the post of a corps commander. And under his direction the 14th Corps put in some splendid work during the latter part of the Somme offensive of 1916, when the blood-stained fields of Picardy became the arena of fiercer fighting than the war had hitherto seen. It was, therefore, with general approval, when the death of Lord Kitchener created a vacancy in the Order of St. Patrick, that Lord Cavan was selected by the King to fill it.

In Command on the Italian Front

In January, 1917, Lord Cavan was given the substantive rank of Lieutenant-General, and in the November of that year he took his corps to the Italian front. On January 1st, 1918, he was made a K.C.B., and in the spring, when General Plumer was recalled to a command on the Western Front, just as the enemy launched his masses against Arras, the British command in Italy was transferred to Lord Cavan, who in July took another step in rank as Temporary General, the forces under him having meanwhile won new laurels in helping to crush that part of the short-lived Austrian offensive which was directed against the positions facing the Asiago plateau.

You need not be in the company of Lord Cavan more than a few minutes, writes one who knows him, "to have the suggestion of quiet but sure power conveyed to you. Success has not spoiled him. He is as unassuming as ever. The only thing he is afraid of is the man with the film." Viscount French, speaking in Londonderry in August, 1918, said of this soldier son of the house of Cavan: "I say without hesitation he is one of the finest leaders of men I have ever known in the whole course of my life."

In 1893 the Earl of Cavan was married to Caroline Inez, eldest daughter of the late George Baden Crawley. His brother, the Hon. Lionel John Olive Lambart, R.N., D.S.O., served with distinction in Gallipoli.

The Americans on Land & Sea

The splendid pictures in this section are of historical interest as showing how the Great Republic of the West was co-operating with the free Democracies of Europe in defeating Prussian Militarism. On sea the American fleet was of great assistance in hunting the submarine; on land the American troops were first seriously engaged in defeating the German attack in the Battle of Rheims, July 15th. By the end of the Fourth Year about one and a half million American troops were in Europe.

"ENEMY AIRCRAFT SIGHTED."—Men on board an American warship, having received information that enemy aircraft have been sighted, hurrying to the "fighting-top" of their vessel, on the summit of which their anti-aircraft gun is in position. In the photograph on the right the gun crew are seen removing the cover of the weapon and getting ready for action.

America's Advance Army Nearing the Trenches

American troops at one of their training camps in France. They are here seen engaged in practising the new bayonet drill, in readiness for the order to go forward to the trenches.

Removing their gas-masks.

A squad of American troops completing their training in France preparatory to taking their places in the fighting-line.

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Astor at the grave of an American aviator in France.

American soldiers marching forward on their way to the trenches on the French front. The helmets with which they are equipped, it will be observed, approximate more nearly to the British than to the French type.

Early Arrivals from America in Action Abroad

An American soldier in France "digging in"—work on the expeditious performance of which life would depend in action. Right: Some of the powerful American locomotives that were sent from the United States to France for the use of the Expeditionary Army.

An American field kitchen immediately behind the front-line trench on the western front. The American Expeditionary Army was entirely self-supporting, all the supplies for it being imported from the States. Right: An American soldier in the firing-line.

A group of cheerful Americans putting a "rod in pickle" for the Germans, who affected to regard their arrival upon the scene of action as of no importance. Right: Men of the Hospital Corps giving first treatment to a wounded American behind the first-line trenches.

U.S. Troops in Their French Training Camp

Demonstrating in an American camp in France the way in which a rifle-grenade is fixed upon the muzzle of the rifle.

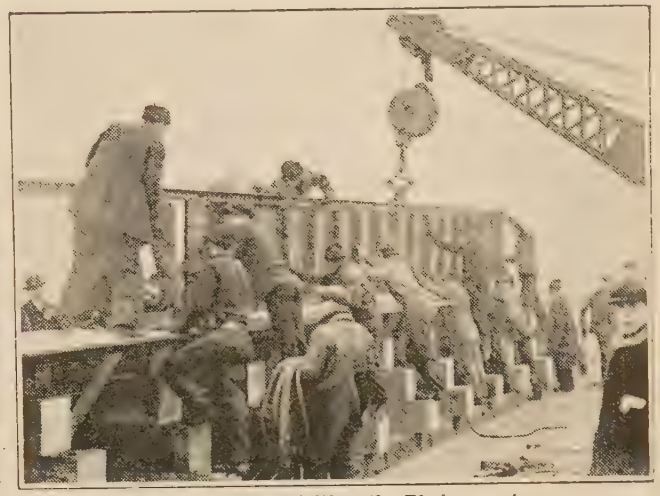
Americans practising the firing of rifle-grenades receive careful tuition from their experienced French instructors.

Return of an American band to the village in which they are billeted. They had been taking part in a march with their battalion.

Making a firing-step along a trench in the training ground, and (in oval) American soldiers reach their base after a day's training.

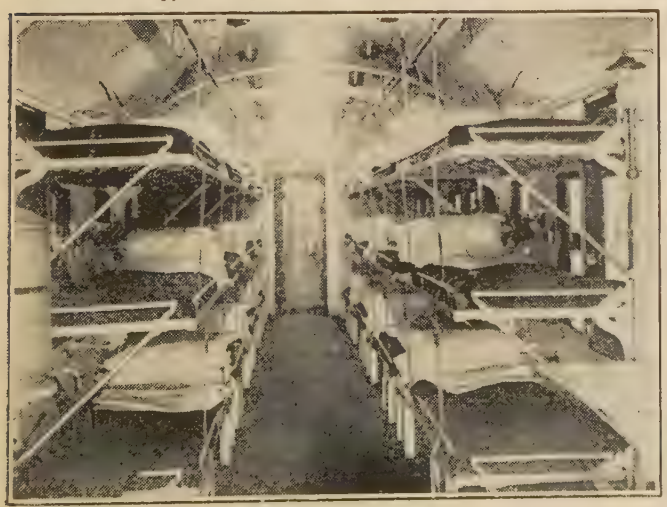
During a rest interval in the course of strenuous training. General view of the ground over which some of the American troops already in France were receiving their final course of training before going to the battle-front.

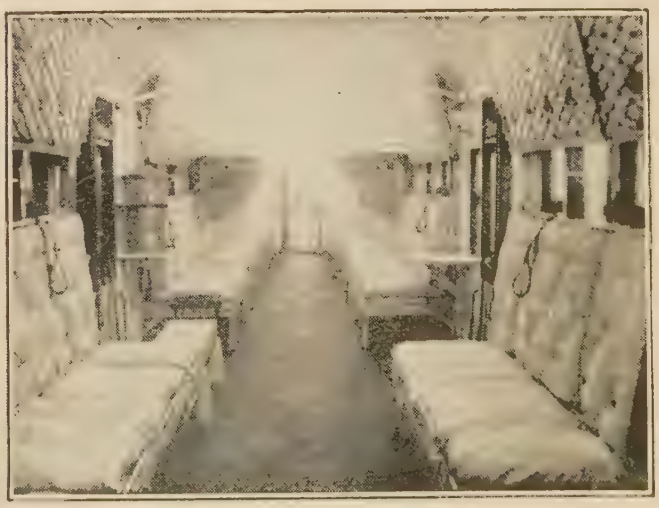
American Ardour at Home, Abroad and Afloat



American Senators, protected by steel helmets and with gas-masks slung round their necks, visiting the Rheims sector. Right: Laying the first keel of the fleet of 5,000-ton freight vessels under construction for the U.S. Shipping Board.

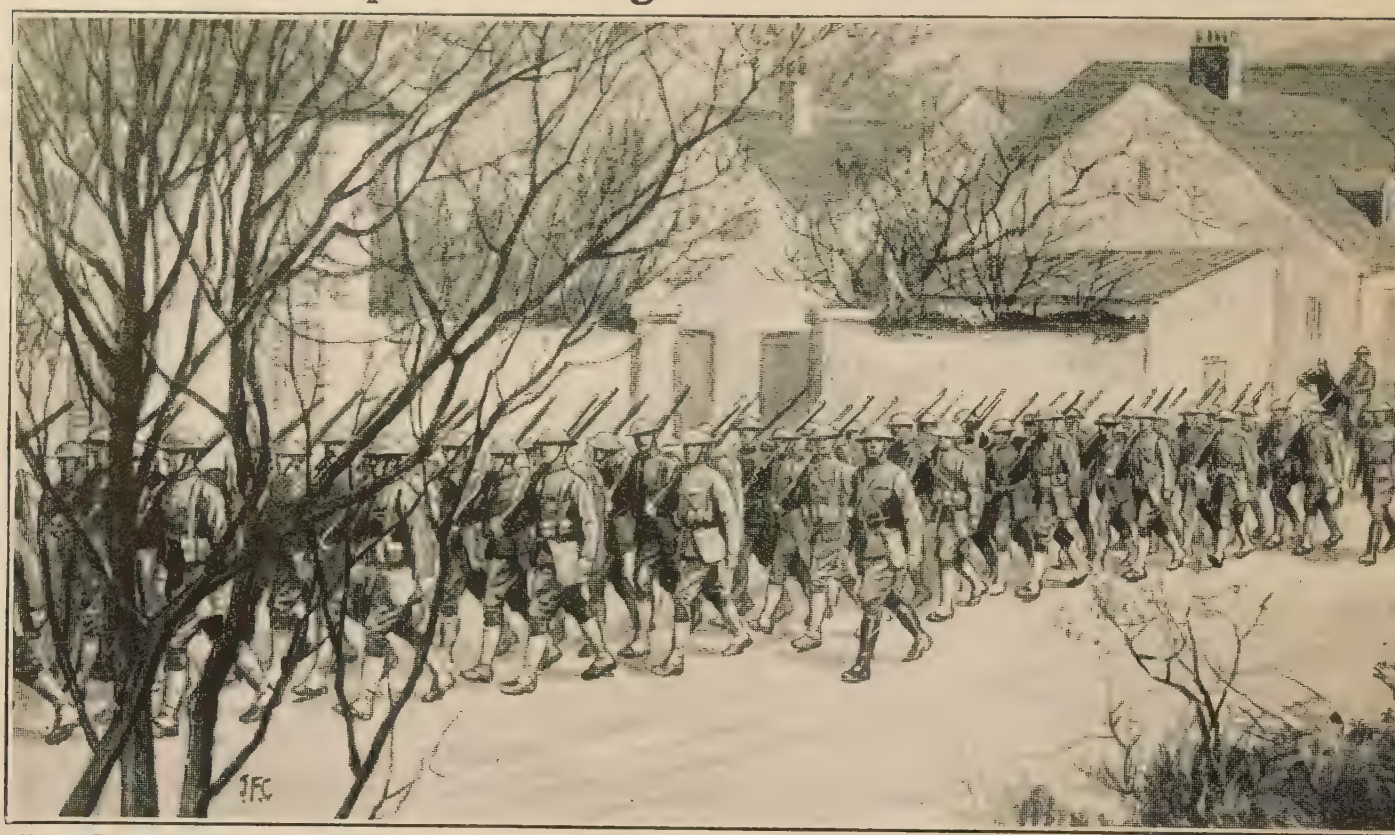
Interned German sailors passing an American Officers Training Corps at Fort McPherson, U.S.A. Right: Admiral Benson, of the U.S. Navy, shaking hands with Sir David Beatty on his flagship when visiting the Grand Fleet in Nov., 1917.





The Midland Railway Company built a new ambulance train for service with the American Expeditionary Force. It had accommodation for 130 persons and cost £40,000. Left: A car arranged for lying-down cases, and (right) arranged for sitting cases.

U.S. Troops Flowing Forward to the Front–



Young France salutes the soldiers from the Western Republic. French children crowd to the fence to cheer a regiment of United States troops passing through their still peaceful village on the way to the front. Since the German offensive began in March, 1918, the American soldiers in ever-increasing numbers took their places in the fighting-line, and gave a good account of themselves. It was stated in New York

American infantry, with French Tanks in support, leaving their trenches to attack Cantigny, which they successfully captured along with two hundred prisoners, at the end of May, 1918. This has been described by an American war correspondent as the first "big success" of the United States troops. "At 6.45 a.m. the Americans, upon a front of one mile and a half, hopped from their trenches, and under the

—Attain a Triumph in Action at Cantigny

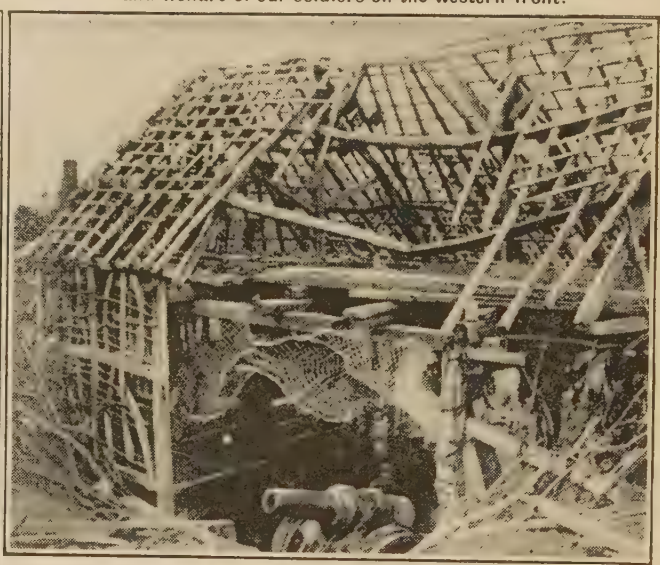
in June, 1918, that while giving much needed and efficient aid to the French and British, General Pershing was carrying forward rapidly his plans for a campaign in 1919, for "no one in the American Army expects the war to end this year, but there has never been any doubt in the minds of American fighters how the war would end." It was stated that over 700,000 U.S. soldiers were in France.

protection of a well-directed rolling barrage from the light guns, with the 'heavies' concentrating upon distant areas, they advanced in two steady waves. They crossed the intervening zone to their objectives—a depth of nearly a mile—in exactly forty minutes, preceded by twelve Tanks. . . . The Americans have dug in in the new positions and propose to hold them."

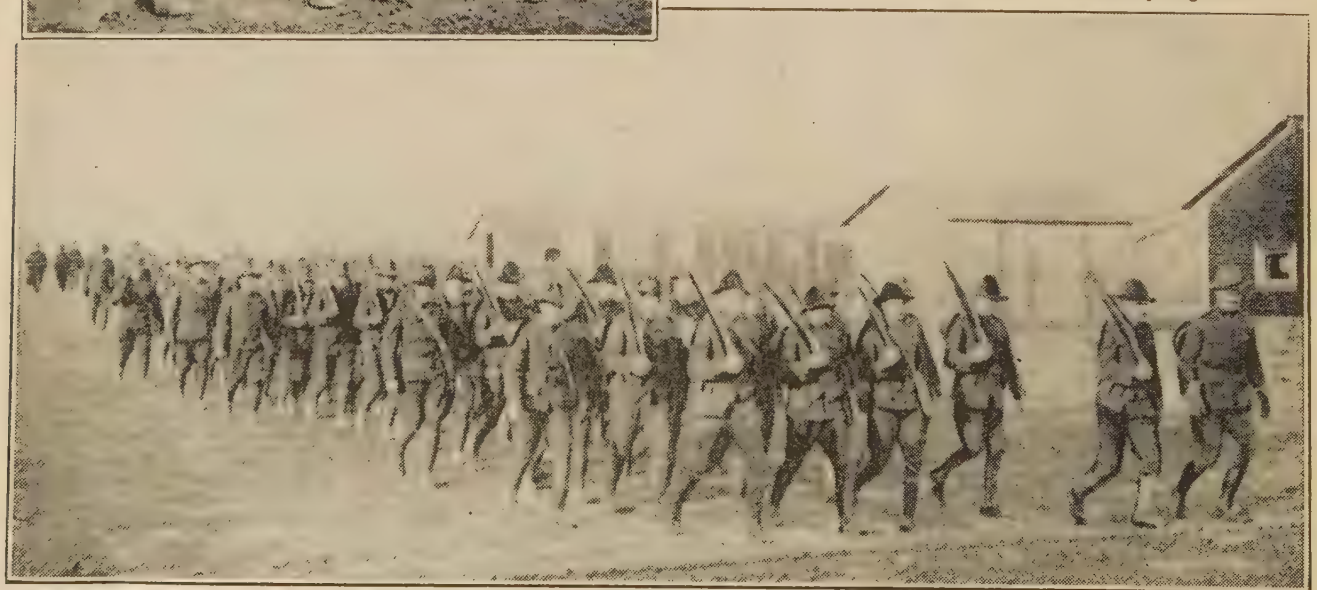
American Engineers Aid the British Guards

Some Ulstermen place captured helmets on their heads and "group" themselves with flags, after capturing enemy trenches.

One of the welcome "huts" at Cayeux, provided for the comfort and welfare of our soldiers on the western front.



German 8 in. gun captured by Highlanders during the Cambrai offensive. Left: Officers of the U.S.A. Railway Engineers.



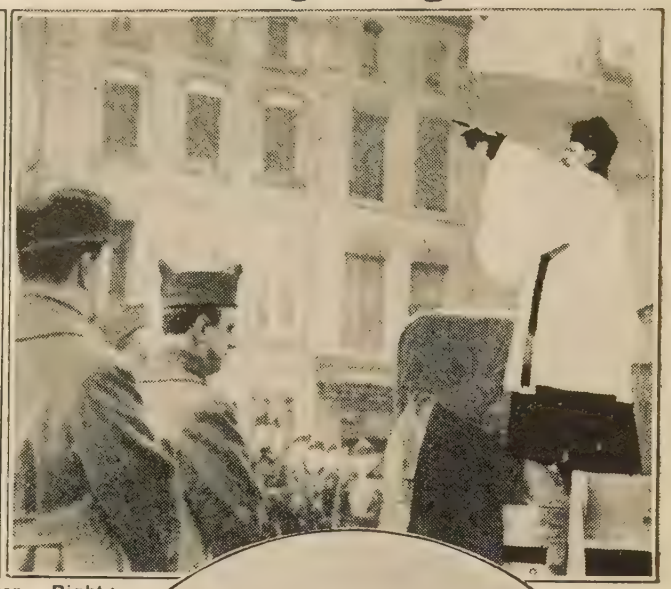
U.S.A. Railway Engineers in France. A large party of them were at work near Gouzeaucourt when the German counter-attack came. Changing tools for rifles, they helped the British Guards in what was for a time a difficult situation.

Men of America's Army Try on Teuton Armour

Men of the American Red Cross, who were engaged in assisting the French on the Verdun front, equip themselves in captured German helmets and body armour.

American artillerymen at practice. It is interesting to note that the first American shell was fired against the Germans on the western front in October, 1917, the artillery thus being the first part of the U.S. Army to enter action. Inset: American officers exercising in France.

French Honours for American Fighting Heroes



American and French officers interrogating a German prisoner. Right: American chaplain conducting a service in a French village.

General Philipot reviewing American soldiers who have been decorated with the French Croix de Guerre for bravery in the field. In circle: The French general pinning the Croix de Guerre upon one of the first of the Americans to win this honour.

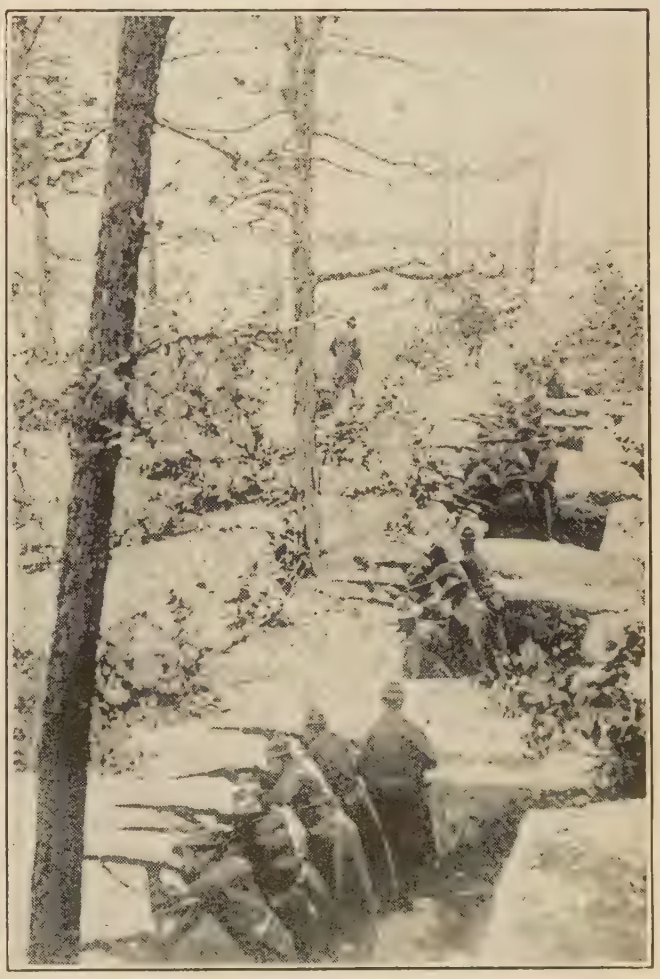
The Stars and Stripes of the United States and the Tricolour of France carried together at the parade at which General Philipot decorated American heroes on the French front. Right: French and American airmen preparing for a bombing raid—showing two bombs that were to carry the compliments of New Orleans and San Francisco to the Hun.

American Soldiers Enter Sternly Into Action

American machine-gun in action on the western front, where forces of the Western Republic fought for freedom.

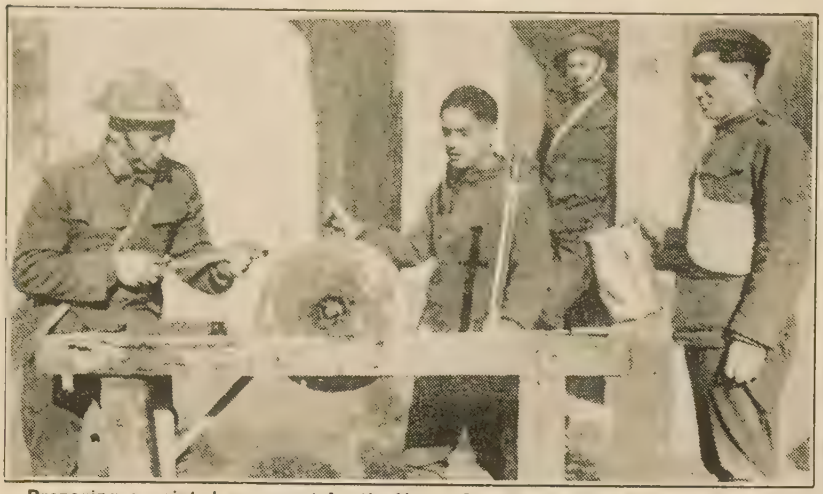
A crowded trench. Some of the American troops in France who were completing their training before going into the front line.

Houdini getting out of a strait-jacket while suspended by his feet in New York. His "stunt" was done to rouse interest in a performance for the benefit of dependents of men lost on the Antilles.

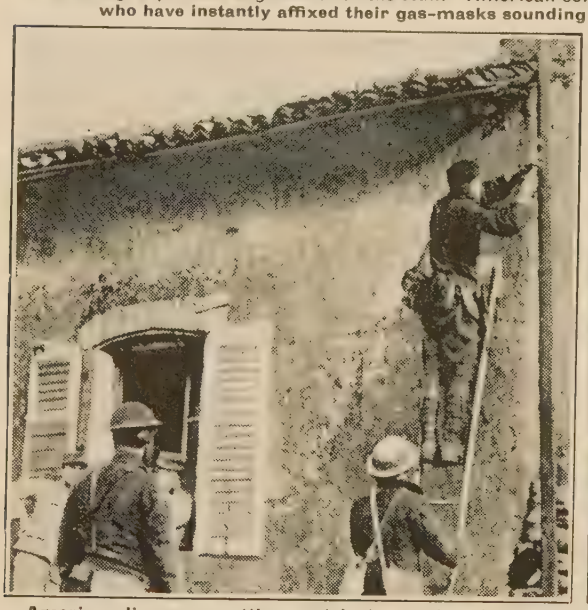


American soldiers in their training camp engaged in practising "picking off the enemy," a task which they later performed in deadly earnest on the battlefield in Europe.

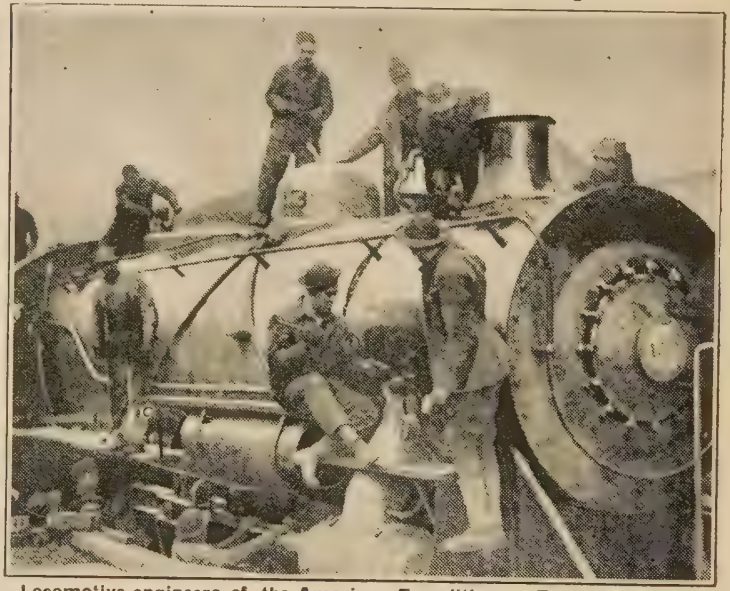
America Prepared & Resourceful in the War Zone



Preparing a pointed argument for the Hun. American soldier in France "pointing" his bayonet on a grindstone. Right: Americans who have instantly affixed their gas-masks sounding a Klaxon horn to give the alarm that gas-bombs are coming over.



American linesmen putting up telephone wires for their lines of communication through a French village.



Locomotive engineers of the American Expeditionary Force putting the finishing touches to a Baldwin engine in France.

Light artillery squad of Americans arriving on the range for practice behind the lines in France. In March, 1918, there was news of various points at which the American troops were in the firing-line; many thousands more were in reserve camps and training camps.

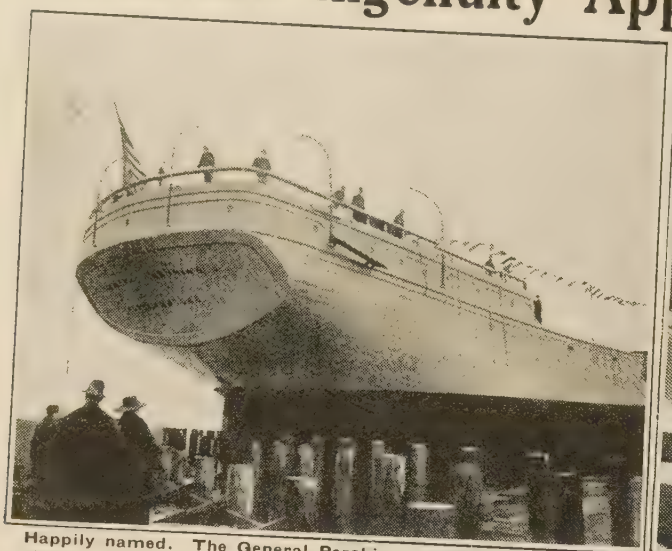
German Ships Used by United States Soldiers

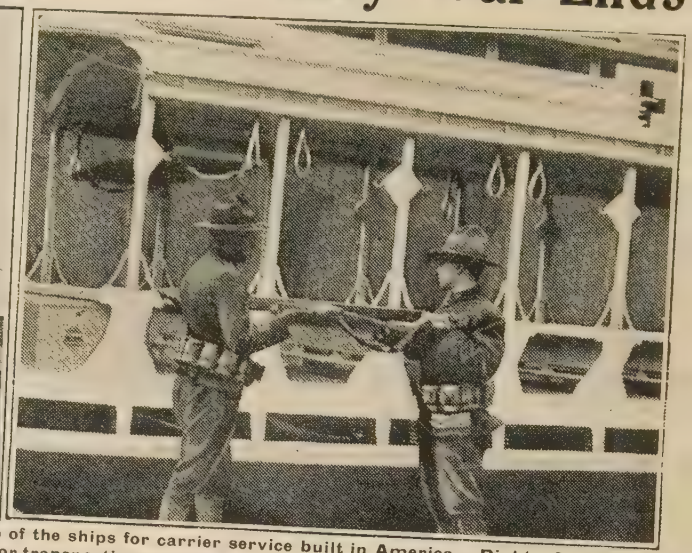
Loading supplies on one of the German ships seized by the U.S. Government. This vessel was converted into a transport to convey American soldiers to Europe. Right: Captain Robertson, in command of one of the American ex-German transports.

Left to right: Sec.-Lt. Joseph B. Wilson, Cpl. James H. Wilson, and Pte. W. B. Wilson, sons of Mr. W. B. Wilson, U.S. Secretary of Labour. Right: Mrs. Pierpont Morgan, head of the American Mission to provide homes for destitute French people.

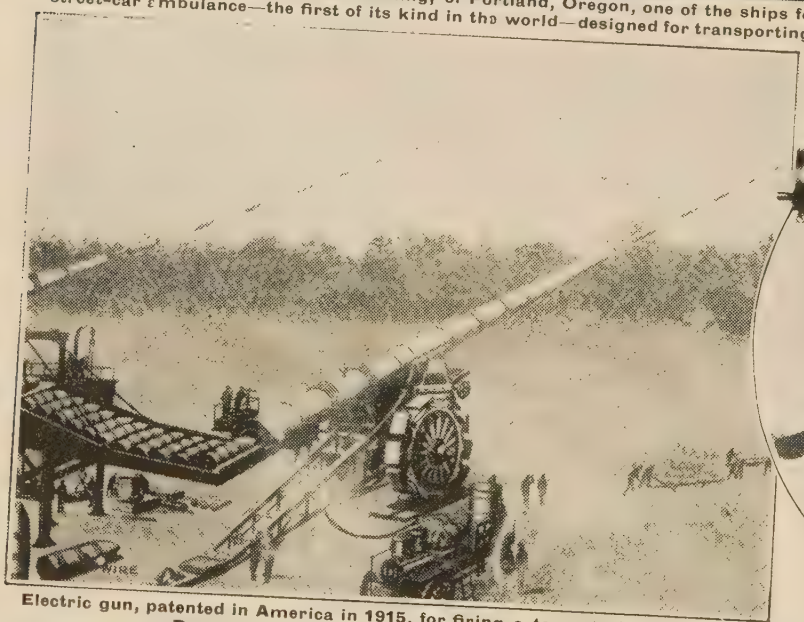
Men of the 6th U.S. Regiment of Field Artillery charging over breastworks in an American training camp. This unit was the first one equipped with steel helmets at home. Right: American soldiers practising a liquid-fire attack in a French training camp.

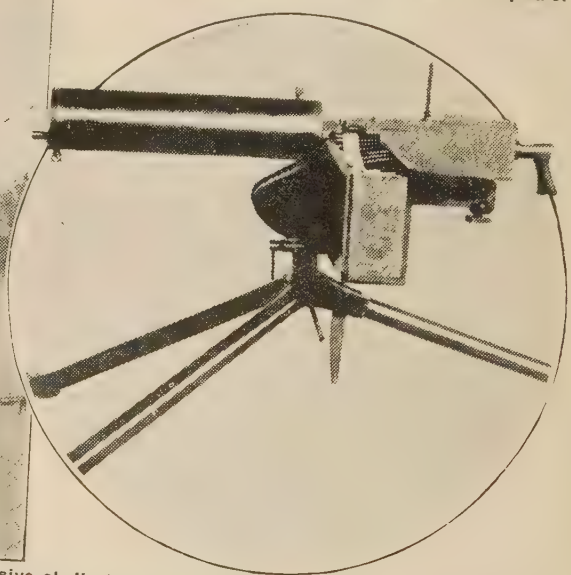
American Ingenuity Applied to Many War Ends





Happily named. The General Pershing, of Portland, Oregon, one of the ships for carrier service built in America. Right: American street-car ambulance—the first of its kind in the world—designed for transporting wounded soldiers from the port of arrival to hospitals.





Electric gun, patented in America in 1915, for firing a torrent of 19 in. explosive shells to a great distance. Right: America's heavy Browning machine-gun, which weighs 34½ lb., and has fired 20,000 shots in a fraction over 48 minutes.

One of the sterilising machines for use with the American Army in France in combating disease. In these machines clothing and effects of men coming out of the trenches were promptly disinfected. Right: Part of a consignment of sterilisers ready for despatch.

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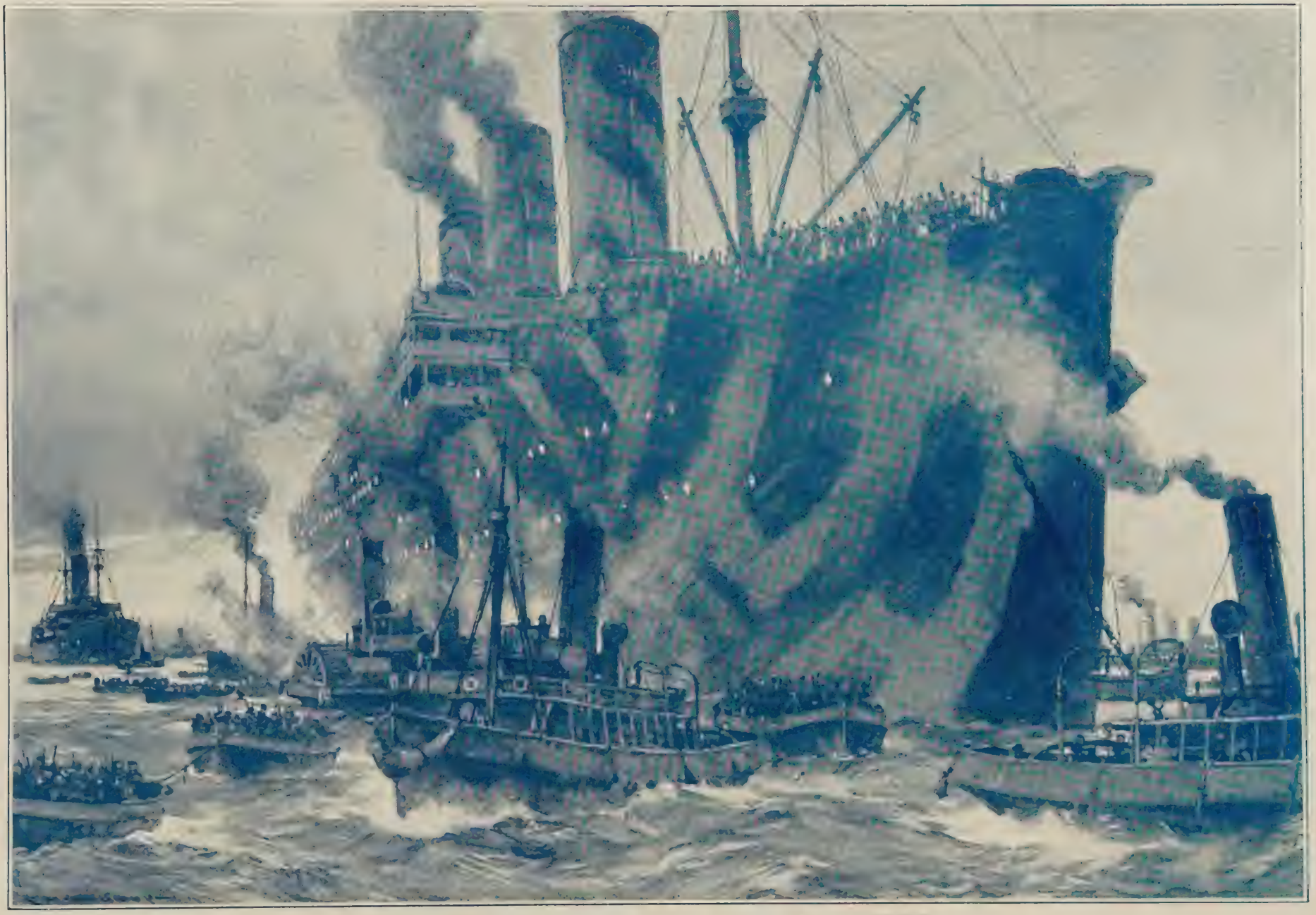


GERMANY'S GREATEST LINER AS AN AMERICAN TRANSPORT

A striking illustration, showing the arrival of the great vessel, formerly the Vaterland, of the Hamburg-Amerika Line, at the American naval base in France, her hull camouflaged. Special moorings had to be constructed for this leviathan, which carried 12,000 American soldiers.

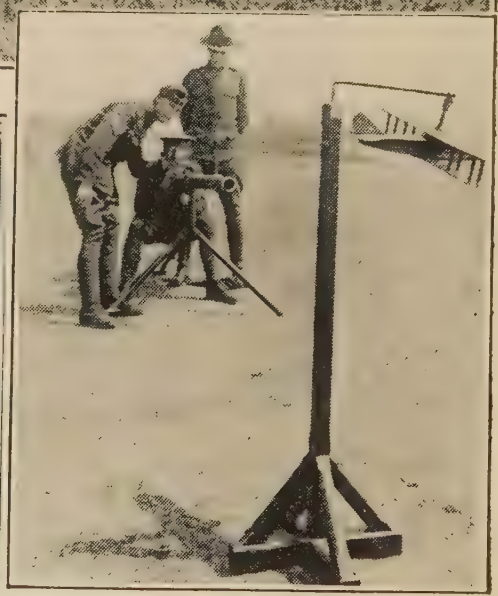
America's Advent Brings New Hope to Alsace

Detachment of American troops leaving the camp where they received their final training for the front line. These "idiotic Yankees," as a German imprudently termed them, arrived in France by the quarter million, and proved great fighters.

Meal-time in an American camp on the Alsatian sector of the long western front. Here, amid beautiful scenery, thousands of young Americans were gathered, all enthusiastically keen on helping to recover for France the fair provinces which were reft from her in 1870.

American Activity on the French Fighting Front

Chief of the American Mission attached to the Belgian Army, with the Belgian G.O.C., inspecting troops on Independence Day on the western front.



American troops returning to rest camp along a camouflaged road after a strenuous time in the trenches in France. Right: At an Observers' School of Aerial Gunnery. American officers learning to sight their guns at rapidly flying aeroplanes.

With the Americans on the French front. Putting a wounded comrade on board a train for removal to a base hospital, and (right) American troops on the Aisne front, assembled with full kits in readiness to move forward into the fighting line.

Prussian Vainglory Abated by American Valour

United States Marines escorting to the rear German prisoners taken during the capture of Belleau Wood, near Chateau-Thierry.

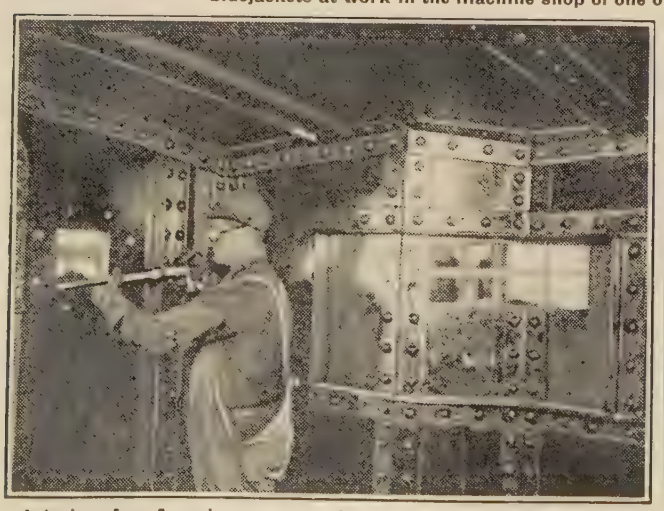
Some of the Americans' prisoners. In the Soissons area two American units captured over 5,000 in the first six days' fighting.

United States soldiers keeping guard while their unwounded prisoners cleared the slightly wounded Germans from their captured gun-pits. Inset: An American lieutenant (on extreme right) conducting captured Germans to a prison camp. The cheerfulness of the German soldiers on being captured struck many observers as evidence of low moral.

U.S. Energy in the Battle-Line and Behind It

General Passaga, of the French Army, decorating the colours of the 104th Regiment of the U.S. Army with the Croix de Guerre. Right: The cross affixed to the colours.

Well-laden American soldier in France climbing to his billet on an upper floor by means of a pole with steps. Right: American bluejackets at work in the machine shop of one of the United States naval units in British waters.



Interior of an American armoured car in course of construction for use with the U.S. Army in France. The riveter was just completing his task. Right: Five heavy American locomotives on a French railway.

Progress in Mesopotamia

The outstanding event in the Mesopotamian campaign was Sir Stanley Maude's brilliant victory at Ramadie (Euphrates), which forestalled Falkenhayn's projected offensive to recapture Bagdad. Amid universal sorrow the famous British General died of cholera at Bagdad on November 18th, 1917. His chief lieutenant, General Marshall, appointed his successor, captured Hit and occupied Kirkuk.

FORWARD WITH PIPE AND DRUM IN MESOPOTAMIA.—Indian Troops Bound for the Trenches.

Activity & Method in the Mesopotamian Advance

Bringing up the guns in Mesopotamia. (The pictures on this page are reproduced from exclusive photographs.)

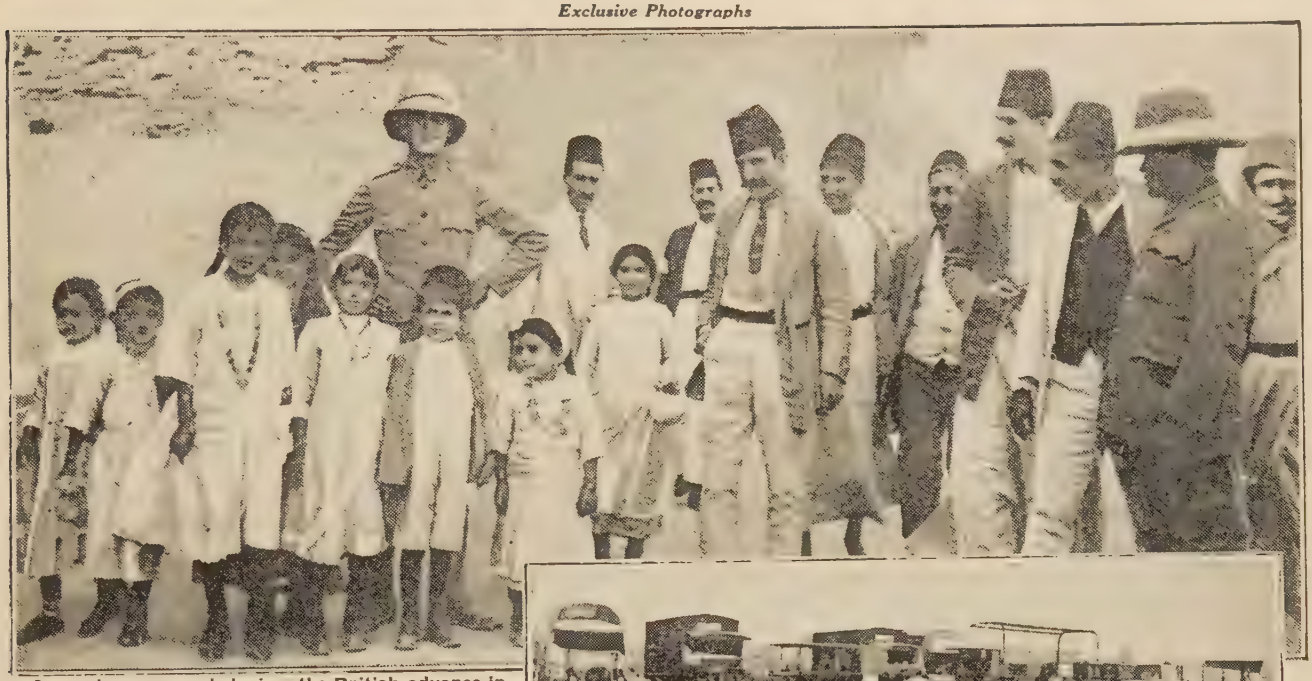
A corner of a store supplying the British Army in Mesopotamia with oil-cans, cables, tyres, and all spare parts for motor-vehicles.

Natives repairing and levelling the road surface of a bridge thrown by the British engineers over a creek in Mesopotamia.

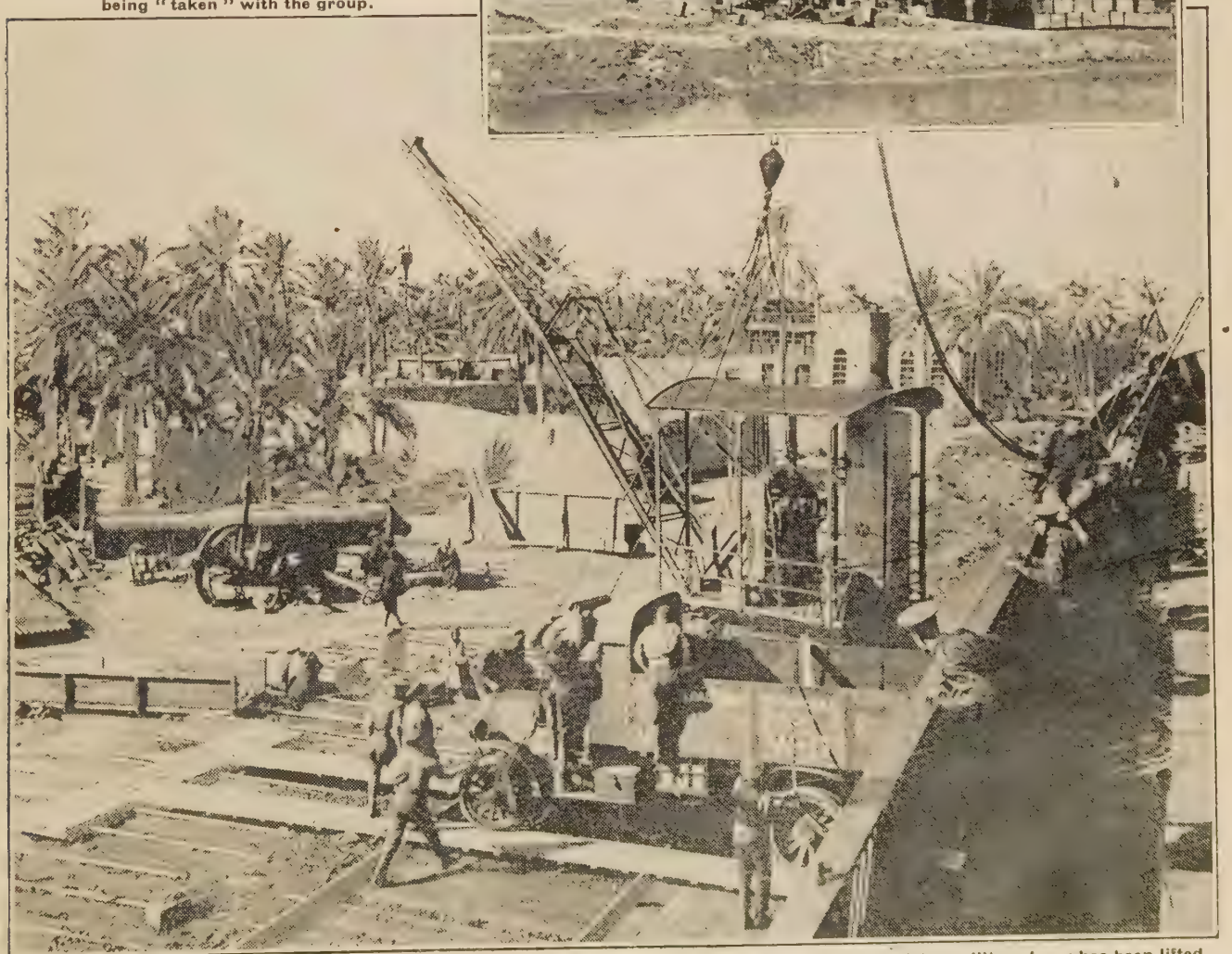
Arab labourers (male and female) employed by the British military authorities in building a hospital at Basra. Inset: Indian musicians entertaining an audience of British soldiers and the population of a Mesopotamian village with a performance on their native instruments.

With General Marshall's Men in Mesopotamia

Exclusive Photographs



Armenians rescued during the British advance in Mesopotamia, with a couple of their rescuers. The youthful sergeant looks particularly pleased at being "taken" with the group.



Somewhere on the Tigris. Transport men of the Army Service Corps unhooking the tackle by which a military lorry has been lifted from the vessel that has carried it thus far. Inset: Unloading cases of petrol that have arrived in Mesopotamia from England.

Echoes from Eastern Whispering Galleries

Turkish prisoners of war embarking at Basra for internment. About 3,800 were captured in Sir Stanley Maude's victory at Ramadie.

British troops marching through Bagdad. The capture of Bagdad, March 11, 1917, completely destroyed German ambitions and German prestige in the Near East. Inset : An Arab coolie in Bagdad carrying a boat by a method in which knack cleverly supplements strength.

With Marshall's Troops Marching Towards Mosul

Live ration meat and transport crossing the Diala River, Mesopotamia. The Turks were cleared out of their positions on the Upper Diala River in October, 1917, and General Marshall at once began his preparations for his advance north of Bagdad. These preparations included elaborate organisation in the commissariat department, in view of the long march through most inhospitable country.

Indian cavalry patrol entering Khanikin. This town is on the road that runs north-east from Bagdad to Teheran, and while held by the Turks menaced the right flank of General Marshall's troops advancing west of it to Mosul. Khanikin had previously been taken by the Russians, but was evacuated by them in July, and remained in Turkish hands until occupied by the British late in 1917.

From the Field of Conflict to the Camp of Care

A group of Turkish prisoners captured at Ramadie marching across the desert to Bagdad, some sixty miles to the eastward.

Turkish prisoners drawing boots at an advanced sanitary section in Mesopotamia. After bathing, each prisoner was supplied with a complete outfit and new marching boots—humane consideration characteristic of the British. Right: Registering prisoners' names.

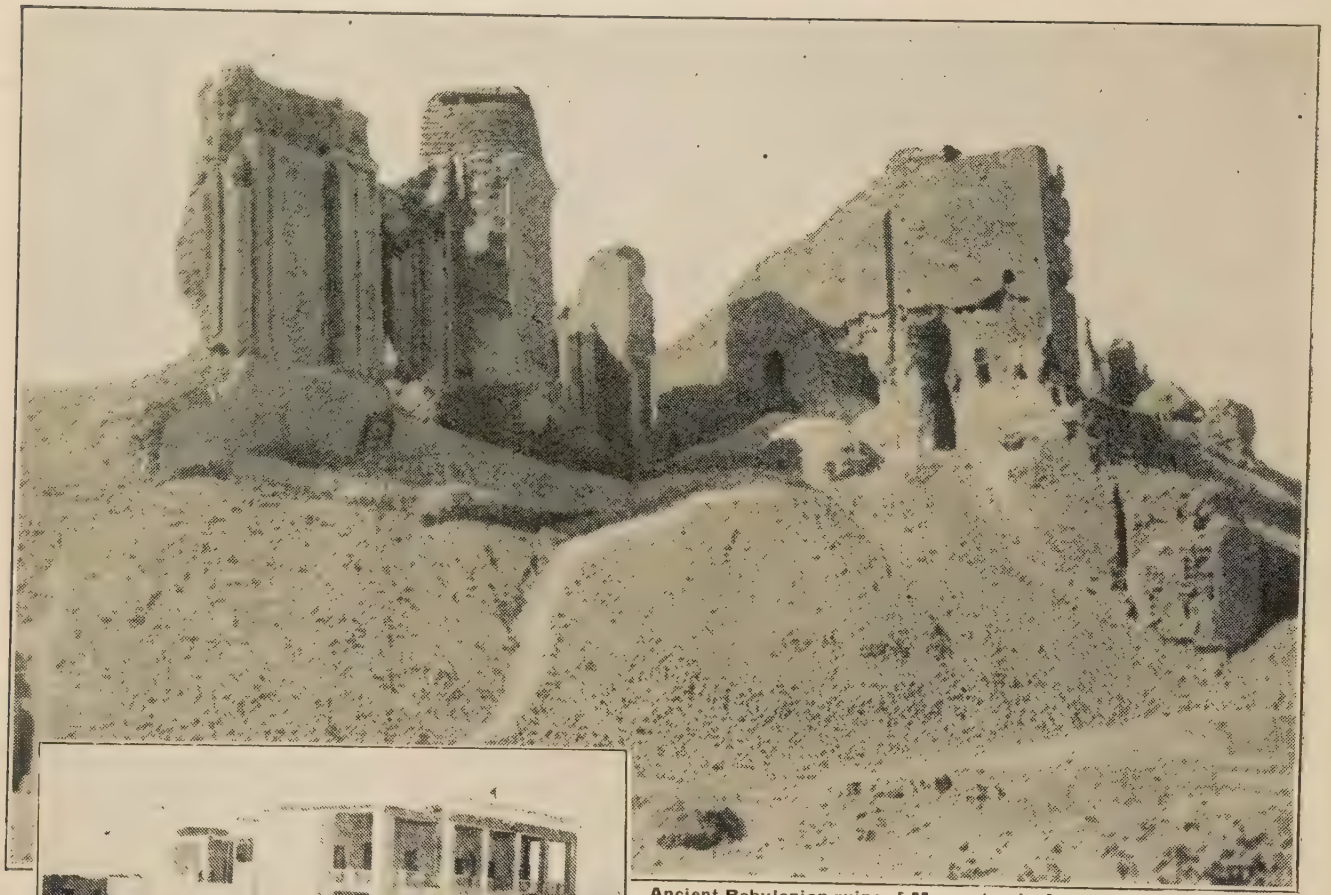
Men of the sanitary section in Mesopotamia cropping the hair of Turkish prisoners, treatment dictated only by necessary attention to cleanliness and hygiene. Right: A batch of prisoners resting on the march across the desert under escort to internment in Bagdad.

Troops that Triumphed Over the Turks at Ramadie

Battery mules bringing up field-guns to bombard Mushaid Ridge, a low line of dunes running from the Euphrates to the Habbaniyah Canal. On September 28, 1917, the Turks were compelled to evacuate the ridge by Sir Stanley Maude's troops advancing from Bagdad.

A Highland battalion halting on the march from Bagdad to Ramadie. British troops fighting side by side with Indian troops strove in friendly rivalry to be first to close with the enemy, and soon succeeded in securing a complete and decisive victory at Ramadie.

Ancient Ruins & Modern Doings in Mesopotamia



Ancient Babylonian ruins of Mesopotamia, far beyond which General Marshall's troops advanced. Hilah, about sixty miles south-west of Bagdad, is believed to be the site of old Babylon.

Indian cavalry at Ramadie dump, and (inset) Turkish divisional headquarters at Ramadie. After a battle lasting the whole day the Turks at Ramadie, on the Euphrates, nearly 4,000 in number and including 145 officers, surrendered to the British, Sept. 29th, 1917

Victorious Advance to Jerusalem

General Sir Edmund Allenby, who had succeeded to the command in Palestine, proved one of the most successful commanders in the field. With consummate skill he drove the Turks from one strong position to another, capturing Beersheba, October 31st; Gaza, November 7th; Jaffa, November 17th; and finally isolating Jerusalem, which was surrendered on December 9th, 1917. The pictures in this section constitute a gallery of military records unique in the war.

ANNOUNCING THE NEW REGIME IN JERUSALEM.—At noon on Dec. 11th, 1917, Sir Edmund Allenby, in command of the victorious Palestine army, made his official entry into Jerusalem, when in his presence a proclamation was read from the steps of the Citadel "to the inhabitants of Jerusalem the Blessed and the people dwelling in the vicinity." The proclamation, announcing that holy spots and sacred buildings would be protected, was read in Arabic, Hebrew, English, French, Italian, Greek, and Russian.

The Conquest of Southern Palestine

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Map illustrating General Allenby's advance, if not from Beersheba to Dan, at least a goodly part of the distance, capturing many important centres on the way to his crowning triumph at Jerusalem. The taking of Beersheba, Oct. 31st, 1917, was followed a week later, Nov. 7th, by the capture of Gaza. Ascalon followed two days after. Another week elapsed, when Ramleh was occupied, Nov. 16th, and Jaffa the day following. Then on Dec. 7th came the capture of Hebron, and two days later—just a month after the taking of Gaza—the thrilling surrender of Jerusalem. The small map above shows the relation of Palestine to Mesopotamia.

General Allenby's Great Advance in Palestine

Rounding up Turkish refugees during the Palestine advance. Inset: Lieut.-Colonel H. A. Gray Cheape, leader of the brilliant charge of the Worcestershire and Warwickshire Yeomanry in Palestine early in November, 1917, when they charged a dozen of the enemy guns, sabred the gunners, and captured the batteries. *[Photo: Yevonde.*

Infantry charge on the guns at Tel-el-Sheria in the Palestine advance. At a point where four enemy field-guns remained in action a battalion commander called for volunteers and, leading them, dashed over the broken ground, killed the gunners, and captured the guns.

St. George and Jerusalem

End of Four Centuries of Turkish Misrule in the Holy City

NO event in the Great War made a more instant appeal to humanity than the surrender of Jerusalem to the British forces under General Allenby, who formally entered the Holy City on December 11th, 1917.

It was a small matter, comparatively speaking, that this victory marked the failure of Falkenhayn to retain the city for the Turks, who had held dominion over it since 1517. Far more significant was the fact that the city was surrounded, not assaulted, with the result that, for Jew, Moslem, and Christian alike, the Holy Places have been saved from destruction. There had been talk in German papers of "the new Cross on Calvary—a 16in. gun," but happily it came to nothing.

General Allenby succeeded where Napoleon failed. In 1799 the Emperor, after occupying Egypt, crossed the desert, stormed Gaza and Jaffa, and laid siege to Acre. Failing here, however, he retreated westwards, and the Crescent remained supreme over the Holy City. Richard Cœur de Lion had been no more successful in 1192 than was Napoleon in 1799.

Jerusalem—or rather the custody of the Holy Places in it—was the cause of the Crimean War, the Greek and Latin ecclesiastics failing to agree as to their respective rights. At that period Russia was endeavouring by peaceful penetration to secure that hold on Jerusalem which the Orthodox Greeks had long insisted was their due. This peaceful penetration was fostered by monetary grants to the Greek monasteries and to Russian pilgrimages.

3,500 Years of History

The Orthodox Greeks were taught that the Archangel Michael, mentioned in the Scriptures as the predestined deliverer of the Promised Land, would be represented by a Russian prince, and that this prince would, in due time, enter the Holy City in triumph through the closed-up Golden Gate.

It is a remarkable circumstance that Jew, Christian, and Moslem look for the Last Judgment to take place in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, lying beneath the Eastern Wall of Jerusalem.

The capture of Hebron a few days before the fall of Jerusalem recalls the Biblical story of Abraham's purchase there of the sepulchre of his wife. Thus the first possession of the Jewish people in the Holy Land was a grave. A grave is, perhaps, too sombre a description to apply to the last resting-place of the beautiful Sarah, for the place was a natural cave, set in a pleasant field, and sheltered by whispering trees.

Jerusalem is a golden city in one respect only: the glory of its sunshine. The city, which has been rebuilt several times in its 3,500 years of existence, looks down on the plain from a height of between 2,000 and 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. The gently-sloping hills which encircle the Holy City inspired the words of the Psalmist: "As the hills stand about Jerusalem, even so standeth the Lord about His people."

Jerusalem itself is poor, and even mean and small. Within its walls its circumference is but two and a half miles. Its streets are winding lanes. Its sanitation is deplorable. But it contains, in the "Mosque of Omar" (or Dome of the Rock) and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, buildings striking in themselves and priceless in significance to Moslem and Christian respectively.

Once a city surrounded by verdant and fruitful land, fertility long since passed Jerusalem by. Cultivation was never permitted within its walls. To-day the comparative barrenness of the adjacent hills and valleys finds little compensation in the windowless, one-storied dwellings that have sprung up outside the historic and tower-decked walls.

Apart from its sacred associations to the Christian as the city in which "the footsteps of Revealed Divinity pressed the ground," and where the Sacrament was first instituted, to the Jew as the "City of David," and to the Moslem as the spot whence Mohammed ascended to heaven, Jerusalem saw Solomon in all his glory. Alexander the Great and Pompey the Great left lasting impress here. Cleopatra sought to win the city from Cæsar and Mark Antony. To rescue it from the hands of the Infidel was the purpose of the Crusades, the story of which is enshrined in Tasso's great epic, "La Gerusalemme Liberata," and the romances of Sir Walter Scott. But little of the former glory of the city remains visible to the eye of the modern visitor. It is like a place mourning over departed greatness, watching and waiting for things to be.

Seriousness, solemnity, severity mark its everyday life and aspect. There are no amusements such as cities of the Western world find essential. There are no newspapers. The only bookstalls are without the walls, for the sale of Bibles. Even the children seem affected as by an atmosphere of otherworldliness. There are banks and hotels for the convenience of the pilgrim and the traveller, and a light railway runs from Jaffa to a spot just outside the city, but these are almost the only concessions to western habits and customs.

The Turkish hold on the Holy City has lasted for four centuries, but the soil has no fixed proprietors. Whoever holds Jerusalem must hold it in trust. It is unthinkable that any Power, except Germany, would seek to govern it otherwise than as a trust.

Perhaps it was in the German Emperor's mind to change all this when, to the mild consternation of the Vatican and no little expense to the Sultan, he paid his spectacular visit to Jerusalem in 1898. Arrayed as a Crusader and mounted on a white charger, he rode through an opening specially made in the wall, escorted by troops and Turkish police. The display had its fantastic side, but it marked a stage in the development of the Kaiser's "Drang nach Osten" dream, from which he was destined to experience an unexpected and a rude awakening.

General Allenby's Historic Entry

In striking contrast to the theatrical pageant of 1898 was the entry of General Allenby and the representatives of France, Italy, and the United States nineteen years later. This procession lacked nothing in dignity, but it passed on foot through the Jaffa Gate, where stood guards representing England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, New Zealand, India, France, and Italy. The populace received it with every token of goodwill. Guards were posted at the Holy Places in harmony with the Greek and Latin representatives. The "Mosque of Omar" was placed under Moslem control, with cordons of Indian Mohammedans.

General Allenby's proclamation, expressing his desire that every person should pursue his lawful business without fear of interruption, contained these memorable words:

> Since your city is regarded with affection by the adherents of three of the great religions of mankind, and its soil has been consecrated by the prayers and pilgrimages of multitudes of devout people of three religions for many centuries, therefore do I make known to you that every sacred building, monument, holy spot, shrine, traditional site, endowment, pious bequest, or customary place of prayer of whatsoever form of the three religions will be maintained and protected according to the existing customs and beliefs of those to whose faiths they are sacred.

When, at Reading, in 1185, the Patriarch of Jerusalem gave to Henry II. the keys of the city, and said to him, "In thee alone, after God, do the people of the land put their trust," Henry answered, "May our Lord Jesus Christ, the King of Power, be the defender of His people, and we will be His fellow-workers to the utmost of our power." As Archdeacon Hutton reminds us, never till this day has a British Sovereign been able to redeem that promise. In December, 1917, the flag of King George V. floated over the Holy City. The name of George is among the best-beloved in Eastern Christendom, and new interest was aroused in the discovery at Gaza, in October, 1917, of the supposed relics of St. George of Cappadocia, the patron saint of England.

JERUSALEM IN HISTORY

	Approximate Dates
Urusalim an Egyptian fortress	B.C. 1400
Taken by David from the Jebusites.	1048
Solomon's Temple built.	993
Taken by Shishak, King of Egypt	973
Taken by Jehoash, King of Israel	839
Besieged by Sennacherib	700
Pillaged by Nebuchadnezzar	587
Jews return under Cyrus	536
Second Temple finished	516
Walls rebuilt by Nehemiah.	444
Surrendered to Alexander	332
Sacked by Ptolemy I.	323
Sacked by Antigonus of Syria.	314
Reverted to Ptolemy	301
Taken by Antiochus III.	203
Sacked by Antiochus IV.	168
Retaken by the Maccabees	165
Taken by Antiochus VII.	133
Taken by Pompey	65
Surrendered to and rebuilt by Herod.	37–19
Destroyed by Titus	A.D. 70
Rebuilt by Adrian and named Aelia Capitolina	130–6
Rebellion under Barcocheba	132
Taken by Chosroes II.	614
Recovered by Greek Emperor Heraclius	629
Taken by the Khalif Omar	637
Dome of the Rock erected	691
Conquered by Seljuk Turks	1077
Godfrey of Bouillon's standard on Calvary.	1099
Taken by Saladin	1187
Retaken by Turks	1217
Surrendered to Frederick II.	1229
Stormed by Turkish Emir of Kerak	1239
Ransomed by Richard, Earl of Cornwall	1241
Taken by Kharismian Turks for their Egyptian allies	1244
Captured by Turks under Selim I.	1517

GENERAL SIR EDMUND ALLENBY'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM, DECEMBER 11TH, 1917.

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Drawing Water from Wells where Abraham Drank

At a Beersheba well. Getting water for the horses by means of a primitive mechanical contrivance worked by a blindfolded camel. General Allenby's forces captured Beersheba October 31st, 1917, in the swift Palestine advance which drove the Turk beyond Jaffa.

British soldiers getting water from one of the wells at Beersheba which, according to Arab tradition, date back to the time of Abraham. The name of Beersheba, whence the Turk was expelled, is said to signify the well of the oath, the seven wells, or the well of the lion.

Spanning the Desert and Encircling the Foe

Laying a railway over the desert. As the British advanced the engineers spun lines behind them, light railways and broad-gauge tracks linking the base with the vanguard, ever progressing towards Palestine, and bringing up materials for still further lines.

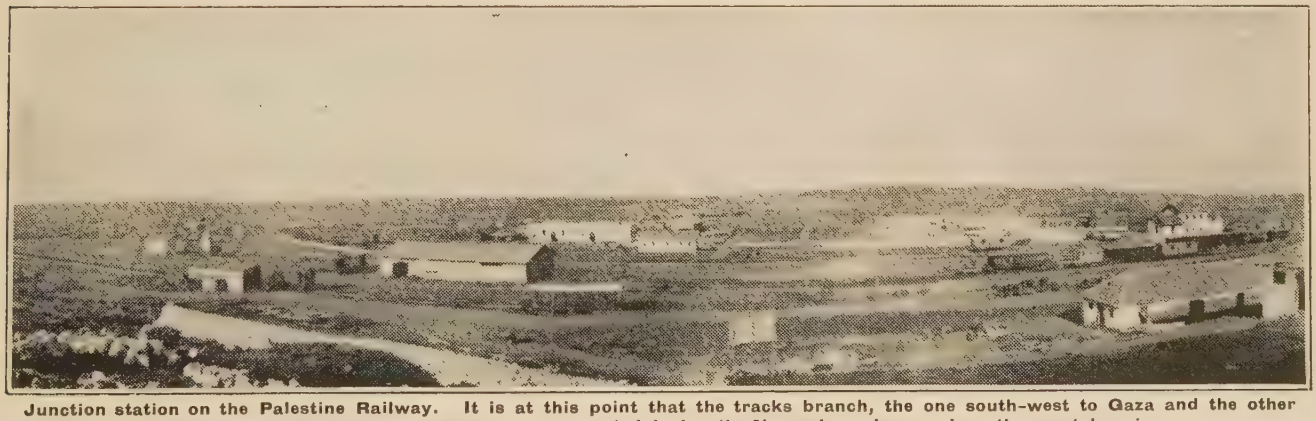
Simultaneously, too, with the advance the engineers spun other lines of telegraph and telephone wires to keep communication open between the army and the base. This photograph shows a camel team drawing a rude but effective chariot for laying telephone cables.

Turko-Teuton prisoners of war corralled in a "cage" in Egypt. The total number of prisoners taken from the Turks between July 1st, 1914, and November 15th, 1917, exceeded thirty thousand, and this number was increased during the fighting for Jaffa and Jerusalem.

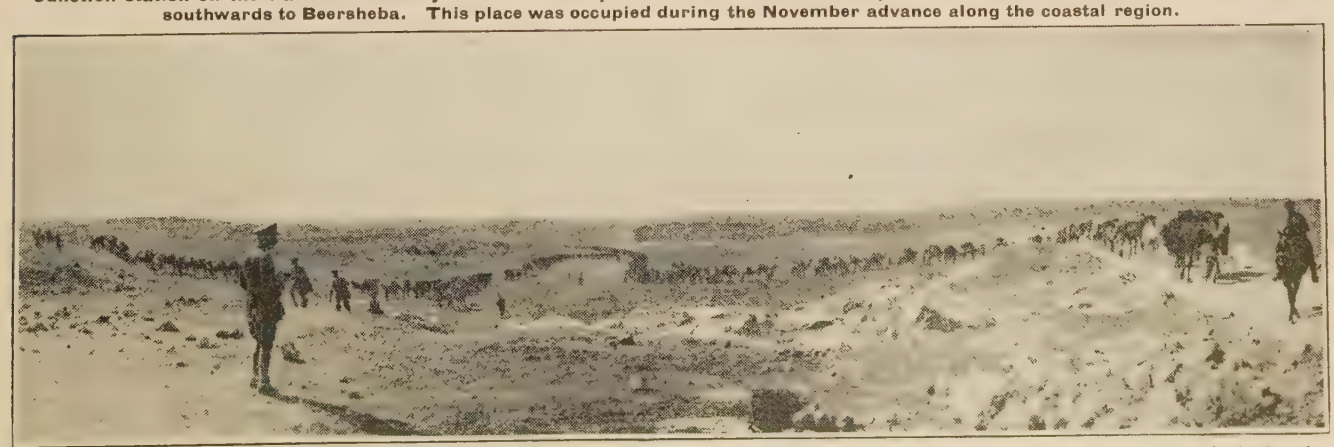
Freed by British Bravery from the Terrible Turk

Jaffa, as seen from the sea. Jaffa (or Joppa), which Sir Edmund Allenby captured on November 17th, 1917, is the seaport for Jerusalem, with which—fifty-four miles to the south-east—it is connected by railway.

Artillery of English West Country troops passing among the Judean foot-hills during the rapid British advance in Palestine. This advance was continued in the closing days of December, 1917, by the driving back of the Turkish forces sent to recapture Jerusalem.



Junction station on the Palestine Railway. It is at this point that the tracks branch, the one south-west to Gaza and the other southwards to Beersheba. This place was occupied during the November advance along the coastal region.



At the parting of the ways in the Judean foot-hills. A camel column of English West Country troops on the march. They forked and took alternative routes left and right to negotiate a rough bit of ground.

Clearing the Crescent Off the Permanent Way

Captured Turkish train at the platform of the junction where the Beersheba and Gaza lines branch off from the Damascus-Jerusalem Railway. Elated British soldiers marching along the permanent way exchange cheery greetings with the driver and armed guards of the captured rolling-stock, on some of which the Crescent and Star of its dispossessed owners could be seen.

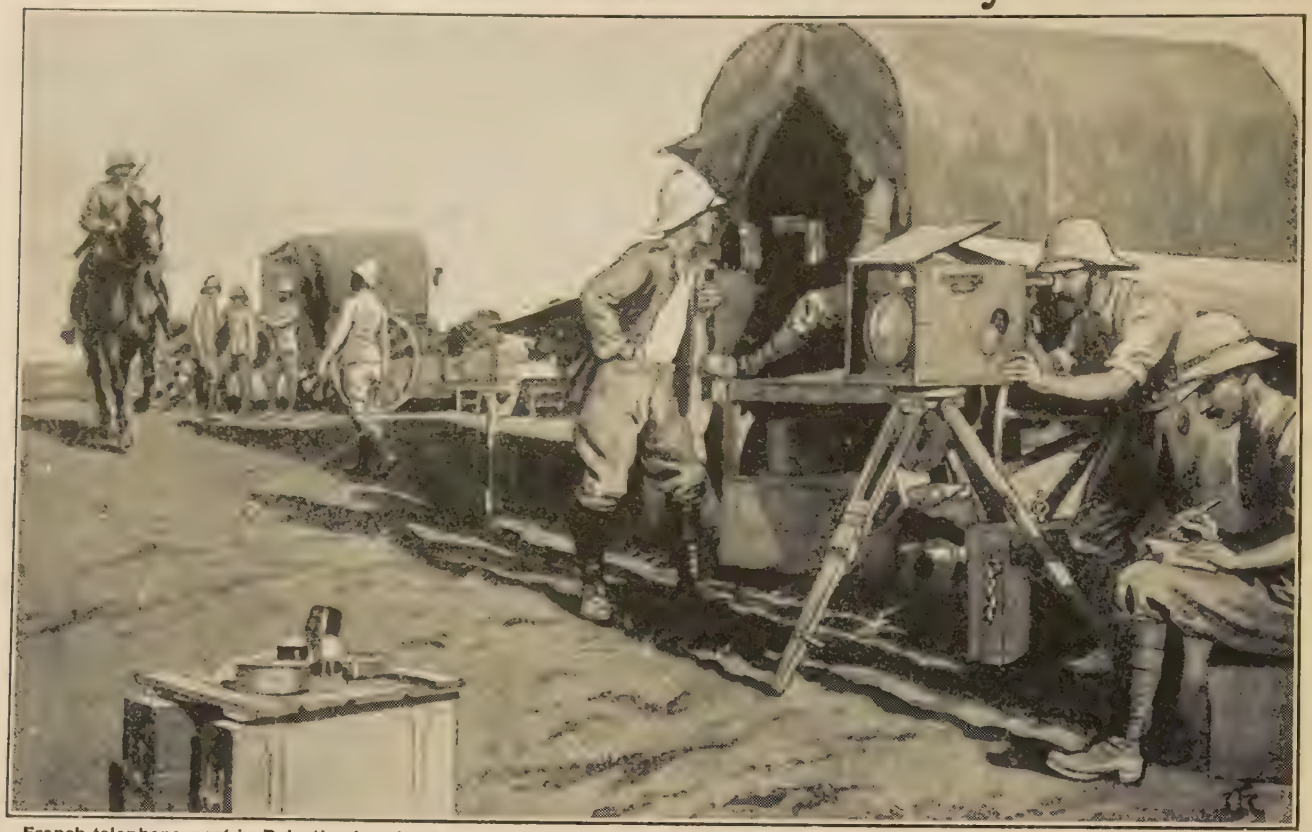
Saluting the Union Jack when first hoisted from the Town Hall of Jaffa on the occasion of the formal occupation of the town by Sir Edmund Allenby. It was on the morning of November 17th, 1917, that Australian and New Zealand mounted troops entered the historic seaport of Jerusalem, without opposition from the enemy, who were retiring rapidly northwards.

Forcing the Entrance to Palestine at Gaza

After the capture of Gaza on November 7th, 1917, British Yeomanry constantly harried the Turks in their retreat, sometimes attacking superior forces of the enemy in pitched engagements. This drawing, made from an eye-witness's account of the incident, shows a squadron of Yeomanry capturing two 5·9 in. howitzers after a brisk engagement with the escort.

British patrols entering Gaza. The key of the position was the hill of Ali Manton, shown in the background at the right of the picture. The Turks fought stubbornly until their line of retreat was threatened, when they evacuated their positions hurriedly. The British entered Gaza from the west, after sharp fighting with Turkish snipers and machine-guns covering the retreat.

French Allies Who Aided in Allenby's Advance



French telephone-post in Palestine keeping in touch with the different companies during the advance. It was with very great interest that it was learnt that our French and Italian allies had forces with General Allenby's army that advanced from triumph to triumph, from Beersheba to the thrilling arrival before Jerusalem, and the surrender of that city, which is the shrine of the civilised world.

Signalling-post attached to a French flying column during Sir Edmund Allenby's Palestine advance. Detachments from France and Italy were happily joined with the British forces in the new crusade for the recovery of the Holy City, and General Allenby was accompanied on his formal entry into Jerusalem on December 11th, 1917, by the commanders of these French and Italian detachments.

Persistent Pursuit of the Turk in Palestine:

View of Aleppo, showing the old fortress. Situated near the junction of the Palestine railway with the Berlin-Bagdad line, Aleppo was destined to be a point of importance to the development of the British operations in Mesopotamia and Palestine.

Picnic meal in the Holy Land. The seats and table were of native rock and the flowers were growing in the massive table. Right: A well at Beersheba destroyed by the Turks and taken possession of by British and Australian troops Nov. 1st, 1917. (British official.)

British trenches in the sand-dunes near Gaza. Delayed for a long time at Gaza, the troops under Sir Edmund Allenby's command began their advance through the Holy Land at the end of October, 1917, capturing Beersheba, Jaffa, and Jerusalem in quick succession.

Aspects of Sir Edmund Allenby's Palestine Army

Turkish prisoners of war washing at a trough in a base camp at Heliopolis, in Lower Egypt, near Cairo.

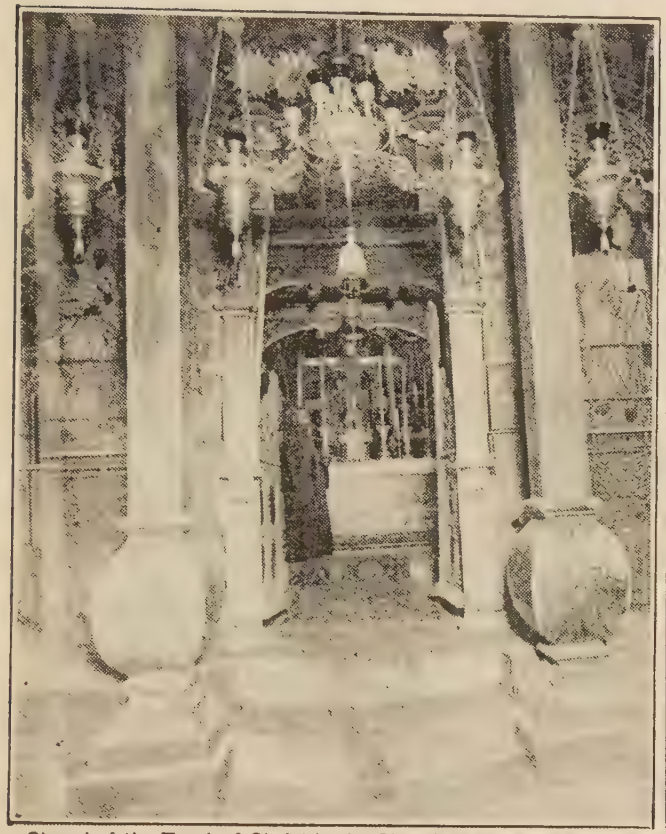
British soldiers holding a signalling post in Sinai using the heliograph for communicating with troops twenty-six miles away.

General Sir Edmund Allenby leaving Jerusalem, the scene of his most historic triumph, by the Jaffa gate.

Entraining horses for the use of the Yeomanry with the forces in Palestine, where these peculiarly English troops did good work.

Right:

Won From the Crescent by the New Crusaders



Chapel of the Tomb of Christ in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and (right) general view of Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives, overlooking the city wall and the Temple enclosure. General Allenby's capture of Jerusalem on Dec. 9th, 1917, thrilled the world, and it was gratifying to learn that by isolating the city he had compelled it to surrender, and thus avoided any damage to the sacred place.

Inside the Jaffa Gate in the eastern wall of Jerusalem, with part of the wall showing; and (right) an animated scene by the fine Damascus Gate, which is one of the two giving access to the city through the northern portion of the wall. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a portion of which is shown in the first photograph on this page, stands about midway between the Jaffa and Damascus Gates.

Storming Beersheba with Bomb and Bayonet

English County soldiers attacked the Turkish trenches south-west of Hill 1,070, near Beersheba, on November 1st, 1917. Where shells had not smashed the wire, men tore it down, and were in bombing the Turks before they realised that resistance was futile.

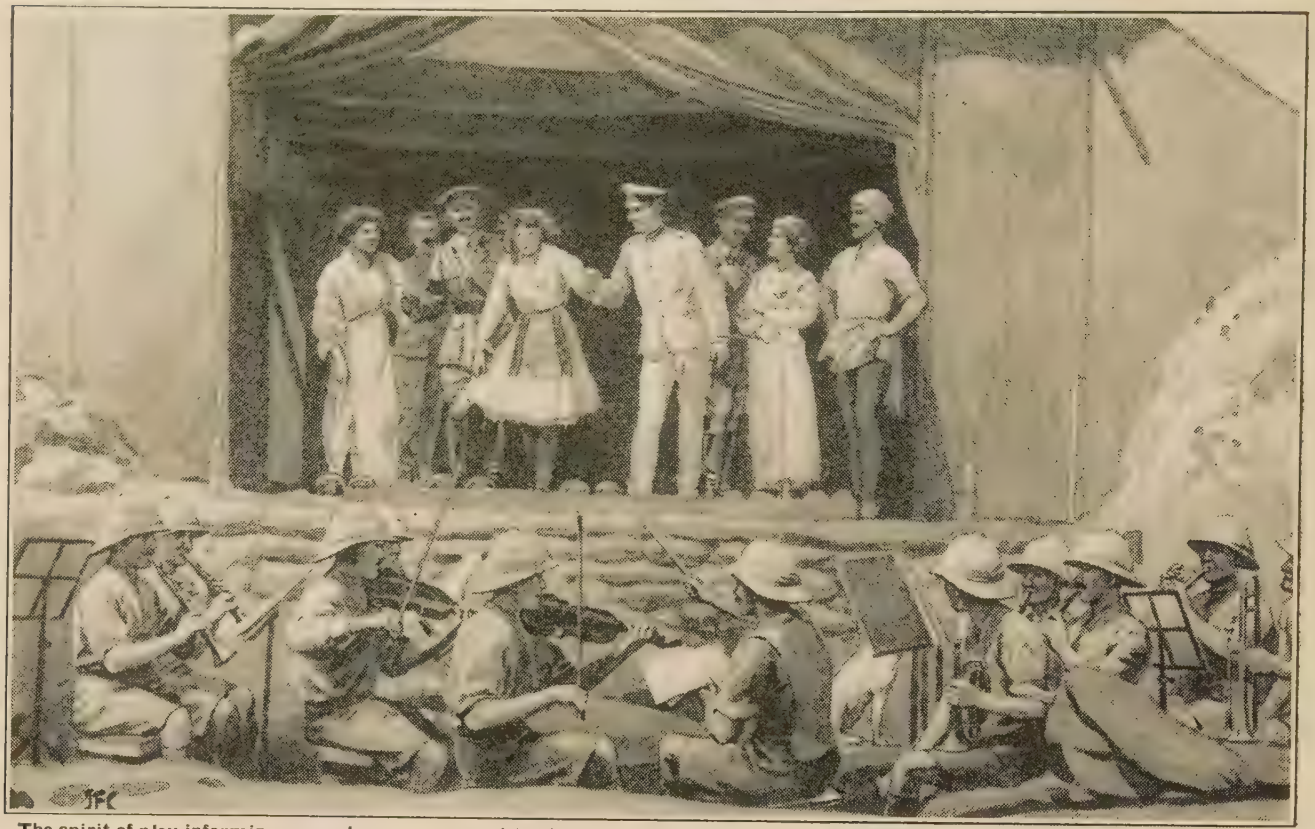
Mounted Australians charged a strong force of Turks established with machine-guns in a wady preventing approach to Beersheba. Using fixed bayonets as lances they swept over all opposition, and carried the town with a rush—a magnificent moonlight feat.

With General Allenby's Advance on Jerusalem

Ammunition waggons, hurrying along a sandy wady with shells for the guns, passing a convoy of ammunition-laden camels "barracked" for rest. The dried-up river-courses of Palestine provided useful cover for the movement of guns and supplies to the first line.

British skirmishing line going forward over captured ground during General Allenby's advance on Jerusalem. The skirmishers look carefully for any lurking foes as, with rifles ready for prompt use, they spread in a thin line across the country ahead of the main force.

Light Relief Amid the Grim Tasks of War



The spirit of play informing men who were engaged in the stern tasks of war on the Palestine front, where a play, "The Rose of Gaza," was successfully produced, the stage being erected alongside a trench in which members of the orchestra were seated. The play was entirely got up and performed by members of the Essex Regiment.

With the machine-guns during Sir Edmund Allenby's triumphant advance. Men of a machine-gun section engaged in unloading and getting their weapons into immediate action as soon as they found themselves within range of the retreating Turks. Before the end of February, 1918, General Allenby had captured Jericho and forced the enemy into a further retreat to the north.

Allenby's Anzacs Reach Jericho and the Jordan

Ruins of a Samaritan inn on the road across the sandy hills to Jericho, and (right) at the Fountain of Elijah near that town. The capture of Jericho by General Allenby's forces on Feb. 21st, 1918, marked the opening of a fresh offensive against the Turks in Palestine.

Baptising in the River Jordan: A beautiful glimpse of the scenery of the sacred river. Right: Looking from the ruins of old Jericho across the intervening groves to the modern town into which Australian troops were the first to ride on Feb. 21st, 1918.

Alert and on Guard in the Palestine Advance

Australian troops of Sir Edmund Allenby's forces mounting their first guard in Jericho—an operation which evidently interested the youthful folk of the ancient place. It was on February 21st, 1918, that Australian mounted troops entered Jericho and pushed beyond to the line of the Jordan, establishing themselves on the Wady Auja, about six miles north-east of the storied village.

Turkish prisoners being brought in to a Palestine village. In the early part of April, 1918, the Turco-German forces attacked General Allenby's positions both east of Jericho and in the coastal region, but in each case were driven back after suffering substantial losses and leaving prisoners, both Turkish and German, in our hands.

Events in the Balkans

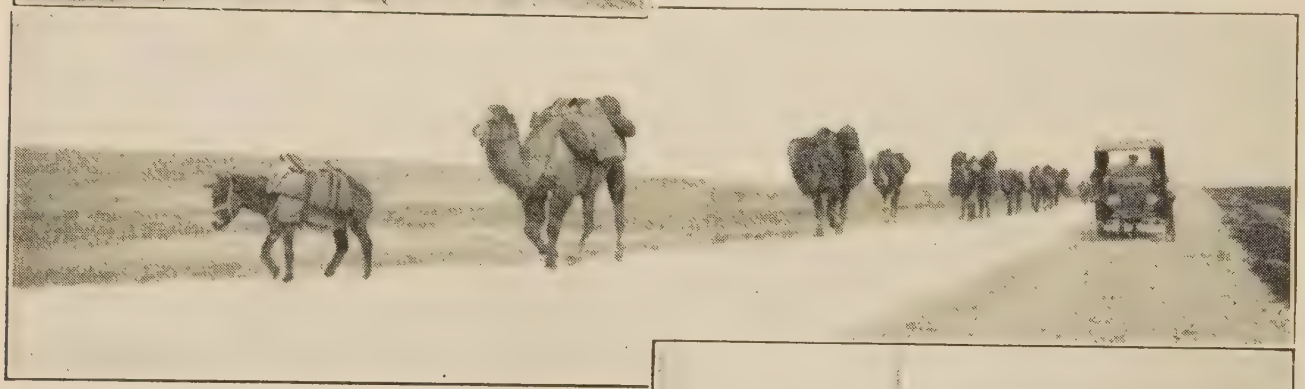
Although the Balkan Battle Area did not loom large in the public eye during this period, these pictures indicate that the Allied force based in Salonika was not idle. The Greeks, now freed from the paralysing hand of their former King, took an active part. A new phase was inaugurated by the allied advance in Albania in the summer of 1918, and suggested that it was part of a larger plan of campaign yet to be unfolded.

CHOICE OF WAYS.—Bulgaria adopted poison-gas shells, with the result that even despatch-riders had to wear gas helmets when passing through shelled villages. This photograph, taken at Salonika, shows two R.E. cyclists discussing the safest road to Brigade Headquarters.

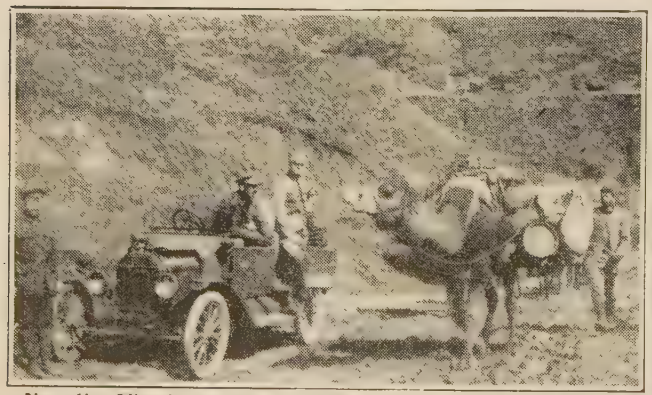
Camera Contrasts From the Macedonian Hills

Exclusive Photographs

Signpost between Monastir in Serbia and Goritza in Albania. Left: Russian anti-aircraft gun on the mountainous Serbian front.

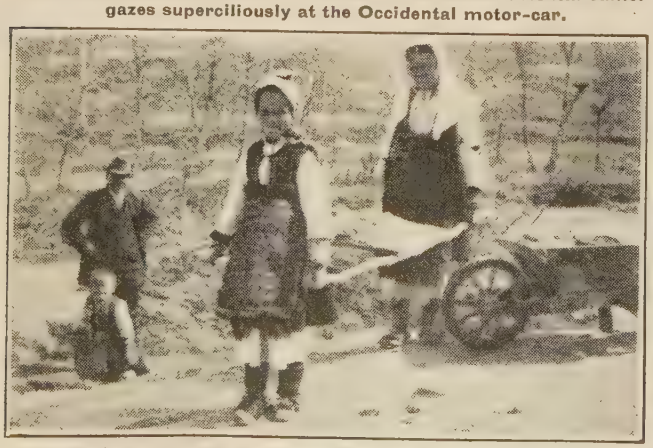


Old and new transport in Macedonia—a motor-car overtaking a donkey-led string of well-laden camels.

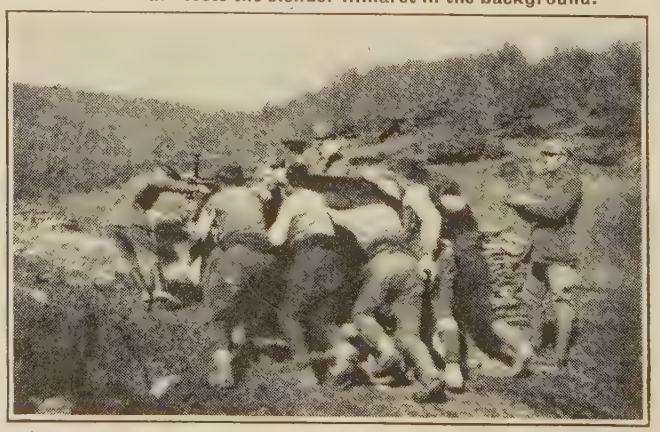


Near the Albanian border in Serbia. The loaded Oriental camel gazes superciliously at the Occidental motor-car.

Gathering of well-wrapped-up peasant women by a wayside in Macedonia. Note the slender minaret in the background.



Macedonian peasants at road-repairing work. The young girl was obeying the usual photographer's injunction—"Look pleasant."



Difficulties by the way near the Albanian border. All hands to the task of helping a motor-car over a bad bit of road.

WATER FOR MAN AND BEAST. A TYPICAL SCENE IN SALONIKA.

British soldiers watering their horses in Salonika, long the headquarters of the Army of the Orient. One of the men is buying a drink of water from a picturesquely-attired water-seller, little boys are filling kerosene tins with water, and through the crowd a priest passes with dignified mien.

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Innocent Sufferers from Invaded Serbia

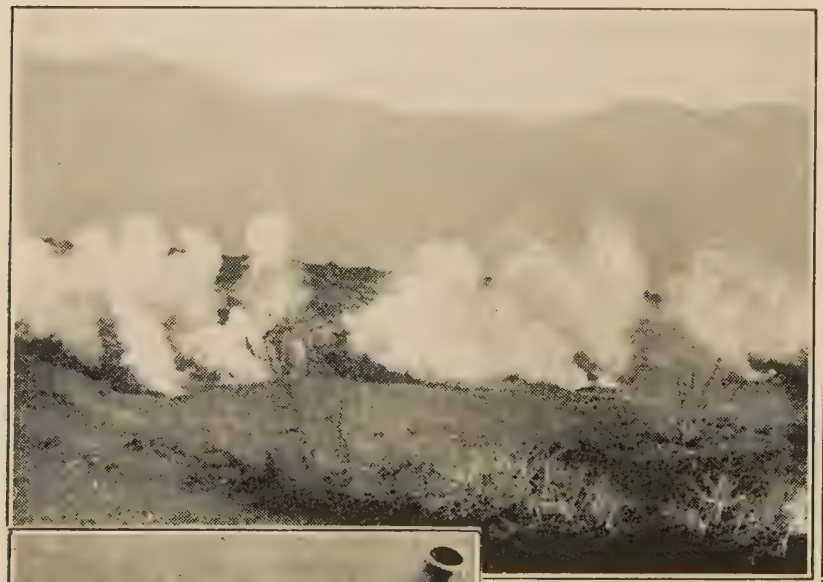
Refugee children in Salonika were delighted when the official photographer took them for his subject, though the little chap on the left was rather shy.

Many of the 40,000 refugees are accommodated in British tents, and, despite the harrowing experiences they have gone through, seem happy now.

The children have found many friends among the warr ors who have gathered to recover their homes for them. A Russian Red Cross doctor found sweets for them in his magic train, and the stolid little maiden on the right licked sugar from her lips as she dispassionately considered the photographer.

Stout-Hearted Soldiers of Resurgent Serbia

Picturesque snapshot of Serbian cavalry. The Serbian Army, reorganised at Corfu, landed at Salonika in May, 1916, and after some severe fighting recovered Monastir, November 19th, 1916, Serbian cavalry being among the first allied troops to ride into the town.



A volley of Serbian rifle-bombs exploding. Right: General Vassitch, who originally commanded the First Serbian Army, photographed at the front.

A Serbian soldier about to fire a rifle-bomb. Right: Serbian rifle-bombers preparing to discharge a volley. The characteristic uniform, sandals, and kepi of the Serb were replaced in the reorganisation by British khaki, stout boots, and useful metal helmets.

In Macedonia from Base to Advanced Line

British soldiers in the first-line positions of Macedonia. In some cases Turkish trenches constructed during the Balkan fighting of 1912-13 are found still serviceable.

Colossal Holt tractor engine with "caterpillar" wheels hauling a heavy British gun along the streets of Salonika. Inset: "Nor iron bars a cage." This is not a hapless prisoner, but a British sentry outside an enemy Consulate at Salonika keeping guard.

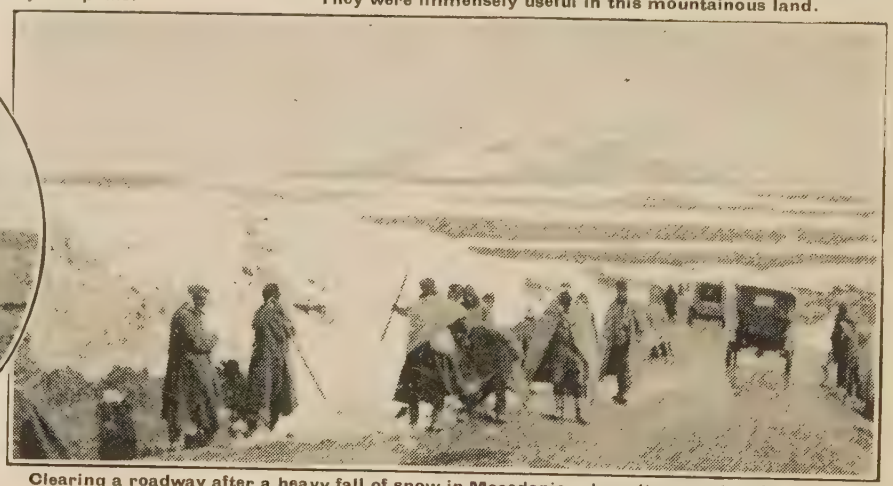
Mingled Haps and Mishaps in Macedonia

Exclusive Photographs

Red Cross ambulance to the rescue of a motor-car, smashed up in Macedonia by a bomb from an enemy aeroplane.

Motor-cars crossing a shallow river on the Macedonian front. They were immensely useful in this mountainous land.

Boundary stone that marks the meeting place of Serbia and Greece.



Clearing a roadway after a heavy fall of snow in Macedonia, where the severity of the winter gave constant work in maintaining the lines of communication.

Batch of German prisoners captured by the Serbians during fighting in the Monastir region.

Serbian gun and gunners on a hill overlooking a broad valley somewhere on the Macedonian front.

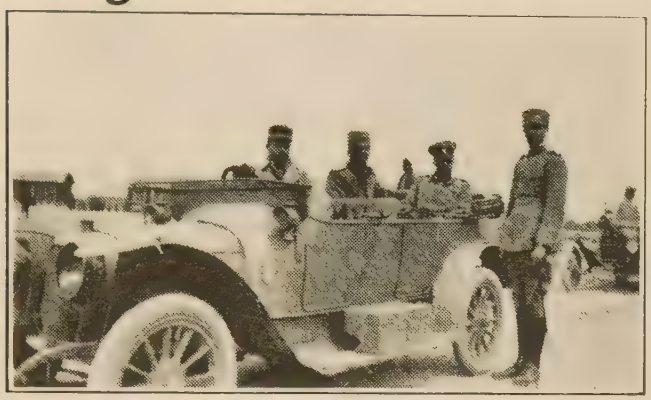
King Alexander with the British in the Balkans

King Alexander of Greece on a visit to the British sector of the Macedonian front. Arrival of his Majesty (in front) on the parade ground, accompanied by the Commander-in-Chief (saluting) of the British Salonika forces.

The King of Greece during his visit to the British front in Macedonia watches a flight of aeroplanes. Right: King Alexander (centre of the first trio) with the British Commander-in-Chief on the Salonika front (on his right) and members of their Staffs.

Serbian officers visiting the British western front in France are interested in examining a liquid-fire projector. The quaint figure in the centre is the man who works the projector in his special dress. Right: Serbian officers visiting an English training centre.

Mingled Memories of Macedonia's Many Camps



With Serbia's Army on the Macedonian front. The Serbian Crown Prince engaged in conversation with an Italian liaison officer.

One-time Turkish mosque on the borders of Macedonia and Serbia. Though the main building was shattered, the minaret remained.

General view of a British camp on a good road and on both sides of a stream in Eastern Macedonia.

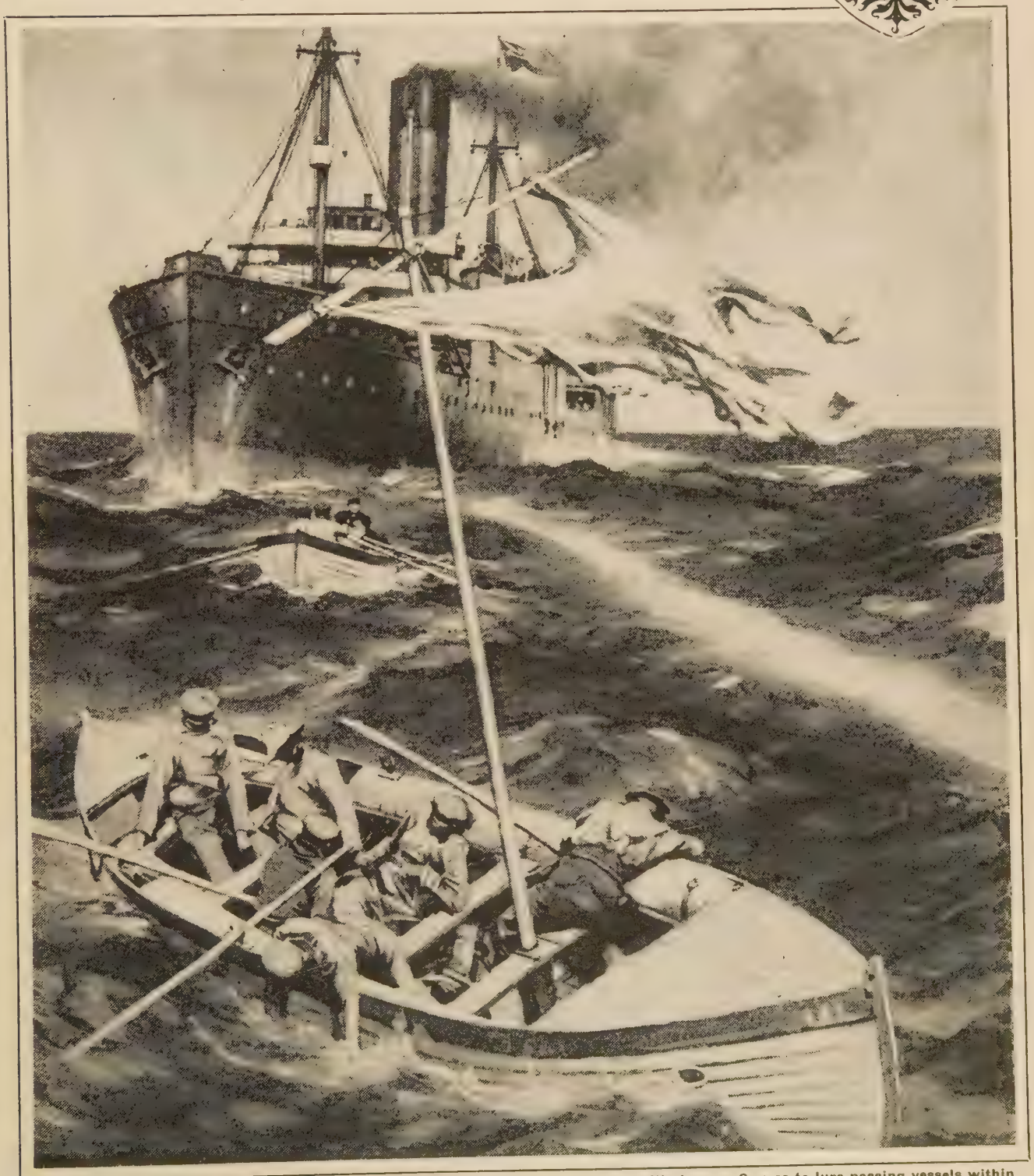
French cemetery at Brod, on the north side of the Cherna, in the famous Cherna bend.

Austrian deserters brought in by French soldiers in Macedonia. Above: Bridge built by the British near a Macedonian camp.

Allied police-station in the Macedonian Neutral Zone; all passers-by are interrogated before being permitted to proceed.

Behind the Enemy Lines

Following the practice adopted in previous volumes, there is given in this section a number of pictures which have a certain historical and permanent interest. They show various phases of military and diplomatic activity in the enemy countries, and, needless to say, are taken from enemy sources. Their inclusion here adds to the completeness of this pictorial record of the Great War in all its varied phases.



DASTARDLY TRICKS OF THE OUTLAWS OF THE SEA.—"Decoy" boat, with dummy figures to lure passing vessels within torpedo range of U boats. Such decoy boats and rafts were utilised by the Germans that they might make a mockery of the traditional chivalry of the sea. This diabolic thing shows what the words "command of the sea" would mean could they obtain it.

Teutonising of Turkish Boys in Berlin

Boys from Constantinople who have been invited to the Prussian capital receive their first German war dinner at one of the municipal kitchens in Berlin, and (right) take their rest in the sleeping quarters in the barracks which have been assigned to them.

Arrival of youthful Turks in Berlin. In 1917 groups of twenty or thirty Turkish lads of about fifteen or sixteen years of age were, at the instance of the German Government, admitted to many Berlin schools. Others were apprenticed to various trades.

In their Berlin barracks some Turkish boys busy unpacking their belongings, and (right) seated cross-legged at their first meal in the new home, where they will doubtless be " kultured " to feeding as elegantly as their Teuton tutors. (From enemy photographs.)

Turkish Activity in Syria's Ancient Capital

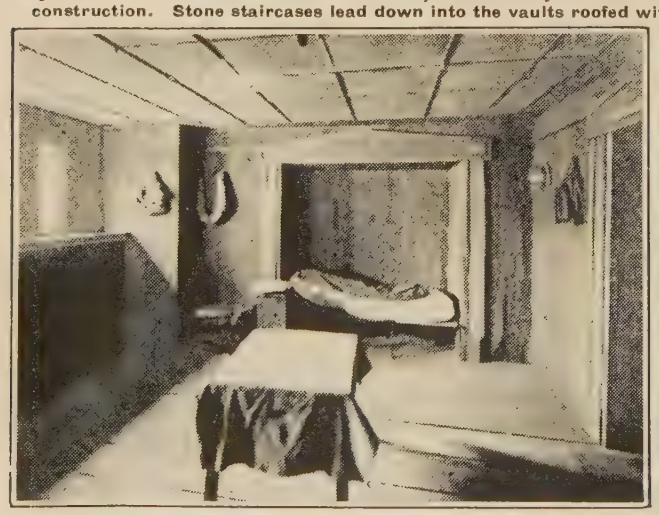
Turkish infantry marching out of Damascus, and (inset) a detachment of cavalry riding in.

Turkish troops from Asia Minor leaving Damascus headed by their band. With a view to resisting a British advance into Palestine General Djemal Pasha went to Damascus, where numbers of Turkish regulars were stationed. Recruiting bands were busy everywhere.

Crown Prince Rupprecht's Concrete Boudoir

German stronghold at Quennevieres, on the Oise, a solid mass of cement deemed impregnable, from which the French expelled the enemy.

Quarters of a German colonel in France, the doorway barricaded with whole trunks of trees. Right: Example of German trench construction. Stone staircases lead down into the vaults roofed with earth laid upon tree-trunks, and screened by the growing timber.



Bed-room of the Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria in his subterranean quarters on the western front. Right: One of the many German gun positions in France, which, despite their massive construction, were not proof against French valour.

Kaiser Wilhelm Gloats Over Italy at Gorizia

After the Austro-German irruption into Italy. Teuton invaders in one of the streets of Udine. Right: Italian guns and material captured by the enemy.

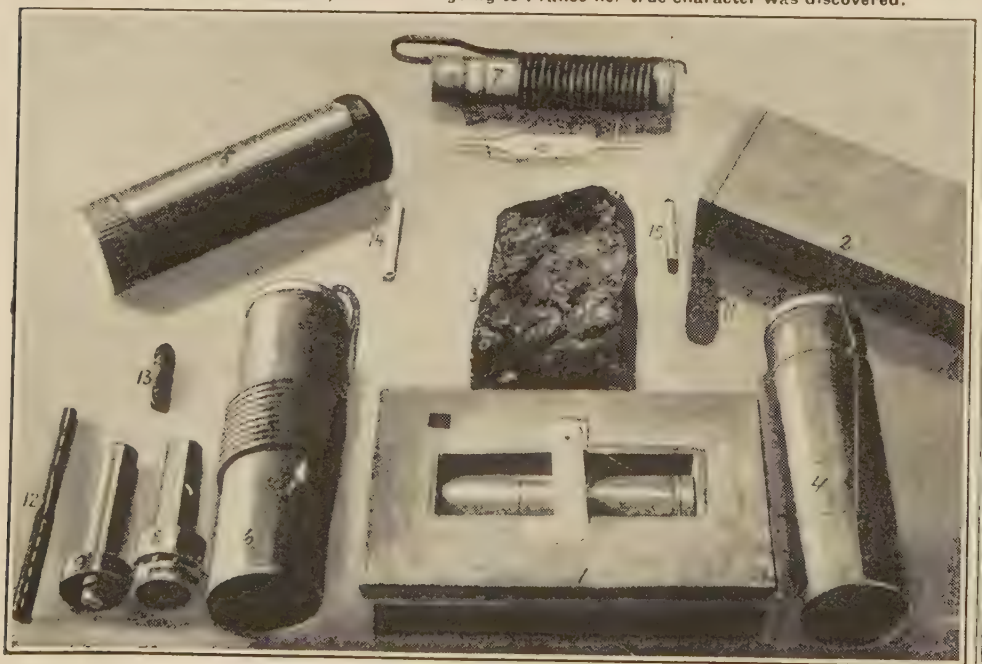
The Kaiser on a height overlooking Gorizia. He is pointing, with outstretched arm, in front of an officer waving a cudgel – typical of Germany's idea of Kultur. In oval: Italian aviation ground. The machines which could not be removed were destroyed before the retreat to the Piave. (The pictures on this page are from a German journal.)

Agents of Prussia's World-Wide Espionage

Bolo Pasha, the notorious adventurer arrested in Paris; believed to be the head of German intrigue in France. ("Le Matin.")

Marguerite Gertrud Zelle, better known as "the celebrated Hindu dancer Mata Hari," who was executed in France, having been proved to be one of Germany's most skilful women spies. On her going to France her true character was discovered.

Dr. Karl Graves, arrested in Washington on a charge of attempted blackmail, published his "confessions."



Explosive bombs and incendiary devices placed by German agents in Norwegian ships and discovered by the Norwegian authorities. No. 3 is a bomb disguised as a piece of coal; 12 a "fountain-pen" electric igniting apparatus; 13, 14, and 15, in the likeness of chewing tobacco, a cigarette, and a crayon, contained powder for dropping into and destroying machinery.

Regina Diane, a Swiss singer, who was condemned to death in France on being found guilty as a German spy.

The Kaiser as Patron of the 'Prince of Hell'

The Kaiser in the uniform of a Turkish Field-Marshal.

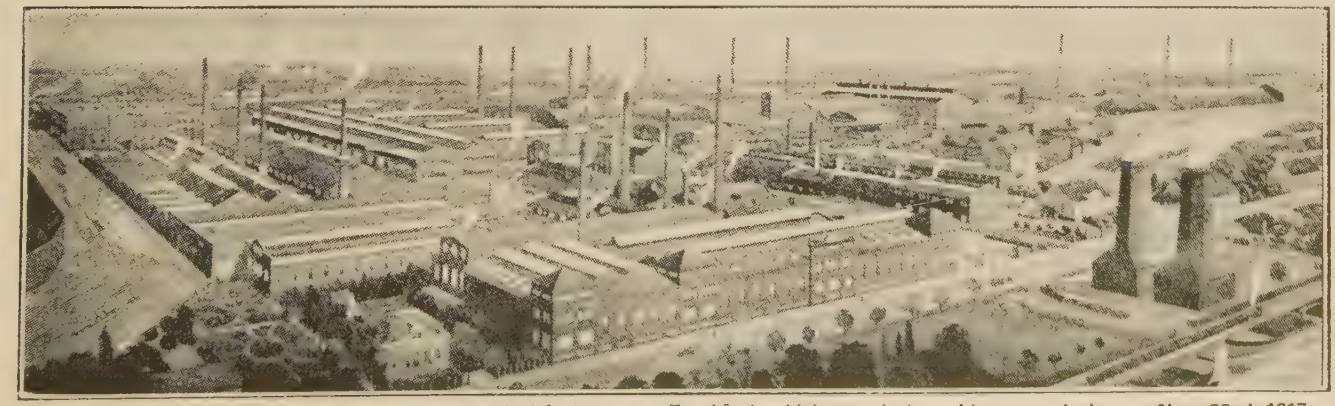
Snapshot of the Kaiser during one of the hurried journeys in which he was ever fond of indulging. He is in conversation with General von Woyrsch.

Ivan Arnaudoff, author of the Bulgarian "Hymn of Hate," which out-Huns the Huns as they were made articulate in Lissauer's notorious production.

Major Reddemann, German inventor of the use of liquid fire.

AMONG the various pictures from German journals on this page we get a vivid snapshot of the Kaiser—sure of his place in history as the infamous individual on whom rests the responsibility of having plunged the world into Armageddon. One of the Kaiser's fitting henchmen is Major Reddemann, whom his countrymen—glorying in their national shame—have dubbed "Prince of Hell," as inventor of the diabolical contrivance for using liquid fire in warfare. The value of that contrivance he had demonstrated to the Kaiser years before that ruler, whose boast was of peace, declared war on civilisation.

Anti-bomb dress of Germany's naval divers at Ostend.



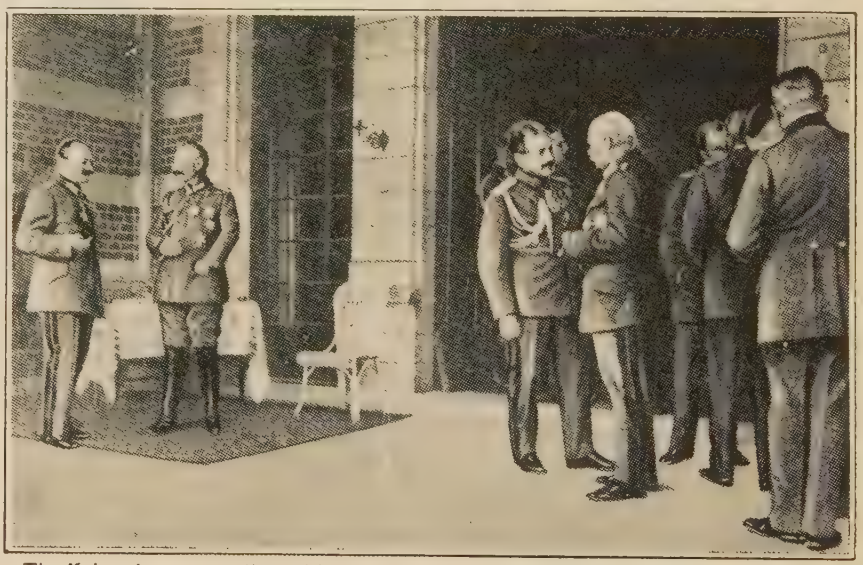
Huldschinsky sector of the great Griesheim chemical factory near Frankfort, which was destroyed by an explosion on Nov. 22nd, 1917. The destruction of Griesheim, one of the largest munition factories in the world, was said to equal a serious military defeat.

The Modern Attila and his Misled Minions

Hetman Skoropatski (second from left), the head of the Ukraine Republic, with his staff.

Visit of Emperor Charles of Austria to Constantinople, May 19th, 1918. He is walking with Sultan Mahomed V., who died July 3rd, 1918.

Mahomed VI., proclaimed Sultan of Turkey on July 4th, 1918.



The Kaiser in conversation with King Frederick August of Saxony (on the left) during a visit of the latter to the German General Headquarters.

German sentinel in an advanced position on the western front.

Field-Marshal von Hindenburg distributing decorations to some of the soldiers during a visit to his regiment. (All the pictures on this page are from the German Press.)

The War by Sea and Air

The most outstanding naval event of the Fourth Year was the glorious raid on Zeebrugge Harbour, when block-ships were sunk at the entrance to the canal, April 24th, 1918. Articles and illustrations dealing with this heroic exploit splendidly carried out in the Nelson spirit will be found in these pages. A remarkable series of air pictures add to the interest of what is one of the most absorbing sections of this volume.

ONE OF BRITAIN'S GREATEST AIRMEN.—Captain James Thomas Byford McCudden, V.C., D.S.O. and bar, M.C. and bar, M.M., and Croix de Guerre. (From a painting by Major William Orpen, A.R.A., official artist on the western front). Up to April 2nd, 1918, when the award of the V.C. was gazetted, Captain McCudden had accounted for 54 enemy aeroplanes, of which 42 were destroyed.

THE BLOCKSHIPS

The Immortal Story of the Great Naval Raid on Zeebrugge

By EDWARD WRIGHT

EVER since the Germans organised submarine and destroyer bases on the Flemish coast the younger men of the British Navy had been eager to make a swoop upon the enemy fortresses. For long, however, they were restrained by cautious admirals of the old school. By the time some of the daring spirits rose to flag rank at Dover and Harwich the strength of the fortifications at Zeebrugge and Ostend excelled that of the German works along the North Sea in August, 1914.

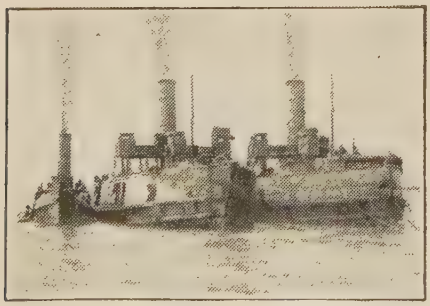
But there were inventive minds in the Dover Patrol. Brilliant among them was Wing-Commander Frank H. Brock, son of the fireworks manufacturer. He altered the conditions of landing operations by devising an immense artificial fog.

Then Vice-Admiral Roger J. B. Keyes, who had conducted submarine operations in the Heligoland Bight, and taken part in the Gallipoli landing battles, found a new use for underwater craft. He took an old submarine, filled it with tons of high-explosive, leaving just enough room for a small crew to work the gigantic torpedo across the Channel. Next, he aroused loud indignation at Liverpool by commandeering the Iris and Daffodil—two double-decked ferry-boats used in conveying passengers across the Mersey at an unwarlike crawl of nine knots. The special virtue of these boats was that they drew only seven feet of water, and had a carrying capacity of seventeen hundred men.

Preparing the Stroke

He connected the ferry-boats with the second-class cruiser Vindictive—an old thing, launched in 1897, with only one-inch armour on part of her deck, and a nominal speed of twenty knots. She was refitted with gangways of peculiar design, and furnished with three new howitzers, trench-mortars, and flame-throwers.

Five other cruisers—Brilliant, Sirius, Intrepid, Iphigenia, and Thetis, varying in displacement from 3,400 to 3,600 tons, and, in age, from oldishness to senility—were more strangely transformed. "Thought you was a bluejacket, didn't you?" said one transformer to his mate. "You're only a dock-labourer. You're no good for fighting!" Neither were the cruisers, apparently. They were converted into cargo-boats, and loaded with Portland cement until they could still just float. Despite appearances, however, the cement freighters were as romantic objects as the fireships which Gianibelli prepared for Drake in the same port when the Armada was expected.



H.M.S. Iris and Daffodil, which took part as boarding-steamers in the attack on the Zeebrugge Mole.

General von Ludendorff did all he could to assist the Dover Patrol. So bent was he upon driving the British Army into a corner that he neglected his own positions along the Flemish coast, and removed many of his Marines inland to Dixmude, the Lys, and the Somme, replacing them with thousands of Landsturmers. Admiral Keyes, therefore, had a double design in proceeding with his audacious plan. He intended to relieve some of the pressure

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Map showing the relation of Zeebrugge and Ostend to the coastal sector of the western front.

on the British Army by compelling the enemy to reinforce the coast-line, and he aimed at interfering in the campaign of submarine piracy by blocking one or both sea outlets of the Antwerp Canal.

By April, 1918, weather study had become the supreme interest of the young admiral. He wanted a clear night, with a fairly smooth sea and a steady breeze blowing westerly. Several practice trips were made, till, finally, in the afternoon of April 22nd, conditions seemed promising, and the naval forces of Dover and Harwich converged upon Zeebrugge and Ostend, with some French destroyers co-operating.

The operations began with an ordinary monitor bombardment, with numerous motor-boats throwing up an ordinary smoke-screen to hide the attacking vessels. Only in the intensity of the gun fire was there anything unusual. When the smoke barrage thickened, the enemy did not become alarmed, for the weather was misty and rainy on his side of the water, and to him it merely seemed that the sea-fog was growing denser.

Wonder of the "Fog"

Precisely at midnight the midget-like motor-boats, still pouring out the new smoke, explored all the passages in the enemy's minefield, and pushed up towards the Zeebrugge Mole and the piers of Ostend. There they lighted calcium flares to guide the blockships and storming ships, and for some minutes their artificial fog was so overwhelmingly dense that the enemy could not even see the British signal-fires burning at the end of his works.

Vindictive, having towed Iris and Daffodil across the Channel, steamed ahead of them to the great high Mole of Zeebrugge Harbour, guarded by the destroyer Warwick, in which Admiral Keyes flew his flag, and by two other destroyers, North Star and Phœbe. Three of the blockships (Intrepid, Iphigenia, and Thetis) slowed down outside the Bruges Harbour, while Sirius and Brilliant were steaming past the Stream Bank at Ostend.

An absolutely amazing surprise stroke seemed about to be delivered, at light cost to the deliverers, when, suddenly, the wind changed, and, blowing away the Brock fog, revealed to the startled enemy the presence of British forces. With innumerable searchlights and hundreds of star-shells he changed night into day. The coast blazed with electric radiance, and the hundred and twenty heavy guns lining it opened fire at point-blank range.

At Ostend the expedition was a failure. By his gun fire the enemy extinguished the flames in the approaches and at the end of the piers. Sirius and Brilliant, failing to find the entrance, grounded and sank themselves four hundred yards east of the canal outlet.

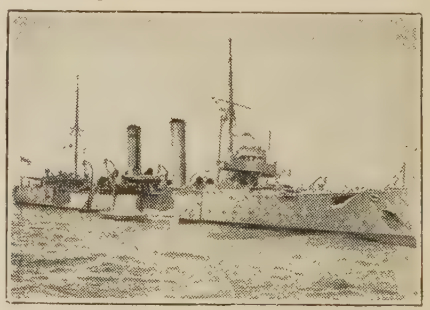
At Zeebrugge complete success was attained, in spite of the change of wind. When the smoke blew away, Vindictive, under Commander A. F. B. Carpenter, was within three hundred yards of the great Mole, with Iris and Daffodil equally close. Raked by fire from the battery at the end of the great breakwater, swept by machine-guns, and hammered by the mighty German siege-guns, the old cruiser and the two ferry-boats suffered terribly.

Critical Moments

Vindictive's decks were crowded with storming-parties, with the Marines (under Colonel Elliott), and the bluejackets (under Captain H. C. Halahan). All men were volunteers, who knew they were going to their death, and, instead of drawing back when the peril was explained to them, some of them had almost mutinied over the privilege of getting into a storming-party.

From the open bridge Commander Carpenter conned his ship with superb skill, but as he was working under a warehouse on the thirty-foot wall of the Mole, a big German shell struck the ship, killing the colonel of the Marines and wounding and maiming many men. The machine-gun fire, that swept the decks, slew Captain Halahan and many bluejackets, while the forward Stokes mortar battery was horribly smashed by the shell that killed the leader of the Marines.

So great was the damage and loss of life that Vindictive seemed to be out of action. Her eighteen gangways, running from a high false deck on the port side, were smashed, and the German gunners on the high sea-wall continued to fire into



H.M.S. Thetis, an old cruiser, which was sunk near the entrance to the Zeebrugge Canal.

MARINES LEAVING H.M.S. VINDICTIVE TO STORM ZEEBRUGGE MOLE, APRIL 23RD, 1918.

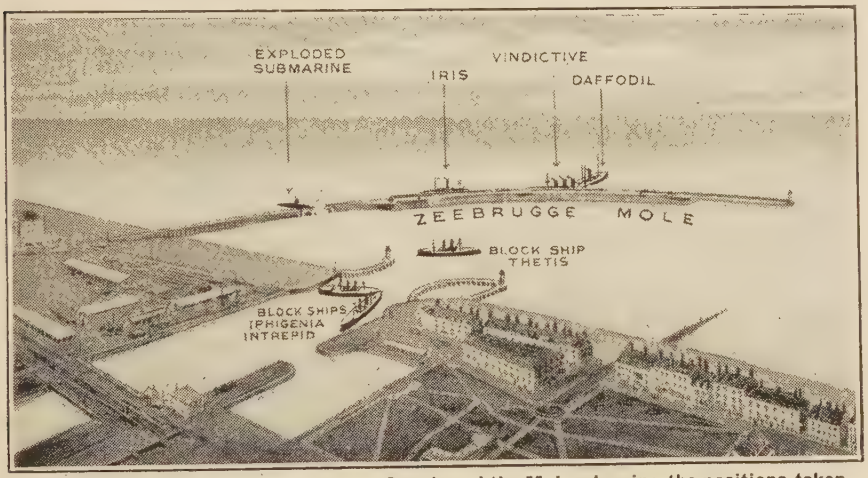
To face page 3086

THE BLOCKSHIPS AT ZEEBRUGGE

the crowd of Marines and seamen. To add to the trouble, the remaining gangways could not be lowered. The vessel rolled so much in the swell that they rebounded upon the high parapet. Then it was that Commander Carpenter showed what seamanship is. He directed Daffodil to close in on him and push him against the Mole to prevent him rocking to wreck upon it

Then the crashing, splintering gangway planks were again lowered, and across them the stormers climbed the sea-wall, and, by means of rope ladders, dropped off it to the Mole, sixteen feet below. They fought to the death with the enemy gunners manning the battery on the Mole.

The Iris had a harder task to land her men on the huge breakwater. She tried to make fast ahead of Vindictive, but found her grapnels were not large enough to span the parapet. Two officers climbed ashore and tried to make the holding-irons fast, but were killed. Iris was compelled to change position behind Vindictive, and while she was moving one heavy shell put fifty-six Marines out of action, and another killed four officers and twenty-six men.



View of the entrance to the Zeebrugge Canal, and the Mole, showing the positions taken up by the attacking vessels and where the blockships were sunk.

The storming-party of the pushful little Daffodil clambered into Vindictive, and reached the Mole by the cruiser's gangway. In the meantime most of the German garrison on the vast curving wall retreated to the shore end, and brought their machine-gun fire to bear upon the bombing-parties and demolition-parties exploring the railway, hangars, warehouses, and other buildings. The enemy was waiting for strong reinforcement to make a counter-attack, but this never took place.

For a British submarine, commanded by Lieutenant R. D. Sandford, came to the timber-built jetty of the great breakwater, and appeared to be bent on getting through the piles, in order to make a flanking attack upon enemy vessels in the harbour.

Submarine as Torpedo

Apparently the Germans thought they would be able to capture the submarine intact when it became fixed in the woodwork. They crowded the crossing above to watch the British underwater craft run into the trap. Lieutenant Sandford fixed his boat well under the piles, emerged, and, with his small crew, entered a little motor-skiff. A few yards from the submarine the propeller of the skiff became fouled, and, with only two oars, the men had to row away for life, for the fuse had been touched off in the novel, gigantic torpedo. They were just clear enough to escape entire destruction when the cargo of high-explosive in the submarine went off, destroying a hundred feet of timber-built jetty, together with many of the Germans who had retreated from the Mole.

The Mole then became a long, narrow island, upon which the demolition-parties worked explosively for sixty-five minutes, while the enemy gunners flogged the great bank with shell, and slashed at the funnels and fighting top of the Vindictive, showing above the high seaward wall, where Commander Carpenter was watching the scene from his flame-thrower hut, and directing the ships in the harbour.

Entering the Harbour

At the end of the Mole, veiled by the smoke-screen that would no longer blow into the harbour, Admiral Keyes continued to control operations by means of various communication devices. As soon as the attention of the enemy was concentrated on his lost breakwater and his exploded shoreward jetty, a swarm of small motor-boats, making all the smoke they could, entered the harbour in preparation for the grand stroke. One launch sank an enemy torpedo-boat lying, along the Mole, with mast and funnel at first visible to the officers of the Vindictive.

They thought she had escaped when her funnel disappeared, but a torpedo caught her as she was trying to make out to sea. Other enemy craft were attacked by the stinging little mosquitoes of the Dover and Harwich Patrols, and more of them were reckoned to have been sunk, but the confusion was so great, owing to the way in which the smoke-screen drifted about on the changing wind, that the full tale of the German losses could not be officially stated.

There can be little doubt that the enemy thought only a raid was intended. His ships scattered for safety at a time when they should have gathered to guard the entrance to the canal, and his batteries gave overmuch attention to the Vindictive and her small consorts, and to the water-flea-like dance of small British motor-craft, instead of massing their fire upon the blockships.

At twenty-five minutes past twelve Thetis, under Commander Sneyd, Intrepid, commanded by Lieutenant S. Bonham-Carter, and Iphigenia, under Lieutenant E. W. Billyard-Leake, rounded the light at the end of the Mole, exactly according to time-table, and steamed into the boom defending the passage running from the tip of the breakwater.

The Thetis led, camouflaging herself with a cloud of smoke, and yet blazing away with her four guns at the hostile shore batteries. Under a tornado of German shell she burst through the string of armed barges, but, unfortunately, fouled one of her propellers in the enemy's anti-submarine net. Getting off her course she bumped into a bank, edged off into the channel again, but began to sink some hundreds of yards away from her goal. Even there she was not useless, for Commander Sneyd acted as long-distance pilot to the other two blockships, until he and his reduced crew were taken off by a motor-launch with the remarkably small loss of only five killed and five wounded.

Most of her men had been taken off just outside the harbour, but Intrepid, which followed her, had missed her motor-launch and was full of men. She went straight along the channel, and, pushing a German barge before her, entered the canal, smoking like a volcano and somewhat unable to see what she was doing. A German gunner helped her, by hitting one of her steam connections. The steam blew the smoke away, and gave Lieutenant Bonham-Carter a clear view. He placed the nose of his ship on the western bank, ordered his crew into the attendant motor-launch, and, from switches in the chart-room, blew his concrete-laden ship up in four places.

Then he departed on a large lifebuoy, lighted with a flare, upon which a German machine-gun fired continuously. It did not, however, succeed in hitting the distinguished officer, who caught a rope hanging from a motor-launch, and was towed along until he attracted attention

Sinking of the Blockships

Lieutenant Billyard-Leake, steering Iphigenia, in accordance with classic tradition, to sacrifice in battle, had a most difficult time of it. He was blinded by the smoke blowing back from the other blockship, and his course was at first rather wild. But, with fine ability, he managed to beach his ship on the eastern bank of the canal, bringing her stern alongside the stern of the Intrepid, so that the two concrete-laden vessels formed a V-shaped obstacle entirely filling the fairway used by the enemy.

While this last act of the blocking expedition was proceeding Daffodil, having most skilfully held Vindictive to the Mole for more than an hour, towed her off. Then, with broken, bent funnels, streaming with flame and covering the deck with a blaze of sparks, the old cruiser whipped up the extraordinary speed of seventeen knots, and, looking like a total wreck, gloriously returned to port. The only considerable British loss was one destroyer, North Star, that lost her way in the smoke-screen and got sunk in the harbour, where most of her crew were rescued by the Phœbe.

Altogether the attack upon the German submarine outlet at Zeebrugge was the finest thing of its kind in naval history. The enormous increase in the defensive power of land fortifications made it seem impossible of success. Yet heroism and inventiveness conquered all difficulties.

Men Who Made History at the Zeebrugge Mole

"Roll-call" of the survivors after the return from the brilliant raiding attack with blockships on Zeebrugge and Ostend on St. George's Day.

Marking the roll of "missing." In circle: Lieut. Sandford, R.N., who blew up the piles of the Mole.

Group of members of the gun crews of the Vindictive who returned from the great exploit.

Sailors with one of the flame-throwers they had used in the attack.

One of the Vindictive's crew shows his shipmates a piece of the Mole he had brought away as a souvenir.

Men of the Vindictive still wearing their "bomb-proof bowlers."

Officer Heroes of the St. George's Day Raid

Wing-Cmdr. F. A. BROCK,
Devised the smoke-screen.

Cmdr. W. TOMKINSON,
Commanded destroyer flotila.

Lt.-Cmdr. H. E. GORE-LANGTON,
H.M.S. Phœbe.

Capt. H. C. HALAHAN,
Bluejackets' storming party.

Cmdr. HAMILTON BENN,
Motor-launches at Ostend.

Surviving officers of H.M.S. Vindictive. Left to right : Commander OSBORNE, Captain A. F. B. CARPENTER, Staff-Surgeon McCUTCHEON, Assistant-Paymaster YOUNG.

Cmdr. V. GIBBS,
H.M.S. Vindictive.

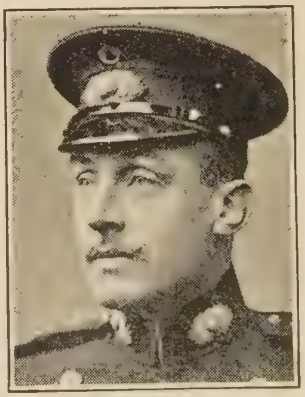
Lt. P. H. EDWARDS,
H.M.S. Vindictive.

Lt. S. BONHAM-CARTER,
H.M.S. Intrepid.

Capt. E. BAMFORD,
Royal Marines.

Cmdr. R. S. SNEYD,
Blew up H.M.S. Thetis.

Lt. R. BOURKE,
Motor-launch at Ostend.



Col. B. N. ELLIOTT,
Royal Marines' storming-party.

THE OFFICER HEROES OF THE GREAT NAVAL RAID on Zeebrugge on St. George's Day, 1918, well deserved the honours and admiration accorded them. Four were awarded the Victoria Cross : Acting-Captain A. F. B. Carpenter, Lieutenant R. D. Sandford, R.N., Lieutenant P. T. Dean, R.N.V.R., and Captain E. Bamford, D.S.O., R.M.L.I. In addition a non-commissioned officer and an able seaman received the V.C. Commander W. Tomkinson was appointed C.B., and among promotions Commander Carpenter, of H.M.S. Vindictive, became captain for his gallant services. Not all the splendid men whose portraits are given above survived. Captain Halahan and Colonel Elliott, who were in command of the storming parties of bluejackets and Royal Marines respectively, were killed before the word for the assault had been given, and Commander Valentine Gibbs had both legs shot away, and died a few hours later. Wing-Commander F. A. Brock, who devised the smoke-screen, also gave his life.

WELL DONE, VINDICTIVE!

The New Spirit in the British Navy and Its Significance

By EDWARD WRIGHT

LET us praise our fighting men. They have had more than enough advice and exhortation. For our own sake, let us praise them. Midway they stand in their terrible career, with their work only half done and their enemy towering victoriously in the east and occupying the lines of a hard-hit British army in the west. We all feel that the spirit of our race is higher than ever it was, yet for years the struggle has afforded us no clear measure of comparison between the unfinished efforts of our own generation and the complete achievements of our forefathers. Long and anxiously have our seamen and soldiers struggled with difficult new problems in warfare, allowing no comparison with the problems that Nelson and Wellington overcame.

"The Nelson Touch"

At last, however, our seamen have found for themselves a task strikingly like the hardest work ever set Nelson. In 1801 the great admiral, fresh from his victory at Copenhagen, came to Dover to prevent Napoleon invading England. Stubbornly and skilfully he attacked the French flotilla in Boulogne Harbour, but his losses from the fire of French land batteries compelled him to give over the attempt, and his failure plunged the country into a condition of intense anxiety that led to the false Peace of Amiens. Four years then passed before the victory of Trafalgar partly repaired all the consequences of the check at Boulogne.

The rule that ships could not fight against fortified places was born of the only severe reverse that Nelson suffered. Yet in circumstances in which even the Nelson touch could not prevail, the Vindictive spirit has triumphed, and to Admiral Keyes and his men it has been given to open a new era in naval operations, as well as to illustrate in an inspiring manner the general virtue of the new generation of the island race.

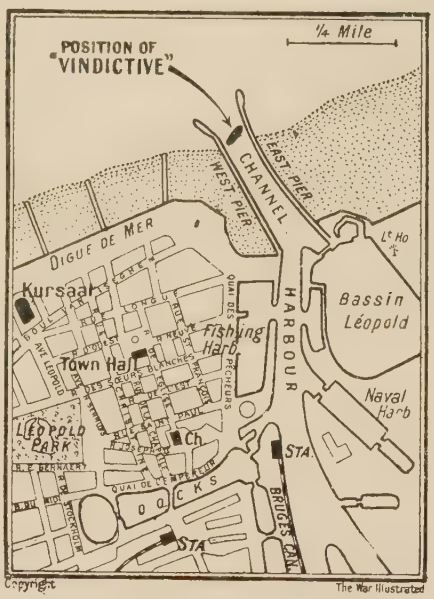
The end of the struggle may be near or still distant, but the feeling with which the country intends to endure to the end has changed. On land, on sea and in air, in field, factory, and farm the fate that has befallen an old, broken, and apparently useless cruiser, manned by a few mechanics and stokers, has told finely upon the spirit of the nation.

A Last Glorious Voyage

It was the last episode in the career of the Vindictive that made her as famous as Nelson's Victory. Had she been towed to London as a show ship, after her first great adventure by the Zeebrugge Mole on April 23rd, she would have been merely a picturesque, romantic spectacle. But, by chance or subtle design, the suggestion that she should become a money-collecting ruin, like Egbert and other rusty Tanks, only added a note of rich humour to the story of her achievements.

She first outfought the enemy on the Flemish coast, and helped to close his principal Channel port; then, when she was apparently reduced to a wrecked hulk, she deceived him, and by one of the most glorious examples of the art of counter-espionage and camouflage, pretended to be dressing herself up for a London show, at a time when she was waiting for a wind north by west, a calm sea, and a tide to make another surprise attack upon the deluded enemy.

The weather that she wanted arrived on Thursday evening, May 9th, 1918. When darkness fell the Vindictive set out on her last voyage, after a struggle between her engineers, stokers, and ship's company generally and other officers and men of the Dover Patrol. Vindictive's men were implored not to be greedy, and asked to let others have a chance. They replied that the last thing in the world they liked was facing perils, and admitted that they had had their full share at Zeebrugge. But there was the ship to consider. Had Admiral Keyes really thought of that? How could a new crew get everything possible out of the old engines? This last stroke told, and with some fresh volunteers from the Dover Patrol and a



Plan of Ostend Harbour and Docks and the opening into the Bruges Canal: showing how the Vindictive blocked the channel to the open sea, May 9th, 1918.

new commander, the engineer-lieutenant and some of his men made a second trip to Flanders.

They could not, however, get the old boat along properly under her own steam. She was changed since the night she had towed the Iris and Daffodil, looking like an imitation battle-cruiser. She now resembled a derelict, and, being heavily laden with concrete, she needed the help of tugs to keep up with the monitors, destroyers, motor-launches, and midget craft that formed her strange funeral procession at which the German admiral of the Flemish coast was to be chief mourner. Commodore Hubert Lynes, who had been balked in his last trip to Ostend Pier by change of wind and removal of a buoy, was the undertaker, while Admiral Keyes, in the destroyer Warwick, was master of the ceremonies.

Again the enemy was completely surprised. He had no craft on look-out duties when the British force divided, one squadron approaching Zeebrugge to distract the Germans there, while the Vindictive was being piloted between the sandbanks fronting Ostend. The Brock artificial fog was once more loosened, amid a rain of sighting star-shells and a tempest of projectiles from monitors, destroyers, and motor-launches. The aroused but blinded German batteries answered, but just as everything was going well from the attackers' point of view the weather changed.

A real fog rolled in from the sea, and interfered with the barrage-like movement of the Brock mist. Had the weather held clear, the commander of the new block-ship would have seen the signs of the opening, through the Stroombank and outlying shallows, leading to Ostend Harbour entrance. He would have had a well-managed fog barrage ahead of him, but clear views on either side, with visible guiding boats sending him directions. He was close to the entrance when the sea mist came on, but he spent a very anxious half hour conning the ship past the banks on which the Brilliant and Sirius were grounded.

The Deed Accomplished

The German gunners worked well on their improved plan of defence. They maintained, with their heaviest guns, an exact, incessant curtain fire over the channel to the harbour. In spite of all their searchlights and star-shells, they could not see their moving target, but they repeatedly hit it, and forced Vindictive's officers from the steering position into the conning-tower. But the skill and foresight behind the British vessel defeated all the enemy's arrangements. The old cruiser was not to be stopped. She was no longer a ship, but a heavily-floating lump of steel-shod concrete, thicker than any fortress wall ever made.

She steamed between the Ostend piers, rammed the eastern side at a distance of some six hundred feet inside the entrance, swung round to an angle of forty degrees, and sank by the act of her commander. The speed and gallantry by which the small crew were rescued by motor-launches, enabling the operation to be carried out with extraordinarily slight loss of life, formed a happy close to an achievement of glorious scope.

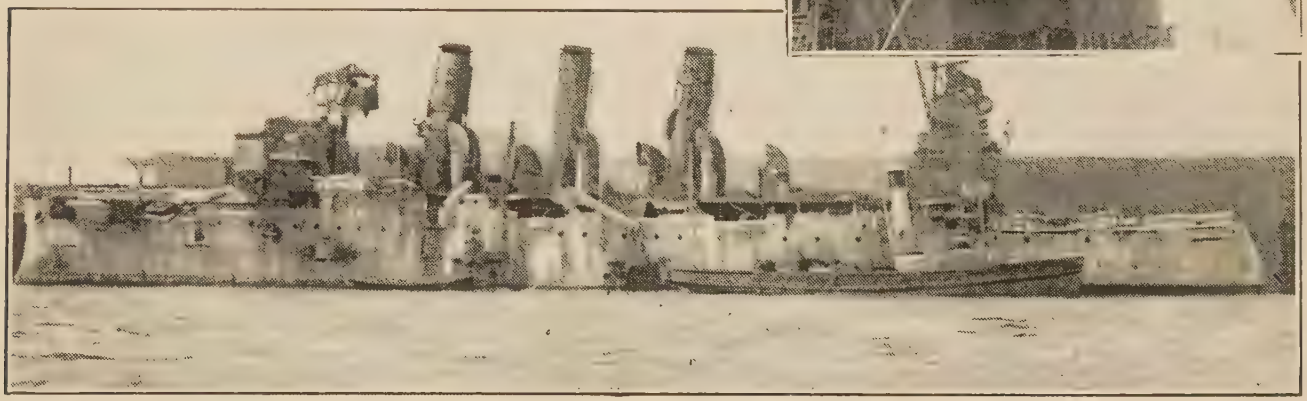
Fine Flower of Courage

Even genius, however, cannot always attain great results at small cost, and neither in the fortunately light casualty lists, nor in the actual feat of blocking the Ostend fairway to all but small craft, was the supreme quality of the new British offensive spirit displayed. What especially marked Sir Roger Keyes and the men of his school were their scientific daring and their inventive persistency. Nelson was the contemporary of James Watt, Priestley, Cavendish, and Fulton, but his genius was based entirely upon experience and seamanship. Admiral Cochrane afterwards combined science and seamanship, but he did not found a tradition.

Only during the present war has there gradually risen to high command a young generation of British naval leaders, who unite fine powers of technical invention and organisation with all the old fighting qualities of their race. They incarnate the Vindictive spirit, which is a flower of mind blossoming on the root of courage.

H.M.S. Vindictive Battered But Victorious

Gangways fitted on to the Vindictive by which the storming-party landed on the Mole. Right: The fighting-top, where all the men but one were killed.



H.M.S. Vindictive at Dover after the raid. She was subjected to intense shelling directly she emerged from the smoke screen. While grappled to the Mole her hull was shielded by the masonry, but all her upper works, masts, and funnels were badly battered.

One of the crew standing in a sandbagged position on the deck. As they approached Zeebrugge, men fell thick and fast, but obeying orders, not one of the unwounded moved from his position. Right: Sorting debris on the deck after the engagement.

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

ADMIRAL SIR ROGER KEYES

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR ROGER JOHN BROWNLOW KEYES, K.C.B., C.M.G., C.V.O., D.S.O., who conceived and personally directed the naval raids on Zeebrugge and Ostend on April 22nd-23rd and May 9th-10th, 1918, was born in 1872. He is the eldest of four brothers, sons of the late General Sir Charles Patton Keyes and nephews of the late Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wylie Norman and General Sir Frank Norman.

A Fighting Family

One brother, Lieut. C. V. Keyes, of the Queen's Own Corps of Guides, was wounded and "mentioned" for his services in the Tirah Campaign of 1899, displayed conspicuous gallantry in Nigeria, and was killed in West Africa in 1901. Terence, the third brother, also won distinction in the Tirah operations, and has earned a brevet-lieutenant-colonelcy and a C.I.E. in the present war. The younger brother, who was a midshipman in 1901, has been promoted commander and gained the D.S.O. since the outbreak of the world-conflict.

In the Napoleonic wars three of the forebears of Roger Keyes, all naval officers, were killed in action. Sixteen of his cousins have borne a share in the Great War, two have won the D.S.O., two have been promoted brigadier-generals, and five have "died for England." Two of his sisters have lost their husbands in action.

Services in Chinese Waters

Entering the Navy in 1885, Roger Keyes served as a midshipman in the Turquoise. Under Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir E. R. Fremantle he took part in the punitive expedition against the Sultan of Vitu, East Africa, in 1890, gaining the medal and clasp. Gazetted lieutenant in 1893, he was on the China station, in command of the t.b.d. Fame, when the Boxer rising occurred.

Believing themselves secure from reprisals, owing to the shallowness of the water inshore, the garrisons of the Taku forts guarding the mouth of the Peiho River opened fire on the British vessels. Lieut. Keyes volunteered to silence them. Gaining permission for what seemed to many an impracticable exploit, for the forts were strongly garrisoned and the guns of quite modern type, he forced his little craft over the bar and, with a mere handful of bluejackets, "achieved the impossible." The forts were stormed, captured, and then blown up with explosives from their own magazines.

Gallantry in the Peiho River

After this deed of combined skill and daring, Lieut. Keyes, in company with the t.b.d. Whiting, "cut out" four Chinese destroyers in circumstances of great risk. The captured boats were divided among the Allied Navies, one, named Taku, forming part of the German fleet in 1914.

For these services Lieut. Keyes was mentioned in despatches, received from the Admiralty "the expression of their Lordships' thorough approbation," was promoted commander, and awarded the medal with two clasps. A few weeks later, when in command of the Barfleur, he won the Bronze Medal of the Royal Humane Society for jumping into the Peiho River and saving the life of Midshipman R. C. Mayne, of that vessel, who had been accidentally swept overboard by a rope.

Between 1905, when he became captain, and 1907, Roger Keyes was naval attaché in Rome, Vienna, Athens and Constantinople in succession, being made M.V.O. (4th class) in 1906, and receiving, as mementoes of his stay in the capitals named, the Orders of the Iron Crown (Austria), SS. Maurice and Lazarus (Italy), the Redeemer 3rd Class (Greece), and Mejidie 2nd Class (Turkey).

Badger Drawing in the Bight

Specialising as a submarine and torpedo officer, Captain Keyes was appointed Inspecting Captain of Submarines, on November 14th, 1910; made a C.B. in 1911; and commodore (S.) in charge of the Submarine Service, August 31st, 1912.

There passed two years of peace, and then, on the 28th of the month in which Germany plunged the world into war, he took part with distinction in the Heligoland Bight affair. In command of the t.b.d. Lurcher he led a squadron of eight submarines inside the Bight as a decoy to draw out the German fleet.

The ruse succeeded so well that the German light cruisers Ariadne, Mainz and Köln were sunk. After rescuing 220 of the crew of the Mainz, many of whom were wounded, he escorted the Laurel and Liberty out of action, and kept them company until the supporting British cruisers were sighted. This service in the Bight, in addition to the loss it inflicted on the enemy, deflected possible attacks on British Channel transports, and secured for him special mention in despatches.

Commodore Keyes was again in those mine-strewn waters on December 25th following, on the occasion of the air reconnaissance of Cuxhaven by British seaplanes. Though subject to determined attacks by German destroyers, submarines, seaplanes, and two Zeppelins, he remained in the vicinity of the reconnaissance until the last of the British airmen had returned. Once again he was the recipient of "their Lordships' approbation."

Chief of Staff in the Dardanelles

When Vice-Admiral de Robeck was appointed to the supreme command of the forces told off to attempt the passage of the Dardanelles in 1915, he chose Commodore Keyes as his Chief of Staff, and officially described his services as "invaluable." Roger Keyes devised the dummy warships which deceived the Turkish gunners and drew their fire, and in co-operation with Major-General Braithwaite established "a most excellent working agreement" between the land and sea forces. Later he was commended for service in action during the evacuation of the Gallipoli Peninsula; in January, 1916, he was appointed C.M.G.; in April, 1916, President Poincaré decorated him with the insignia of a Commander of the Legion of Honour; and in June, 1916, he was awarded the D.S.O.

Attaining Rear-Admiral's rank in 1917, he was shortly afterwards made Director of Plans to the Admiralty, in which capacity he did some excellent work; but when Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss went to the Admiralty in December, 1917, he at once appointed Rear-Admiral Keyes to be Acting Vice-Admiral commanding the Dover Patrol, with results that were strikingly successful, especially as regards the methods he adopted in that capacity for dealing with the submarine menace.

The Zeebrugge and Ostend Raids

With such a record it is somewhat remarkable that, outside the service, Roger Keyes was so little known. The public "discovered" him only after the heroic exploit against the German U boat harbourages at Zeebrugge and Ostend on St. George's Day, 1918, an exploit followed by a second daring raid on Ostend in May, 1918. Vice-Admiral Keyes conducted both of these epic operations from the t.b.d. Warwick.

As a result, the nation felt that Admiral Keyes was a man who possessed not only the "two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage," that rare quality of valour which calculates to a fraction the chances of success and failure and yet takes all risks, but one who possessed also the power of inspiring that valour in others.

There was a remarkable scene of enthusiasm on the occasion of the investiture at Buckingham Palace on June 21st, 1918, when Admiral Keyes received the accolade from the King as a Knight Commander of the Bath—enthusiasm which was shared by all the survivors of that gallant band of volunteers. In July the French Government awarded Admiral Keyes the Croix de Guerre with Palm, and the King of the Belgians bestowed upon him the insignia of a Grand Officer of the Order of Leopold.

Admiral Keyes was married in 1906 to Eva Mary Salvin Bowlby, daughter of the late Edward Salvin Bowlby, D.L., of Gilston Park, Herts, and Knoydart, Inverness-shire. Two of the brothers of Lady Keyes have made that "supreme sacrifice" which first called forth the memorable phrase "Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori." Of the marriage there have been born one son and three daughters.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

Russell

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR ROGER J. B. KEYES, K.C.B.

Commanding the Dover Forces

With the Navy in the Far Frozen North

With the Navy in the Arctic Circle. A snow-decked collier alongside one of H.M. ships.

British naval officer interpreter conversing with some short and sturdy Lapps at a settlement on the Varsuna River, in Northern Lapland.

Russian ice-breaker making a channel for a merchant ship in the River Dwina at Archangel. The river gets frozen over again a few minutes after the ship's passing.

In the land of fog and ice. Portion of one of H.M. ships in Kola Inlet, North Russia.

Officers from one of H.M. ships at a Lapp settlement on the Varsuna River having lunch in a comparatively sheltered spot.

Men of the Navy Active Mid Arctic Snow & Ice

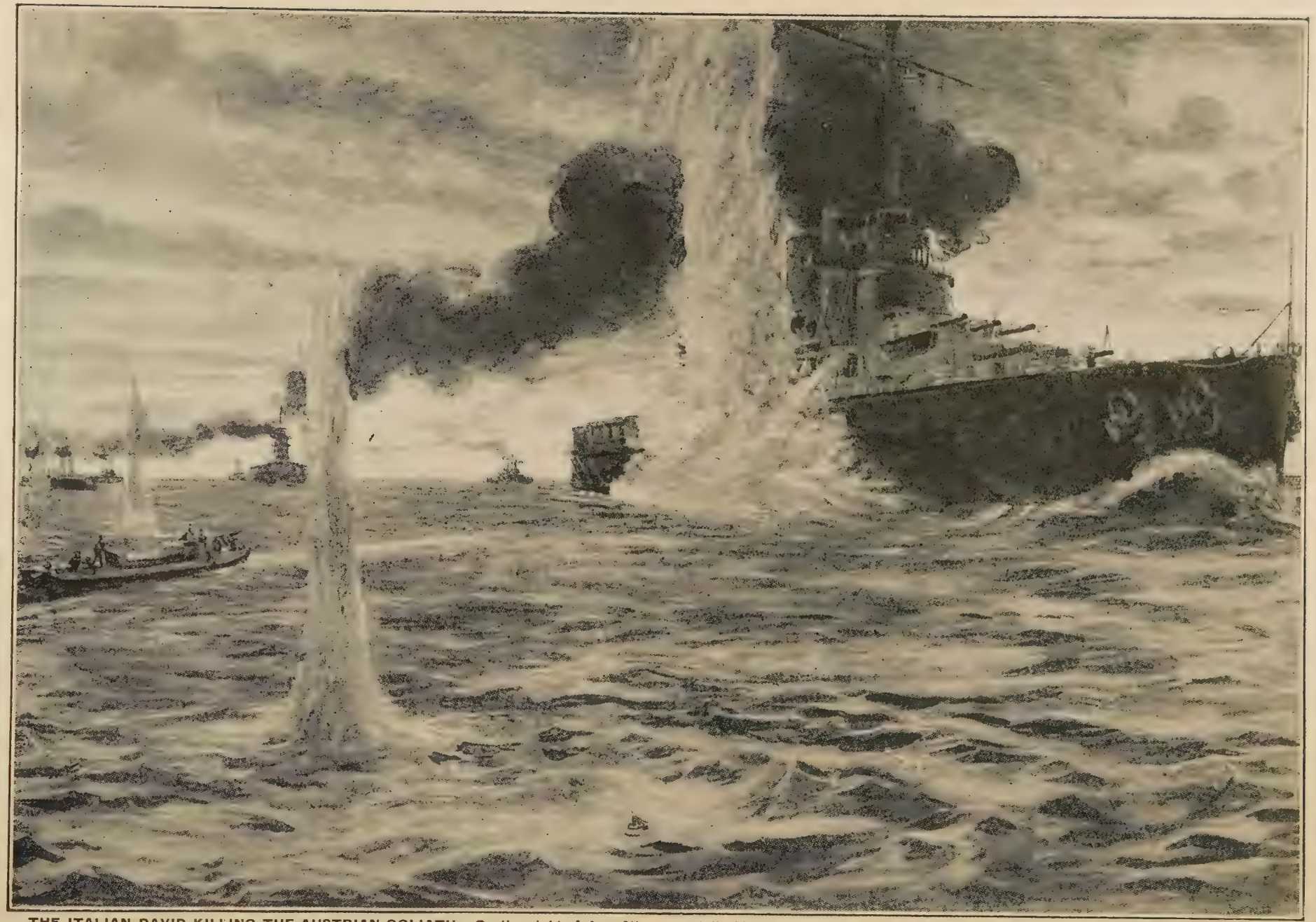
Men of one of H.M. ships on duty in the far frozen North indulging in a lively game of football on the ice.

British naval officer in the rig in which he defies the severity of the Arctic.

Forcing open the safe of a derelict vessel salved by one of H.M. ships somewhere in the Arctic—a task calling for strength and ingenuity.

R.N.R. officer in the Arctic lends a hand at breaking ice on a salvaged ship.

With H.M. ships in the frozen North: An ice-breaking steamer smashing the ice around a frozen-in vessel in the Dwina River.



THE ITALIAN DAVID KILLING THE AUSTRIAN GOLIATH.—On the night of June 9th, 1918, Commander Luigi Rizzo, of the Italian Navy, with two little patrol boats, sighted two Austrian Dreadnoughts and ten destroyers steaming southwards from Pola. Heading straight for the Dreadnought Szent Istvan, Rizzo fired both the torpedoes his midget boat carried, and mortally hit by both, the giant battleship heeled over and began to sink. Then, exploding a depth charge in front of a destroyer charging him, Rizzo put her out of action and got away. Meanwhile Midshipman Aonzo, commanding the other patrol boat, attacked the second Dreadnought, and after getting one torpedo home also effected his escape.

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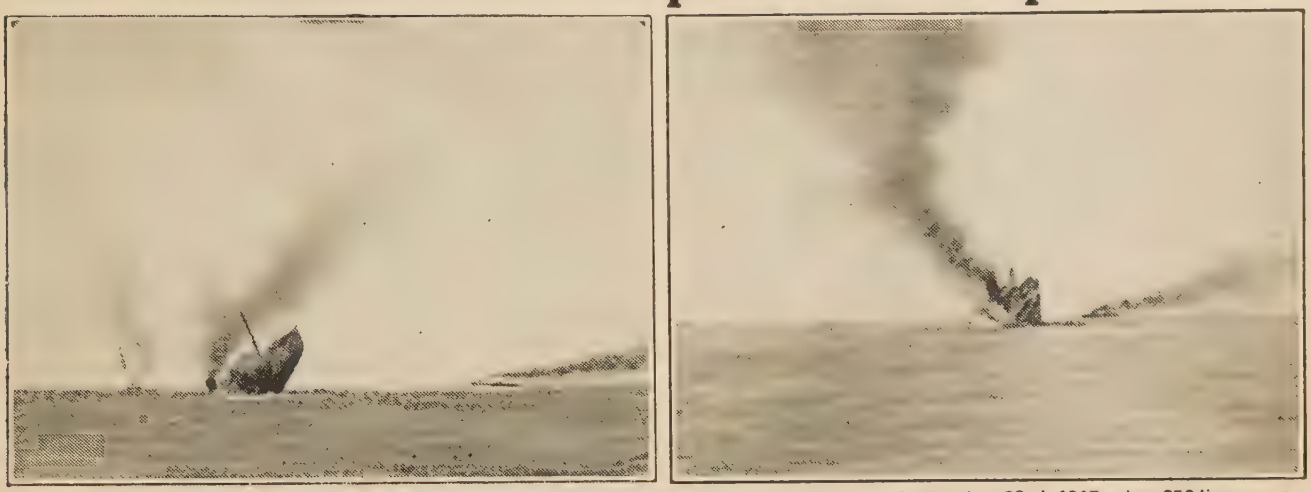
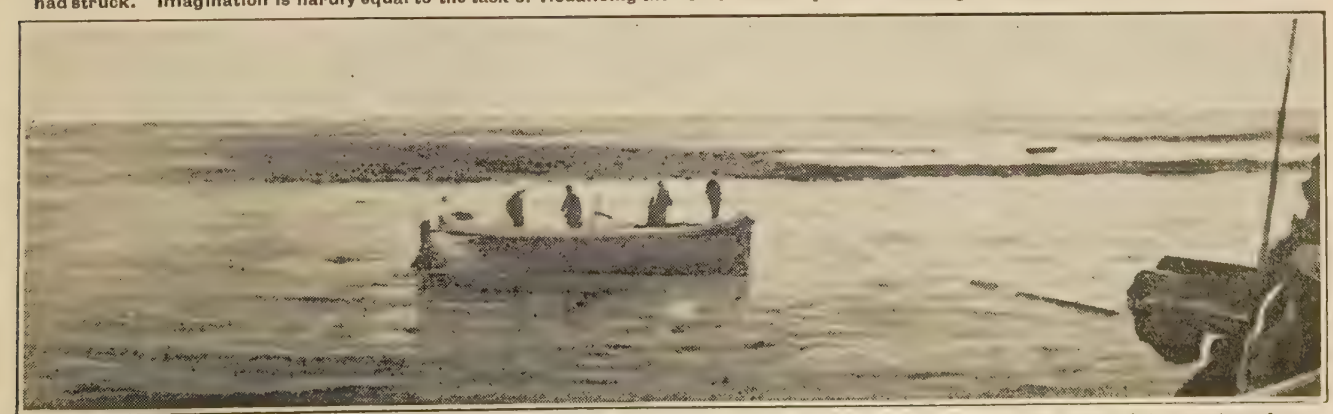
Last Moments of the Torpedoed Transport Medie



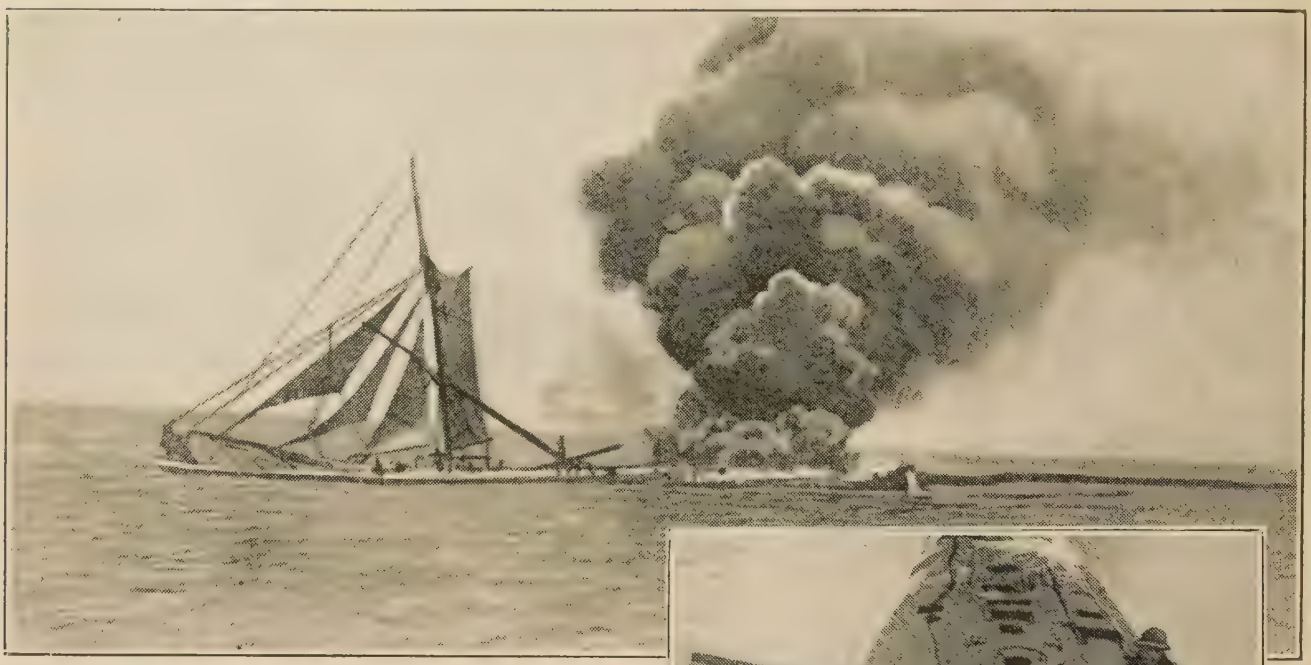
Torpedoing of the French transport Medie by an enemy submarine in the Mediterranean on September 23rd, 1917, when 250 lives were lost. Some of the crew are falling into the sea as the vessel sinks, and (right) as the smoke lifts the Medie is seen almost submerged.

Remarkable photograph at the moment of the explosion when the munitions on board the Medie took fire, two minutes after the torpedo had struck. Imagination is hardly equal to the task of visualising the horror added by fire to a sinking vessel which has explosives on board.

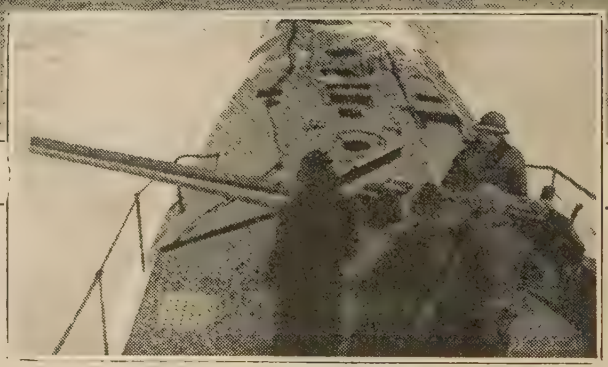


The last boat from the Medie, in which the captain and the second in command were saved. Beyond it lies some of the wreckage from the vessel, which had disappeared with remarkable rapidity after the torpedo had struck her.

Gloating Pirates Give Proof of Their Guilt

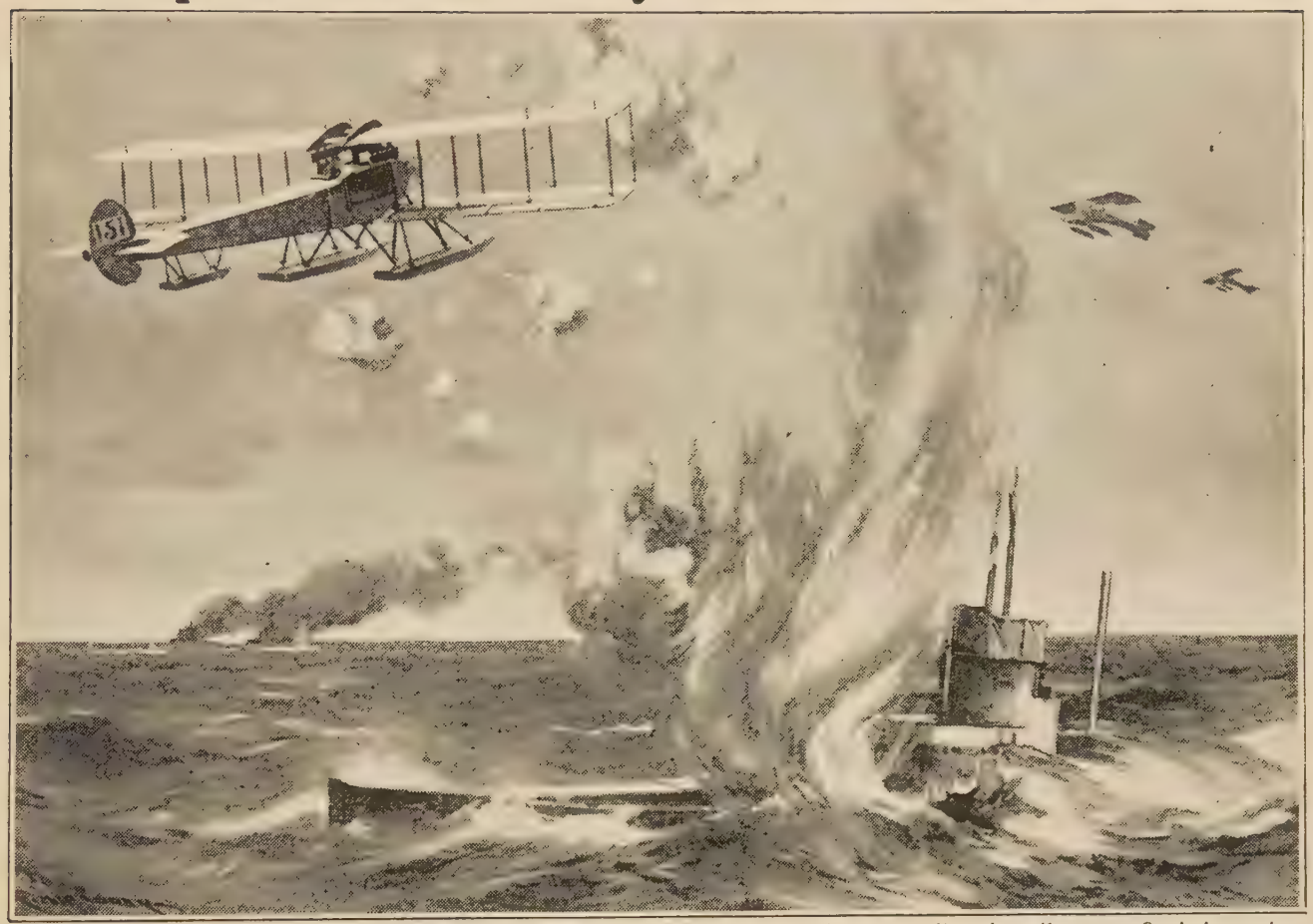


A sailing-ship belonging to one of the Allies which had been set on fire by a German submarine and is on the point of sinking.



A British transport, torpedoed in the Mediterranean, at the moment of sinking, some of the crew still trying to leave her by means of ropes. Inset: Gun practice on a U-boat in the Atlantic. These photographs, taken by the pirates, are from a Berlin paper.

Seaplane and Destroyer versus Submarines

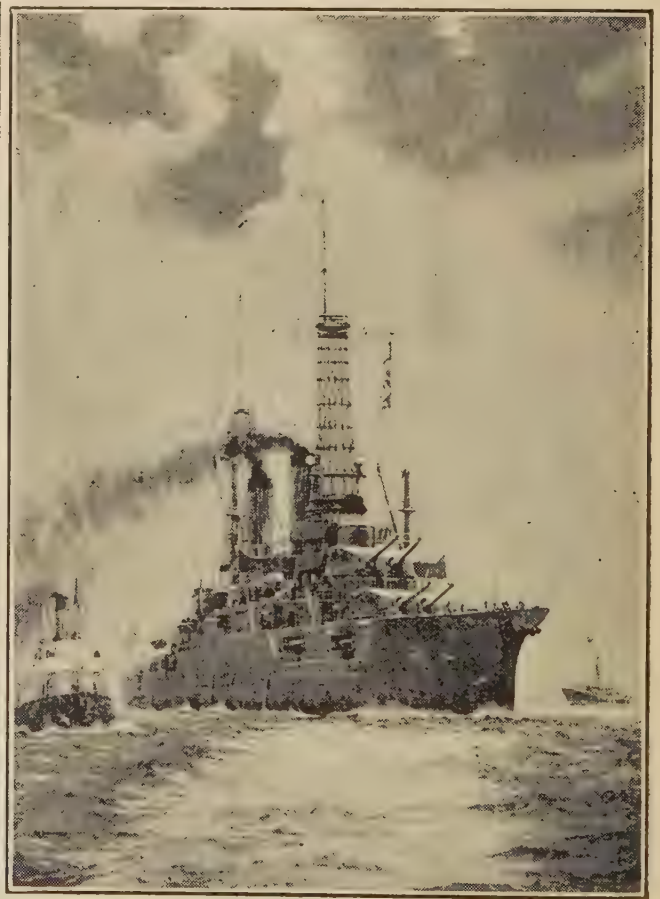


Seaplane sinks a submarine. A British pilot spotted a large U boat a mile away and flew over it, and, as the enemy fired, dropped a bomb, which tore a great hole in the submarine. The airman dropped another bomb and the submarine sank, leaving air bubbles and wreckage. He took a photograph of the wreckage and of enemy destroyers and other U boats hurrying, too late, to its assistance.

British destroyer rams a U boat. Having sighted a small sail, the destroyer suspected disguise and headed for it. The sail vanished and the conning-tower of a submarine disappeared below water. The destroyer made for the spot, and as the submarine's bows appeared half a mile away opened fire. The bows dropped and the stern of the U boat rose, when the destroyer rammed her at high speed.

Crewless Cargo Boats to Outwit the Pirates

A crewless cargo boat passing a lightship when nearing port. With a view to reducing loss of life and cargoes at the hands of pirates, freight vessels were devised which carried no crew, presented a very small above-water target, and were towed by armed tugs.



British submarine picking up survivors from a U boat she had destroyed at 800 yards range. Hit before the conning-tower, the enemy boat rolled over and sank. Right: One of America's fine battleships. She is of 32,600 tons displacement.

Justicia's 24-Hour Fight Against Eight Pirates

The s.s. Justicia was attacked off Ireland on July 19, 1918, by from three to eight U boats and sunk after the most extraordinary sea-fight of the war. The first torpedo crashed into the engine-room, stopping the vessel dead. Two more torpedoes were fired and missed. A couple of hours later a fourth torpedo was seen coming, and a gunner on the Justicia fired and hit it clean, so that it exploded without hurting the ship. A fifth torpedo was deflected by gun fire. Next day two more torpedoes missed the Justicia as she was nearing port; and then about 10 o'clock a submarine emerged and torpedoed her fore and aft so that she sank.

BRITISH AIRMAN'S MARVELLOUS EXPLOIT.—Wonderful work was performed by our airmen during the Third Battle of Ypres, 1917. Mr. Beach Thomas describes the exploits of one aviator who, having got out early in the morning and bombed an enemy aerodrome from a low altitude, then descended to within twenty feet of the ground and, having dispersed a machine-gun crew, attacked a company of two hundred German infantry and scattered them with his machine-gun fire. Later he "caught sight of two German planes leaving the ground to attack him," and attacked them forthwith, crashing one to the ground and driving off the other.

Leap for Life from an Observation Balloon

A parachutist having effected a landing, helpers run forward to assist him and prevent his being dragged along the ground.

FROM the pictures on this page may be gathered something of the hazardous nature of the work of the men in observation balloons along the battle-front. Each observer has a harness of webbing about his body and thighs. To this a strong cord is attached, and should his balloon be hit or break loose from its tether with a prospect of drifting over the enemy lines, the observer throws out his charts, books, and instruments, and instantly drops out of the basket. When he has fallen the cord's length, the pull releases the parachute, neatly folded in the case alongside the basket, which at once unfolds and steadies his farther descent.

Should the balloon be at a good height it may take the parachutist as much as ten minutes to descend.

Leaping from a damaged observation balloon. The observer has to jump clear instantly. His fall releases and opens the parachute, which permits of a gradual descent. Above: Two observers descending by parachutes from balloon set on fire by an enemy aeroplane.

BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

The Doom of the Aerial Armada

By MAX PEMBERTON

THERE was no Francis Drake playing bowls upon Plymouth Hoe; no beating of drums to call the yeomen out; no beacons upon headland, height, or ness—just a dark and gloomy night of October, 1917, with a loom of mist above and a glimmer of light below. Yet London knew at an early hour that the Armada had sailed, and devoutly she prayed that the fireships were ready.

A great Armada it was we now know—eleven or thirteen, the estimates still vary—of the monster frigates of the line which were to lay London in ruins. From far Schleswig they came and the bowels of the islands—from Wilhelmshaven and the Kiel district. And they rose majestically. The Angel of Death was abroad, and you could hear the beating of his wings.

Meanwhile London, knowing little of the true circumstances, took the thing very calmly. The streets still numbered their pedestrians; the theatres were full; the omnibuses continued to run. The captains and the kings of the soaring hosts meant nothing to them. An hour had passed, and another, and for all we knew the bowls might yet be rolling. When the aerial torpedo at length fell, it was a very bolt from the blue. Men gazed into the gloom as though some devilish miracle had been worked. The police picked up the dead. All who could hurried into shelter, asking what next. How little they knew of the tragedy which had run its first act—up there miles above the earth.

Master Boreas makes His Bow

There were many ships in the Armada, and in pride they had gone forth. No Drake had England, they might have said; but that was a lie, for there were thousands of him in our Air Service, and no bowls were these foemen playing. Brave as they were and ready for the combat, even they had as yet no idea of the lusty old dog who was to give them a hand upon an occasion so memorable. Master Boreas, long forgotten, put on sock and buskin and made his bow. He would play an old part, and we might keep our fireships in port. It is even possible that this worthy old gentleman so far forgot himself as to say "be d——d to them!" It is quite certain that he was one of the first in the field, and that had we, on the pavements below, been aware of his agility, we should have given him a round of applause which any great actor might have envied.

Indeed, it was a turn of fortune most wonderful to record. The monster ships, rising proudly from Hun soil, soaring as gigantic birds of the night, found themselves in a North Sea mist of which no compass could make anything. They sought to rise above it, but the north wind took them. And now, we may suppose, some glimmer of the truth dawned upon them. Down there, far beneath that bank of freezing mists, was the England they had come to terrify. The cloud was riven for an instant, and a vomit of flame came forth. About them their best ears could detect the hum of aeroplane engines, and they knew that Drake had sailed. Soon the chill of terror is to follow upon that of doubt. The frost is intense, and their own engines begin to fail. It must have come to them as one of their own bolts from the blue that this Armada was surely doomed.

The Beginning of the End

So we see them drifting helplessly. Many a gun has been fired at them while they crossed the coast—many a gallant fellow in a British fireship has come like a bat in the night to tear their long hair with his claws. Their own situation is tragic. They know not where they are; see nothing but the billowed mists which rage and toss about them; hear little but the moaning voice of the terrible winds. Truly are they drifting away from known things to the ethereal caves of spirits and of devils. In their desperation they heave their bombs headlong; fire their torpedoes, they know not at what. Far below they hear the echo of explosions, and then the silence falls again, and the voice of the wind alone speaks. There is now no thought of attack, but only of escape, if escape be possible. Their engines run no longer; they are as helpless as wreckage upon a hostile sea—the day can but bring them doom.

At last it dawns—a wild morning of autumn—and looking down through the breaking clouds the Hun discerns the earth.

What land is this? Is he still above the fair fields of the detested English, or has fate carried him luckily to Belgium and his brethren? Each commander of the eight ships that went drifting thus is soon to learn. It is an odd welcome for brethren to give, for lo! the hornets rise swiftly from the earth, and the machine-guns begin to rattle. There are belching monsters, moreover, which vomit high explosives about mein herr's ears, and to him there comes the affrighting thought that this is no land of the Belgians, but fair France herself with her incomparable airmen, her dauntless courage, her matchless gift for all that appertains to aviation. And with what zest she sets about the drifting derelicts! The thrasher upon the back of the whale must be our simile—or the hawk that defies the wounded eagle, and drives it headlong to earth at last. Up and at them truly she is, and the daylight has hardly come when the first of the proud ships falls in flames at St. Clement, near Lunéville, and the great last act of the magnificent drama is opened.

How L49 was Captured

To be precise, this was at 6.45 on the morning of Saturday, October 20th. Anti-aircraft guns chiefly seem to have been responsible for the quarry, but at 9.20 a greater triumph was scored when L49 landed at Bourbonne-les-Bains practically intact, and one brave man, armed only with a shot-gun, made the whole of her crew prisoners. No more amazing thing than this was done during the war. Here was M. Jules Boiteux out for a morning stroll, in the hope perchance that he could shoot a partridge for breakfast, when, looking up, he perceives a monstrous gasbag flopping to the earth, and, like one Absalom, much hampered by the branches of a tree. "The noise of a motor," says he, "caused me to look up. What was my surprise to see an immense airship surrounded by little French aeroplanes, which were pelting it with machine-guns. The Zeppelin was flying very slowly and extremely low. Suddenly its forepart turned down into a group of trees on a hillock, and the airship remained stationary above the ground. The nineteen men of its crew jumped instantly to the ground. The last of them was the commander, who arranged his men in good order and gave them their final instructions—then discharged his pistol into the envelope of the balloon."

At this point M. Boiteux thought it was time to take a hand in the proceedings. Up goes his shot-gun and the commanders' arms almost at one and the same time. It is "Kamerad!" with a vengeance. The brave metallurgical worker, realising in a flash the value to the Allies of this intact ship, took a good aim at the captain of the Huns and plainly intimated what he would do. Men rushed up to the place, aviators and soldiers raced there, and soon a cordon was formed. They hurried the Boches away, and took possession of the giant ship with all her wonderful instruments unharmed. Shall we wonder that the Hun captain raged and swore, and lifted his impotent hands to heaven? No Zepp had been taken thus since the war began.

Five Accounted For

Now, this was a pretty scene enough, but there was another almost as encouraging to follow. Hardly had our French friends made sure of L49 when L50 appeared, hovered over the scene a little while, but being harassed by aeroplanes made off in the direction of Dammartin. Then, sixteen of her crew climbed down the ladder and said good-bye to the "old 'bus," but she herself rose wearily again, and was no more heard of. No better fortune attended L45, which never seems to have got to England at all, but drifted in the fog along the Valley of the Saone, crossed the Departments of the Isère and the Hautes Alpes, and finally fell at 10.50 a.m. in the bed of a stream called La Buec. This ship the crew fired, and its end was flame and smoke, as was that of another which was brought down at 4 o'clock on Saturday near Laragne, which is some forty-eight miles S.S.E. of Grenoble. Right across France had these derelicts thus drifted, while of another the story is that it actually passed over Toulon and was last seen hovering over the Mediterranean Sea, into which it may well have fallen. Of the mighty eight, five were thus surely accounted for.

So ended the voyage of the Great Armada. England became "merry" truly at the news. The wild ride of these Valkyries appealed to every imagination, yet its terrors may be imagined by few. To our own splendid fellows and to the gallant French, salutations. There shall arise one day the poet who shall sing of their deeds in words of fire. We can but lift our hats to them and say "Well done!"

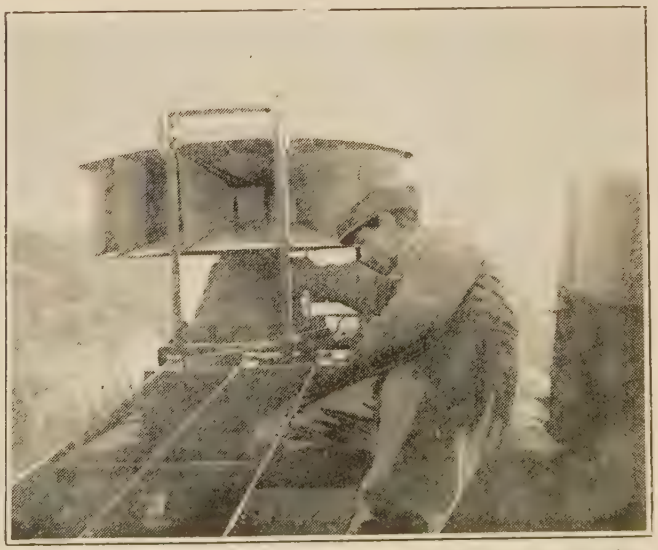
French Methods of Meeting the Zeppelin Menace

Lieutenant Berthold, who commanded a German aeroplane attack on London, 1917, and his dog.

Major-General J. M. Salmond, appointed Director-General of Military Aeronautics with a seat on the Army Council.

Captain Geyer, commander of the Zeppelin L49 brought down in France after the raid upon England on Oct. 20, 1917.

An observation-post in the system of defence works designed to protect Paris and the suburbs from attack by enemy aircraft. Right: Zeppelin L49, chased by French aeroplanes and brought down intact at Bourbonne-les-Bains, in district of Serqueux, Oct. 21, 1917 The crew of nineteen landed in parachutes and attempted to destroy the airship, but were prevented by a sportsman with a shot-gun



Public warning of approaching enemy aircraft was given to the people of Paris by powerful sirens similar to those used in the trenches. They were placed at high altitudes around the city, and were very effective. Right: An electric siren fitted to a Paris roof.

'Take Cover—The British are Coming'

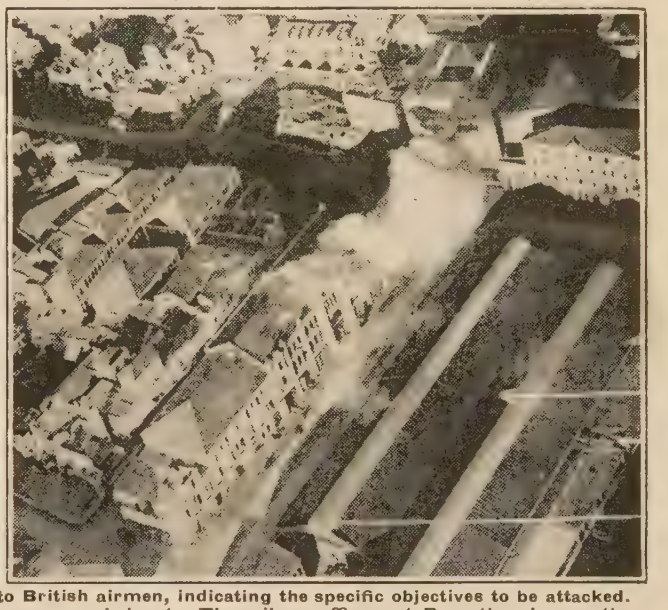
Lieut. Gontermann, crack German airman, killed while trying a new machine at Siegen on Nov. 5th, 1917. Centre : A German alarm post on the western front—"Take Cover—The British are Coming," and (right) General von Hoeppner, head of the German Air Service.

British airmen who flew a bombing aeroplane from London to Constantinople in eight stages. Flight-Commander Savory, D.S.O. and bar (left), and Squadron-Commander Smyth Piggott, D.S.O. Right : Lord Rothermere, appointed Air Minister, Nov. 21st, 1917, with his son, Captain the Hon. H. A. V. Harmsworth, Irish Guards, who died Feb. 12th, 1918, of wounds received in Battle of Cambrai.

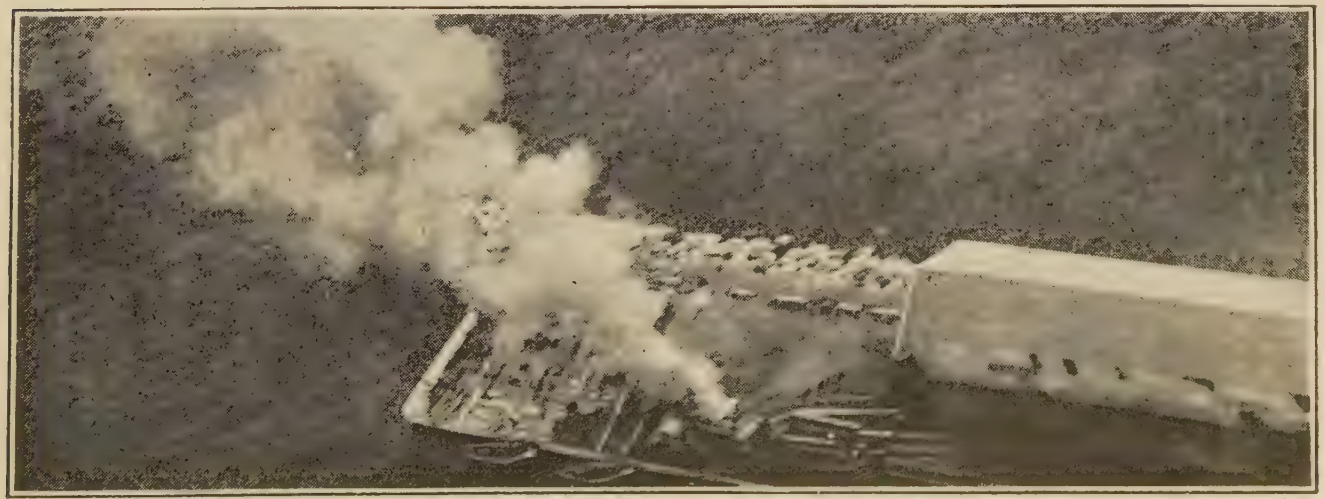
Enemy aeroplanes duly "accounted for." On the left is all that remains of an Austrian machine brought down while flying over the Italian lines. The German machine (right) was "forced down" on the French front in an intact state, and its airmen were made prisoners.

Activity and Accuracy of the Allies' Airmen

A large farm used by the Germans as military stores in Sennheim, Upper Alsace, and (right) property in the main street of that town all demolished by French airmen in a raid carried out in pursuance of the policy of reprisals for German raids on French open towns.



Photograph of Beirut Harbour issued with the Operation Orders to British airmen, indicating the specific objectives to be attacked. Right: Photograph showing the accuracy with which the instructions were carried out. The railway offices, at B on the plan on the left, were fired and the roof stripped off railway sheds in the foreground.



Stores and trucks on fire at the end of Beirut Harbour. This is the point marked (A) on the plan shown above. These photographs demonstrate the accuracy in bomb-dropping of British airmen and the limitation of destruction to objects of military importance.

Beauty and Brutality Amid the Moonlit Skies

British flying man crossing a veritable sea of clouds under the full moon. "Contact," most notable of the flying men moved to describe the conquered world of the air, depicts the clouds from above as taking a strange resemblance to landscapes and seascapes.

Remarkable photograph of the raid by Gothas on Paris on January 30th, 1918, showing star-shells bursting, and (to the right) the distant glow of a fire that had been caused by an incendiary bomb. Four enemy air squadrons reached the French capital, and 36 people were killed and 190 injured, many of the victims being women and children. The Germans claim to have dropped 14 tons of bombs.

Betwixt the 'Take Cover' and the 'All Clear'

"Follow my leader." Babies and little children being taken during an air raid to the security of a substantial "cave" made available for them in a London area. The toddlers are happily taught to make a game of the need of seeking shelter.

Miss Margaret McMillan, the well-known worker among the young people of London, and her helpers with some of their small charges in their well-bricked "cave," which held seventy children.

London warning for ears and eyes. Blowing shrill whistles, policemen and special constables passed along the streets with "Take cover" placards. Right: After the raid. Boy Scout bugler sounding "All clear" from a motor bearing that signal in illuminated letters.

THE WINGS OF VICTORY

Triumph of the Air Force in the Battle for Amiens

By EDWARD WRIGHT

UNTIL the spring of 1918 the air forces of the Western Allies lacked the power to show the possibilities of an aerial offensive. Surprised by the Fokker scourge in 1916 and temporarily mastered by the Albatros peril of 1917, British and French aviators had as much as they could do to carry on with the inferior machines generally provided them Strangely long it took both the British and French Governments to produce directors of aircraft supplies with sufficient managing ability and foresight to organise all the manufacturing resources of the two countries. This, however, was at last done, with the result that the enemy was in turn surprised and mastered by the superior productiveness of allied aeroplane works. All he could do in the way of preparation he did, but with the full combined talents of Britain and France against him he was clean excelled alike in quantity and quality.

General von Ludendorff was aware of this situation when he opened his grand offensive on March 21st, 1918. His position was somewhat similar to that of Sir John Jellicoe immediately before the Battle of Jutland Bank. The British admiral could not fight in clear weather, because his movements would have been foreseen by hostile naval airships. He therefore selected a day of dense, low-lying cloud for his great sweep into the Skager Rack, so that Zeppelins should not be able to operate against him.

Lifting of the Fog

General von Ludendorff chose a day of thick mist, in which British aeroplanes could not work; and, with little help from his own air forces, his enormous number of concentrated divisions broke through the Fifth British Army, turned the right flank of the Third British Army, and, crowding into the large angle between the Somme and Oise Rivers, menaced both Paris and Abbéville, the point at which the British and French forces could be divided. The misty weather continued for about fifty critical hours, completing the confusion of the divided and overwhelmed forces of defence, by making it impossible for their contact machines to watch over brigades, trace battalions, or scout for lost companies.

When on March 23rd the fog of disaster lifted, the alert, well-ordered armies of Marwitz and Hutier were the first to profit by the clearing of the sky. Their aerodromes were undisturbed, their machines and pilots ready and eager; so that the tired, hungry, yet dogged British soldiers, trying to form a defensive flank about Péronne, often saw three huge enemy formations holding the air above them and not a British machine in sight.

This absence from the battlefield of British machines seemed the crowning misery of the great disaster. Yet it was really the saving of the general situation. British pilots were massing in another and unexpected direction for something more important than rear-guard observation. All the Western Allies were then arranging the largest and swiftest concentration of air-power hitherto seen in the war. General Pétain, who had massed his main armies in Champagne, in answer to a deceptive demonstration by Gallwitz, could not move horse, foot, and guns quickly enough to fill the gap left by the overwhelmed Britons. He had thought that the Oise River line, between Moy and La Fère, would be unbreakable at the time it was breaking.

But the man who had saved Verdun by hurrying up three thousand motor-lorries was not at the end of his resources. He could not get cavalry or infantry forward, but he stripped his front of crack pilots on chaser 'planes and experienced bombers on the larger machines. Then, as soon as possible, a United States aerial detachment also left the Lorraine front for the Oise and Somme battlefield.

Aerial Counter-Offensive

The main air force of Great Britain was already working over the scene of the disastrous retreat, and from reports of its numerous scouts the plan of a novel and extraordinary aerial counter-offensive was framed and put into execution.

What then happened cannot fully be described. Nobody immediately concerned in it caught anything more than glimpses of a prolonged air struggle lasting a month. The clash of aerial fleets was quite different in character from the sharp, clear-cut action of naval forces. It was a tangled affair of airy skirmishes, swooping raids and bombing expeditions upon supply trains. Some of the most picturesque incidents were of least importance, while seemingly dull, sordid work—such as dropping explosives upon mules and horses, and then raking the poor beasts with machine-gun fire — proved events of high strategic value.

Beneath the united air forces of the Allies were at first a broken British Army, fragments of which were merging into a small French reinforcement of *Chasseurs a pied*, with cavalry and armoured motor detachments. They were so thinly scattered as to give no large targets to enemy aviators. The German Army, on the other hand, was in immense multitudes, limited only by the number of roads and byways down which supply columns could crawl. From the point of view of the counter-attacking forces of allied airmen the conditions of battle were wonderfully promising; and, neglecting for a while the secondary task of protecting the British infantry rearguards from swooping German machines, the British air commander boldly and decisively carried the surprising counter-offensive far back into the enemy's original lines.

"Blockaded" from the Air

First in scores and then in hundreds, British and French bombing machines attacked the piled and crowded rail-heads from which General von Hutier's army was working. By day the roads and narrow-gauge tracks feeding his advancing divisions were swept with aerial machine-gun fire and bombed with small missiles. When night fell, and the traffic of the enemy increased to the uttermost, until all the ways of movement were densely packed with men, mules, horses, waggons, lorries, tractors, and guns, bombing operations grew in scope and intensity, until air-power was at last seen to be superior to land-power.

Mastery in the air was not displayed in the manner prophesied by some writers. The forty-two enemy infantry divisions, with their thousands of guns, were not bombed or machine-gunned to a standstill. They were blockaded. For example the apparently overwhelming force that tried to break from Albert and Bray and, turning again the right flank of the Third Army, sweep along to Abbéville by the northern bank of the Somme, was cut off from its supplies by an incessant rain of destruction upon its communications. The Bapaume road became such a death-trap that everything German had at last to avoid it.

It was the aerial attack upon the German new and old communications—thirty miles and more deep in places—that decided the course of the first battle for Amiens. The commander of the enemy flying corps was outmanœuvred by General J. M. Salmond. The German general merely imitated the aerial cavalry pursuit tactics invented by Sir Hugh Trenchard at Ypres in the autumn of 1917, but while his pilots were wasting time and power attacking small scattered bodies of British infantry, an extraordinary blow was delivered against the stomach of the German Army.

Turning the Tide of Battle

Both food and ammunition were stopped from reaching the hostile advanced forces. In some important cases the movements of fresh reinforcing divisions were impeded and confused. By the time the German air commander saw his mistake, and reconcentrated his squadrons for the vital defence of communications, the tide of battle had been definitely turned from the air. The German pilots were as completely overwhelmed as the infantry of the Fifth British Army had been. In the course of two months' fighting British aviators brought down the remarkable number of one thousand enemy machines, and dropped the equally remarkable quantity of one thousand tons of bombs upon enemy depots, dumps, traffic, and marching columns.

In addition, there were days in which a quarter of a million rounds of machine-gun fire were poured, by British machines alone, upon German troops and vehicles. The achievement of the French aviation service was almost as great, and the work of the United States squadrons counted in the decisive result.

Under the desperate stimulus of a grave disaster a grand new method of warfare had been invented. As Germany was reduced to a position of marked enfeeblement in the air, the new allied technique of an aerial blockade of hostile ways of supply seemed to promise more than any modern naval blockade could attain. In classic Greek sculpture the spirit of victory was represented with wings. And over the field of defeat a winged victory still hovered while Great Britain was gathering new strength for the final struggle.

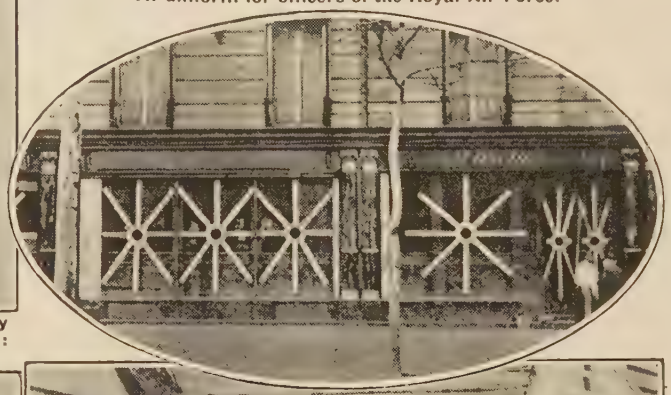
TUNING-UP AN IMMENSE R.A.F. MACHINE BEFORE DEPARTURE ON BOMBING RAID INTO GERMANY

To face page 3120

Flying Men Who Held Ascendancy Over the Foe

Aeroplanes in action: the British machine rising perpendicularly to "flatten out" and attack the German from above. In oval: Paris windows paper-protected against air-raid concussion.

Capt. James B. McCudden, V.C., D.S.O. and bar, M.C. and bar, M.M. By March, 1918, Capt. McCudden had participated in 78 offensive patrols, and accounted for 54 enemy aeroplanes. Right: New uniform for officers of the Royal Air Force.

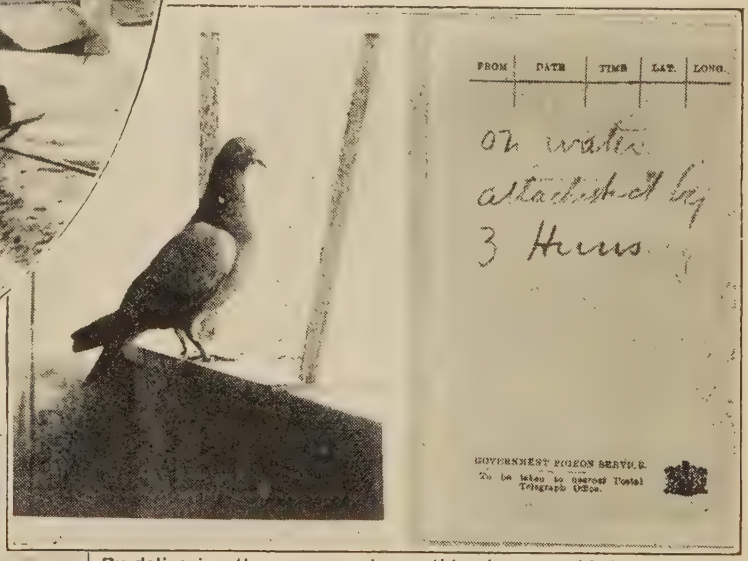


Trio of American flying men flying over an aerodrome during the visit of Secretary Baker and General Pershing to the A.E.F. in France. Right: British air pilots bringing in their reports as to enemy positions during the great German offensive.

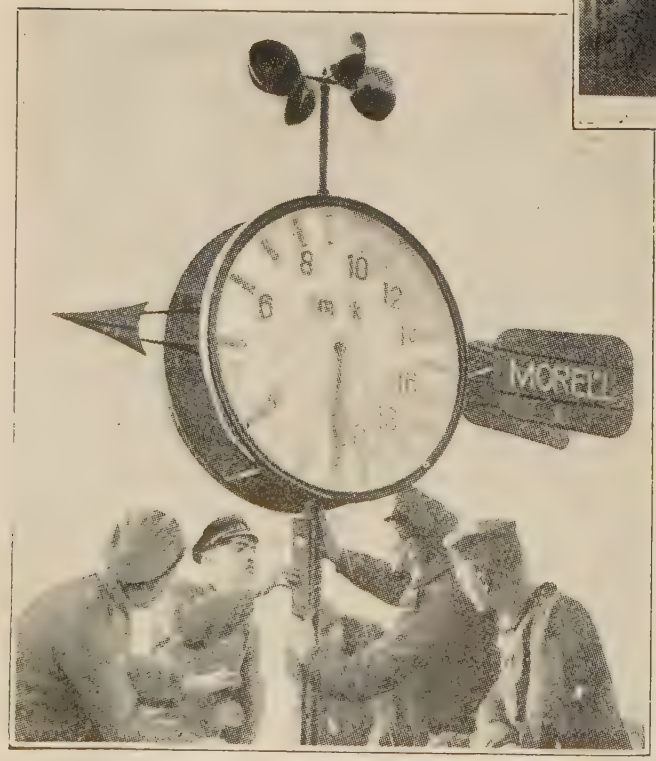
Air Men & Methods in the Old World & the New

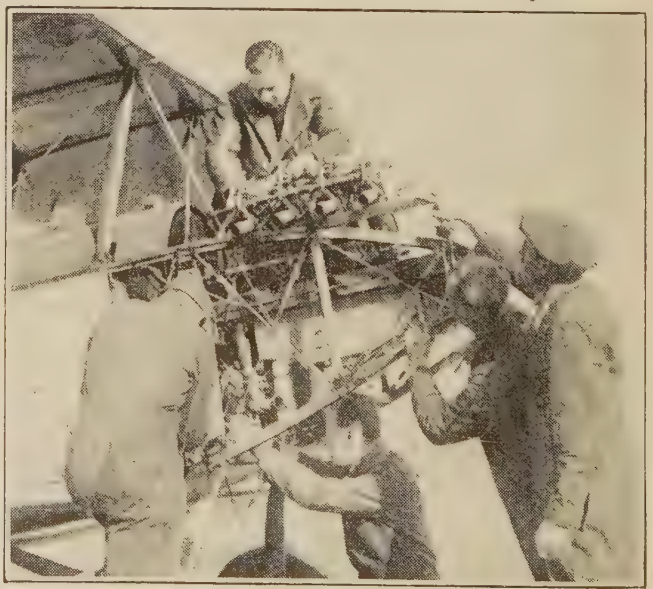
British sailors salving a German seaplane which had been brought down in the North Sea.

Stanton, one of America's most famous airmen, with the two mascots of the Princeton Aviation School.



By delivering the message shown, this pigeon enabled help to be sent to an airman on a seaplane 180 miles away.





Men belonging to the German Air Service with an apparatus which, by means of a centrifugal radiator, indicates the velocity of the wind. Right: Dunbar Wright (in machine) and the Count de Boliac (pointing) instructing cadets to assemble an aeroplane engine at Princeton Aviation School, U.S.A.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR REGINALD Y. TYRWHITT, K.C.B.

In Command of Light Forces based on Harwich.

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

REAR-ADMIRAL TYRWHITT

REGINALD YORKE TYRWHITT, Acting-Rear-Admiral in charge of the British Naval forces based on Harwich, was born in 1870. His father, the late Rev. Richard St. John Tyrwhitt, sometime vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, was a well-known writer on art and a landscape painter, several of whose water-colours hang in the Common-room of Christ Church College, Oxford; and his mother was Caroline, youngest daughter of the late John Yorke, of Beverley Hall, Yorkshire. The original home of the Tyrwhitt family is at Kettleby, Lincolnshire. Tyrwhitts have won distinction in the Church, the Services, and the learned professions since the fourteenth century. One was a judge in the days of Richard II. One fought at Agincourt. They have frequently acted as knights of the shire and sheriffs of Lincolnshire. Thomas Tyrwhitt (1730-1786) was one of the foremost classical scholars of his time.

The Bluefields Sensation

Entering the Navy in 1883, at the age of thirteen, Reginald Yorke Tyrwhitt was promoted lieutenant in 1892, and, two years later, when his ship the Cleopatra was off the coast of Nicaragua, his name became prominent in the newspapers of England and the United States in connection with the Bluefields incident. There had been a rising and a change of Government in Nicaragua, and under the masterful direction of General Zalaya, the new President, Nicaraguan troops attempted to seize the Mosquito territory, over which Great Britain exercised a protective right on behalf of the natives.

Mr. Hatch, the pro-vice-consul, was arrested by Zalaya's troops, and accused of conspiracy against the new Government of Nicaragua. The lives and property of other British subjects were in jeopardy, and in answer to an urgent appeal Lieutenant Tyrwhitt landed with a small force of bluejackets and marines. His tact and firmness contributed to a settlement. The inhabitants of Bluefields sent him a letter of grateful thanks. As one of them expressed it, had not the party been landed from the Cleopatra, "there is little doubt our houses would have been burned and our wives and daughters outraged—in fact, our lives sacrificed."

Brilliant Services in Heligoland Bight

Promoted captain in 1908, Reginald Tyrwhitt was in command of the Second Destroyer Flotilla from August, 1912, to December, 1913. At the beginning of the war he had been serving for about six months as a commodore of the Second Class in charge of the Destroyer Flotillas of the First Fleet, flying his broad pennant in the Amethyst. One of the vessels of this command, the Lance, figured in the first notable incident of the operations in the North Sea, sinking the German mine-layer Königin Luise, which had been dropping mines from opposite Harwich to far up in Scottish waters.

The Königin Luise was sunk on August 5th, 1914. On the 28th Commodore Tyrwhitt took a leading part in the Battle of Heligoland Bight. The purpose of the operations which led to this battle was to cut out the German light craft from their home waters, so that they could be compelled to fight in the open sea. First of all, a submarine flotilla, under Commodore Keyes, set out. This force was followed by the First and Third Destroyer Flotillas, led by Commodore Tyrwhitt and Captain Blunt respectively. Commodore Tyrwhitt flew his flag in the light cruiser Arethusa, then only forty-eight hours out of dockyard hands, and Captain Blunt was in the light cruiser Fearless. The submarines having performed admirably the work of a decoy, were promptly pursued by enemy destroyers. Early in the morning of August 28th, in attempting to head off the enemy, the Arethusa and Fearless got into the thick of a deadly engagement.

The Arethusa fought two German destroyers for about half an hour at a range of 3,000 yards, and was considerably damaged. However, she contrived to drive off her opponents, one of which she severely punished. By this time all the Arethusa's guns, save one, were temporarily out of action. Later, repairs having been effected, she fought off the Strassburg, which had also returned to the fray, severely handled the Mainz, which was afterwards sunk, and the Köln, which was finally accounted for by the oncoming British battle-cruisers. The Arethusa, after the battle, had to be towed to the Nore, but proceeded to Chatham under her own steam, and within a week was again ready for action.

The gallantry of Commodore Tyrwhitt and his skilful handling of his ship and the force under his command were the subject of special reference in the dispatch of Rear-Admiral Christian, commanding the Seventh Cruiser Squadron. For his services he received the insignia of a Companion of the Order of the Bath, and was promoted Commodore of the First Class.

Sinking of the Blücher

Commodore Tyrwhitt next came under the favourable notice of the Admiralty as commander of the destroyers which helped to convoy the British seaplane pilots who bombarded German warships lying in the roads off Cuxhaven on Christmas Day. Then came the affair of the Dogger Bank, on January 24th, 1915. A patrolling squadron of British battle-cruisers and light cruisers, under Sir David Beatty, and a destroyer flotilla, under Commodore Tyrwhitt, sighted a powerful enemy force on its way to the English coast, evidently bent on bombarding some defenceless watering-place—as Scarborough, Hartlepool, and Whitby had been bombarded on December 16th.

The enemy was pursued, and action joined, and to the Arethusa fell the task of torpedoing the Blücher. After this big German cruiser had turned turtle and foundered, the Arethusa's boats rescued over a hundred and twenty of the crew, and would have saved many more had not German airmen appeared on the scene and showered bombs indiscriminately on rescuers and rescued.

The high importance of the Harwich command, and the responsibilities it involved, are beyond question. But only at intervals has the veil of secrecy been lifted and the public allowed glimpses of its arduous work. From the meagre information available up to the summer of 1918 a few important facts may be taken. In February, 1916, Commodore Tyrwhitt lost his famous ship, the Arethusa being sunk by a mine off the East Coast, fortunately with but small loss of life. In January he was awarded the D.S.O., and in December was decorated by President Poincaré Commander of the Legion of Honour.

Promoted Acting-Rear-Admiral

On the morning of May 11th, 1917, while cruising between the Dutch and English coasts, Commodore Tyrwhitt sighted a force of German destroyers on a parallel course. He at once closed and opened fire, when the enemy craft made off under cover of a dense smoke screen. Chase was continued for an hour and twenty minutes. Meanwhile, firing continued at long range till the British force was within range of the Zeebrugge guns, and the chase had to be abandoned.

On June 5th, 1917, the gallant commodore had another chance, and, with better luck, sank one enemy destroyer and badly injured another by gun-fire. In July he was made a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, and in the same month destroyed or captured six German merchantmen off the Dutch coast. These examples of his services are typical of the work of his section of "our silent Navy," and it was with general satisfaction that the news was received, in January, 1918, that he had been promoted to the rank of Acting-Rear-Admiral.

Since 1787 such promotion had been strictly by seniority. The advancement referred to remained, up to August, 1918, the only example of its kind since the outbreak of the war.

Zeebrugge and Ostend

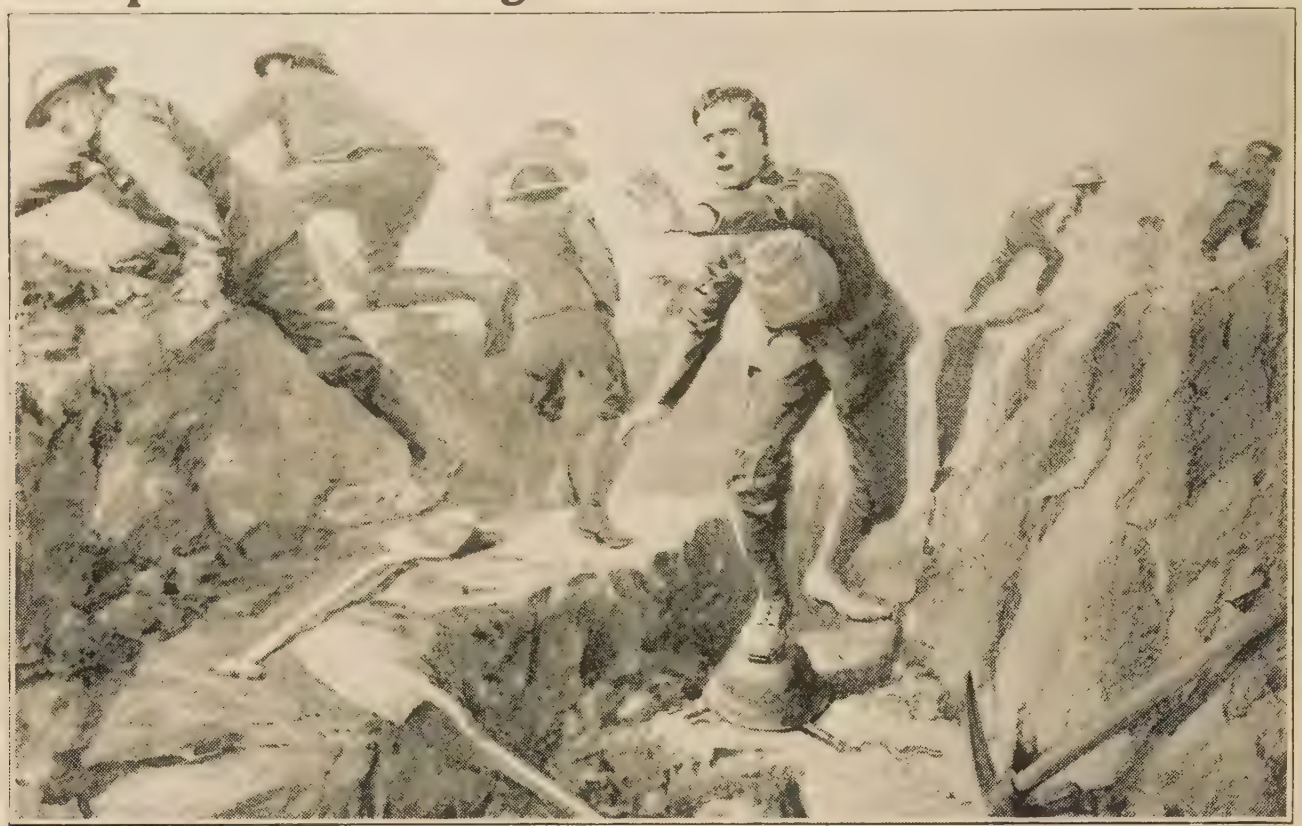
Rear-Admiral Tyrwhitt had a part in the glorious exploit of blocking the harbours of Zeebrugge and Ostend in April and May, 1918, when he led out a portion of his wonderfully efficient and effective Harwich force to guard the British raiders against interference from the German bases in the Heligoland Bight. This service was recognised by the President of the French Republic bestowing upon him the Croix de Guerre with palm.

Golden Deeds of Heroism

One of the most striking sections of this volume is that devoted to recording the undying heroism of British soldiers, sailors, and airmen in their respective spheres. Portraits of heroes whose gallant deeds have won for them the various badges of honour are given in the following pages, as well as spirited drawings by famous war artists depicting sublime episodes of heroism.

BRITISH PLUCK AND RESOURCEFULNESS.—A lieutenant of the R.N.V.R. was in command of a motor-launch attending a flotilla of mine-sweepers when a drifting mine was sighted in a heavy sea. Attempts to sink it by gun fire failed, so the officer lowered a boat and, rowing as close as he dared, jumped overboard and swam to the mine with a line which he passed through the ringbolt on the top, risking contact with the dangerous horns. The mine was then towed to smooth water and sunk by rifle fire.

Conspicuous Courage that Won the Coveted V.C.



Sergeant John Carmichael, V.C., North Staffordshire Regiment, while excavating a trench, saw an unearthed grenade starting to burn. To have thrown it away would have endangered men working on the top, so, yelling a warning, he placed his helmet on the grenade and stood on the helmet. Though badly injured by the explosion, he saved many lives.

Corporal Sidney James Day, V.C., Suffolk Regiment, was in command of a bombing section detailed to clear a maze of trenches still held by the enemy. This he did, killing two machine-gunners and taking four prisoners. Later he saved two officers by throwing away a live stick-bomb, and then he completed clearing the trenches and held an advanced position for sixty-six hours.

Brave Men and Women Honoured for Heroism

CORPORAL SIDNEY JAMES DAY, V.C., Suffolk Regiment, was awarded the cross for clearing a maze of trenches while in charge of a bombing section, killing two enemy machine-gunners and taking four prisoners. Later he saved the lives of two officers by throwing away a live bomb which exploded immediately afterwards. He held an advanced position for sixty-six hours.

Lieutenant Charles George Bonner, V.C., D.S.C., R.N.R., won the Victoria Cross by conspicuous gallantry and consummate coolness in action with an enemy submarine.

Private Thomas Woodcock, V.C., Irish Guards, held a post for ninety-six hours against overwhelming odds, and later waded into a stream under a shower of bombs and rescued a comrade.

Lance-Corporal Frederick G. Room, V.C., Royal Irish Regiment, in charge of a company of stretcher-bearers, worked continuously under intense fire, dressing and helping to evacuate the wounded from a line of shell-holes and short trenches. His unremitting devotion and fearlessness saved many lives.

Second-Lieutenant Hardy Falconer Parsons, V.C., late Gloucester Regiment, though badly burned by liquid fire, single-handed held up the enemy attacking a bombing-post, delaying them until a bombing-party was organised and drove them back. The gallant officer later succumbed to his wounds.

Lieutenant Frederick Maurice Watson Harvey, V.C., Lord Strathcona's Horse, when in command of a leading troop, rushed a wired trench behind which the enemy with rifles and machine-guns were punishing his men. Jumping the wire far in advance of his men, he shot the machine-gunner and captured the gun, with decisive effect on the operations.

Lance-Corporal William Stokes Clark, who won the Military Medal in 1915 for digging out under heavy fire a number of men buried by a mine explosion, had been awarded a bar to the M.M. for gallantry at Vimy Ridge, where he continuously collected wounded and moved them to places of safety. He caused a message to be sent to the field ambulance, telling them where stretchers and bearers were needed, and refused to leave the wounded until the last had been removed.

Sergeant W. S. Read, South Staffordshire Pioneers, was awarded the Military Medal for conspicuous coolness and courage in the field, and for rendering great assistance to his officers under heavy fire.

Cpl. SIDNEY J. DAY, V.C., Suffolk Regt.

Lieut. C. G. BONNER, V.C., D.S.C., R.N.R.

Pte. THOMAS WOODCOCK, V.C., Irish Guards.

Lce.-Cpl. F. G. ROOM, V.C., Royal Irish Regt.

Sec.-Lt. HARDY F. PARSONS, V.C., late Gloucester Regt.

Lt. FREDERICK HARVEY, V.C., Lord Strathcona's Horse.

Miss PARTRIDDY and Miss GILSON.
Decorated by the Italian Government for nursing service.

Sec.-Lt. W. J. LYNESS, M.C., Royal Irish Rifles.

The Rev. R. DUGDALE, M.C., Chaplain to the Forces.

The Rev. DAVID AHEARNE, D.S.O., Chaplain to the Forces.

Pte. W. HUGHES, D.C.M., Welsh Guards.

Lce.-Cpl. W. S. CLARK, M.M. and Bar, London Rifles.

Lce.-Cpl. DOUGLAS MILNE, M.M., Gordon Highlanders.

Sergt. W. S. READ, M.M., South Staffs Pioneers.

Lieut. J. H. BLYTH, D.S.C., R.N.R.

Portraits by Bassano and Lafayette.

Brave Men Decorated for Devotion to Duty

Sec.-Lt. O'Shaughnessy, D.S.O., S. Lancashire Regt. Received Distinguished Service Order for conspicuous gallantry in action.

C. S. M. Hackett, M.M., Royal Warwicks. Awarded the Military Medal for bravery and devotion to duty.

Sergt. W. Channing, M.M., Royal Worcestershire Regt. Joined on the outbreak of war. Received Military Medal.

C.-S.-M. J. C. Walker, M.M., W. Riding Regt. Died in action, and posthumously awarded the Military Medal for bravery.

Sergt. J. Bancroft, M.M., West Riding Regt. Awarded the Military Medal for highly meritorious conduct in the field.

Rev. A. C. E. Jarvis, M.C., Army Chaplain. Awarded the Serbian Order of the White Eagle (Fourth Class).

Rev. Guy Rogers, M.C., Army Chaplain. Decorated with the Military Cross by the King at Buckingham Palace.

B.-S.-M. B. W. White, Royal Garrison Artillery. Awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French Government.

Pte. J. Anderson, M.M., Northumbrian Field Ambulance, R.A.M.C. Received the Military Medal.

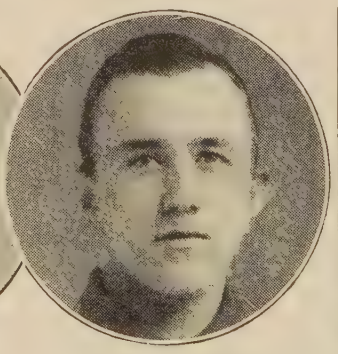
Corpl. A. J. Potter, M.M., King's Royal Rifle Corps. Awarded the Military Medal for bravery and good service.

Corpl. A. Hargreaves, Trench Mortar Battery. Awarded the French Military Medal.

Corpl. H. A. Spears, M.M., Royal Field Artillery. Gained promotion on the field and the Military Medal for gallantry.

Gunner N. Procter, M.M., R.F.A. Only eighteen years of age, he gained the Military Medal for conspicuous bravery.

Sapper J. Bourne, M.M., Royal Engineers. Awarded the Military Medal for displaying special bravery in the field.



Pte. R. B. Cox, M.M., Worcester Regt. Awarded M.M. for assisting when wounded to drive off enemy patrol.

Pte. A. Spilsbury, Army Service Corps. Awarded Gold Medal by the King of Serbia for distinguished service.

Officers & Men Who Have Won Orders & Medals

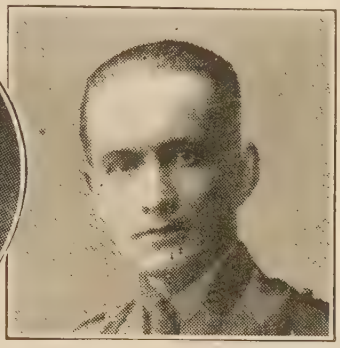
Capt. A. G. Fisher, M.B., M.C., R.A.M.C., Special Reserve. Awarded M.C. for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty.

Lt.-Col. C. V. W. Hill, D.S.O., R. Irish Fus., att. Suffolk Regt. Received D.S.O. for conspicuous gallantry and good leadership.

Maj. E. H. Pease-Watkin, D.S.O., Royal Field Artillery. He was awarded the D.S.O. for great gallantry in action.

Capt. G. B. Morton, M.C., Royal Fus. Given the M.C. for gallantry and devotion to duty. Severely wounded.

Capt. J. W. Woodhouse, M.C., R.F.C., Special Reserve. Awarded a bar to his M.C. for thrice attacking Zeppelins.

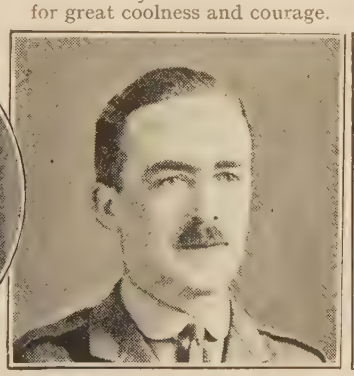


Maj. R. V. Gwynne, D.S.O., Sussex Yeomanry, att. Royal West Surreys. Received D.S.O. for great coolness and courage.

Maj. F. P. Nosworthy, M.C., R.E. Has received a bar to his M.C. for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty.

A. J. Greatorex, M.M., R.F.C., wireless operator. Has received M.M. for courage through severe bombardment.

Sec.-Lt. C. R. Horan, M.C., Royal Munster Fus. Awarded the M.C. for conspicuous gallantry in action.



Sec.-Lt. S. F. Peshall, M.C., King's Royal Rifle Corps. Old Rossall cricketer. Has received M.C. for conspicuous gallantry.

Maj. W. J. Phythian-Adams, M.C., Royal Fusiliers. Awarded M.C. for displaying great courage and initiative.

Sec.-Lt. G. Stephens, M.C., Gloucester Regt. He was awarded the Military Cross for great gallantry in action.

Sec.-Lt. R. T. Thornton, M.C., Indian Army Reserve of Officers, att. Pathans. Received M.C. for gallantry.

Lce.-Corpl. G. Scrivener, M.M., Bedfordshire Regt. Has received the M.M. for great courage in action.

Pte. H. Scrivener, M.M., Bedfordshire Regt. Brother of the preceding. He has also been awarded the M.M.

C.-S.-M. F. W. Marsh, D.C.M., Loyal North Lancashire Regt. Received D.C.M. for courage and devotion to duty.

Portraits by Lafayette and Bassano.

Sailors and Soldiers Honoured for Gallant Deeds

Lt.-Cdr. W. E. SANDERS, V.C., R.N.R. For gallantry and consummate coolness in command of H.M.S. —— in action.

Lieut. R. V. MOON, V.C., Aust. Inf. Led his men until wounded for the fourth time in one fight.

Sec.-Lt. J. HARRISON, V.C., M.C., East Yorks Regt. Single-handed charged a machine-gun. Missing, believed killed.

Capt. C. F. A. PORTAL, D.S.O., M.C. R.E. and R.F.C.

Maj. J. L. PORTAL, D.S.O., Oxford and Bucks L.I.

Lieut. R. H. PORTAL, D.S.O., R.N.

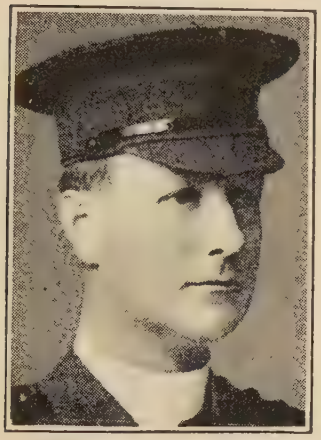
These three Companions of the D.S.O. are sons of Maj. E. R. Portal, late Berks Yeomanry.

Sergt. W. GOSLING, V.C., R.F.A. By prompt courage in unscrewing the fuse from a bomb saved a whole detachment.

Lce.-Cpl. W. R. PARKER, V.C., R.M.L.I. For bravery and devotion to duty at the Dardanelles, 1915.

Capt. D. P. HIRSCH, V.C., late York Regt. Though twice wounded, steadied his men under machine-gun fire till killed.

Chaplains Honoured for Gallantry in the Field

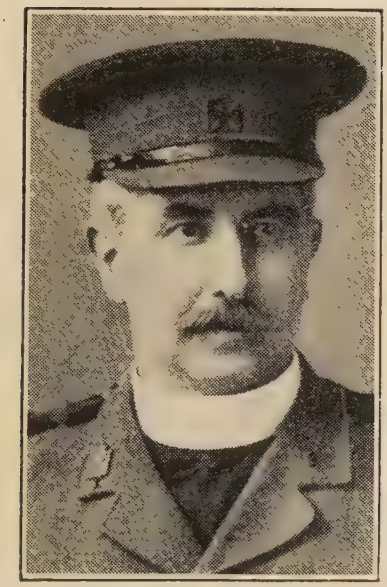


Canon M. LINTON SMITH, D.S.O. Vicar of St. Nicholas', Blundellsands. He had been at the front for over two years.

The Rev. F. S. L. GREEN, mentioned in despatches for gallantry and devotion. Curate of St. Barnabas', North Heigham, Norwich.

The Rev. JAMES OGDEN COOP, mentioned in despatches for gallantry and devotion. Vicar of St. Catherine's, Liverpool.

The Rev. C. S. DUNN, who had been wounded. He left his curacy at St. Michael's, Headingley, to go to the front.



The Rev. H. REID, M.C. Minister of Hamilton U.F. Church, Port Glasgow. He brought in wounded officers under heavy shell fire.

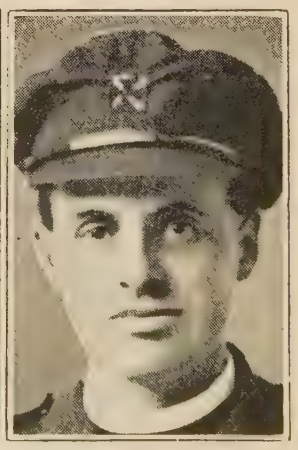
The Rev. Father M'HARDY, M.C., Priest in Charge of St. Cuthbert's R.C. Congregation, Kirkcudbright. Repeatedly recommended for decoration by the Divisional General for gallantry under fire.

The Rev. L. G. HUGHES, mentioned in despatches for gallantry and devotion. Pastor of Wood Street Baptist Chapel, Sheffield.

The Rev. RONALD IRWIN, D.S.O., M.C. and Bar. He had been previously mentioned three times in despatches.

The Rev. A. C. COUSINS, M.C., curate at Bristol. Previously recommended for decoration. He served in S.A. War.

The Rev. E. R. DAY, C.M.G. Chaplain to the Forces, First Class. Mentioned in despatches. Served in the South African War.



The Rev. D. RAILTON, Chaplain to the Forces. Mentioned in despatches for gallant service and devotion.

English Soldiers' Deeds of Dash and Daring:

How Pte. Wilfrid Edwards, K.O.Y.L.I., won the V.C. Having lost all his company officers when attacking an enemy concrete fort by which a whole battalion was held up, he dashed forward, bombed through the loopholes, and captured three officers and thirty men. Later he guided most of the battalion over very difficult ground.

Corpl. (L.-Sergt.) T. F. Mayson, R. Lanc. Regt., received the V.C. for twice attacking and putting out of action enemy machine-gun positions. Later he held an isolated post until ordered to withdraw. He displayed throughout remarkable valour and initiative.

Winning the Coveted Cross for Valour's Wear

Sergt. E. Cooper, K.R.R.C., has gained the V.C. by conspicuous bravery and initiative. With four men he rushed a concrete blockhouse, the fire from which was causing heavy casualties in his battalion and holding up that on the left. Seven machine-guns and forty-five prisoners were taken in the blockhouse, and his heroism saved a severe check. He displayed an utter disregard of danger.

Pte. A. Loosemore, W. Riding Regt., won the V.C. by great bravery. His platoon being checked by heavy machine-gun fire, he dragged his Lewis gun through wire, and single-handed killed twenty of the enemy. Brought back a wounded comrade under heavy fire.

For Valour: More Heroes of the Victoria Cross

Major S. W. LOUDOUN-SHAND, Yorkshire Regt. Helped his men over the parapet, and when wounded sat in the trench and cheered them on till he died.

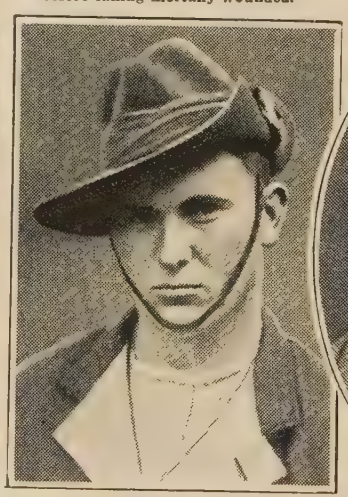
Capt. A. C. de WIART, Dragoon Guards. By dauntless courage and inspiring example forced an attack home and thereby averted a serious reverse.

Coy.-Sergt.-Major N. V. CARTER, Royal Sussex Regt. He reached and bombed the enemy second line, and carried several injured men to safety before falling mortally wounded.

Sec.-Lieut. D. S. BELL, Yorkshire Regt. Rushed across the open under intense fire and destroyed an enfilading machine-gun and personnel, thus saving many lives.

Pte. T. W. H. VEALE, Devonshire Regt. Went out five times to bring in a wounded officer. When an enemy patrol appeared he went back for a Lewis gun and covered rescue party.

Pte. M. O'MEARA, Australian Infantry. During four days repeatedly brought in wounded men under intense fire, and carried ammunition through a heavy barrage.



Pte. W. JACKSON, Australian Infantry. Brought one comrade in, and was carrying another when his arm was blown off; he got assistance and went back for the man.

Pte. W. F. McFADZEAN, Royal Irish Rifles. A box of bombs slipped in a trench; with heroic courage he threw himself on them, "giving his life for his comrades."

Pte. T. G. TURRALL, Worcestershire Regt. Cut off on a bombing raid, he remained with a wounded officer under continuous fire, and finally brought him into our lines.

Lieut. G. St. G. S. CATHER, Royal Irish Fusiliers. Searched for eight hours under direct fire, and brought in four wounded men before falling himself on the field of honour.

Pte. W. SHORT, Yorkshire Regt. Foremost in a bombing raid, his leg was shattered, and he lay in the trench adjusting detonators for his comrades till he died.

Pte. J. MILLER, Royal Lancaster Regt. Carrying a message he was shot. He held the wound, delivered the message, staggered back with the answer, and fell dead.

British Bravery versus Teuton Treachery

A British officer seized a Red Cross flag and advanced to within speaking distance of the enemy, protesting passionately against the deliberate sniping of British stretcher-bearers near Poelcappelle. His heroism shamed the enemy, who desisted from their treachery.

Heroism of stretcher-bearers in the Flanders fighting of 1917. "Frequently," said one of the correspondents in describing their exploits, "they had to crawl up to the wounded on all-fours, until every man was completely caked with mud from head to heels."

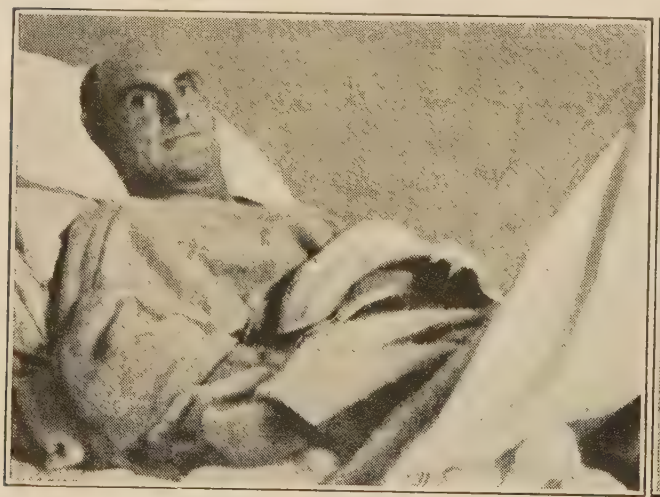
Sailors and Soldiers Decorated for Heroism

Skipper J. WATT, V.C., R.N.R. Defied Austrian cruiser when ordered to abandon his drifter, the Gowanlea.

Sergt. R. BYE, V.C., Welsh Guards. For conspicuous bravery and initiative in attacking a blockhouse.

Act.-Capt. T. R. COLYER-FERGUSSON, V.C., Northampton R. For bravery and skilful leading. Killed.

Cpl. J. Ll. DAVIES, V.C., R. Welsh Fus. Single-handed attacked and captured a machine-gun. Died of wounds.



Deckhand F. H. LAMB, C.G.M., Member of the Gowanlea's heroic crew. Though severely wounded in the leg by the explosion of ammunition on the drifter, he stuck to his gun and endeavoured to work it.

THREE MINE-SWEEPING HEROES. Left to right: Skipper R. Barker, D.S.C., Lieut. J. Fulter, D.S.C., and Skipper H. Gower, D.S.C., all of them decorated for their services with the Royal Naval Reserve.

L.-Cpl. E. SHAW, M.M., Attached York and Lancaster Regt. Awarded the M.M. for good work in the field.

Sergt. E. HEYWOOD, M.M., Royal Engineers. Received the Military Medal for bravery in action.

Capt. P. W. STOUT, D.S.O., M.M.G. Corps. D.S.O. for distinguished services with the armoured cars at Gaza.

Sec.-Lieut. G. JOY, M.C., London Regt. For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in command of a raiding party.

Woman's Work in the Fourth Year

This new section which appears in the ALBUM DE LUXE *is one that could not well be omitted. In the following pages will be found depicted many phases of women's war work. The noble and self-sacrificing efforts of the women of our land greatly contributed towards victory, and richly deserve a place in this volume. In the following pages we are given some interesting glimpses of the activities of brave nurses, and the plucky women of the Auxiliary Army and Navy forces.*

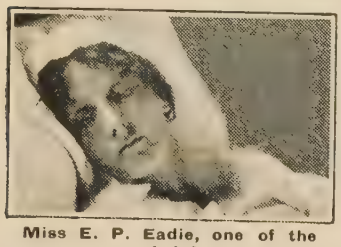
A CREDIT TO CORNWALL.—Although only fourteen years of age, Miss D. Truscott, of St. Veep, Cornwall, won three first prizes at agricultural demonstrations in the Duchy for harnessing and driving two horses in a waggon, for harrowing, and for the most suitable dress. This photograph shows her wearing the prize costume, which is of shower-proof washable twill, with her horses.

Devotion to Duty of the Sisterhood of Service

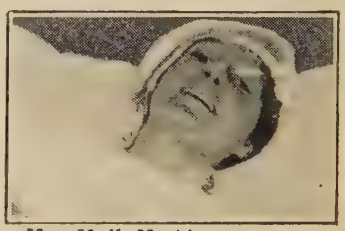
Miss J. Oliphant and Miss C. Conner, of the Q.M.A.A.C., killed in France.

"Last Post" at the funeral of Sister Margaret Lowe, who died of wounds received during a Hun air attack on the Canadian General Hospital at which she was working.

Miss A. Marshall and Miss D. Crewdson, of V.A.D., wounded in air raids.



Miss E. P. Eadie, one of the nurses wounded in a German air raid on a hospital in France.



Miss M. K. Mackinnon, a nurse wounded during a German air raid on a hospital in France.

Dr. Frances Ivens and some of her staff at a Scottish Women's Hospital in France. During a German air raid Dr. Ivens performed several amputation operations. Left: King George at Aldershot decorates Matron Repton with the M.M. and R.R.C.

French nurse attending to wounded British soldiers from the western fighting-line. Right: The Bishop of London visiting the Raymede Day Nursery at Ladbroke Grove. It was regarded as a model among the nurseries established for the children of munition workers.

Daughters of Empire in Diverse Employments

Women bringing up concrete to be used in the extension of one of the largest munition works where high-grade steel was specialised in for Government work.

H.R.H. Princess Mary in V.A.D. uniform on the occasion of the visit of British women workers to Buckingham Palace to present an address to the King and Queen on their Majesties' silver wedding. Right: Inspecting Mills hand-grenades made by women.

Miss Gladys McIntyre rolling pastry for pies in the pastry department which she conducted in France for the benefit of soldiers of the American Expeditionary Force. Right: Two members of the Women's Land Army with some of the live-stock placed in their charge.

Women Who Answered Duty's Bugle-Call

One of the women of the Women's Land Army guiding the four-horse team of a harrow in Oxfordshire. Right: Distribution of prizes at Whit-Monday sports of members of the R.A.F. and the Women's R.A.F. in the North of England.

King George inspecting the "Wrens" during a visit to certain dockyards and other centres of war activity. In circle: A "Wren" practising bugle-calls.

Nurses at the Milton Infirmary, Portsmouth, going through one of their fire-drill exercises. They were finding considerable amusement in practising how to carry people from a burning building by the "four-handed" seat method.

Care of the Wounded from Battlefield to Base

Bringing back the wounded from the fighting-front. Interior of a ward in a British ambulance train in France.

Nurse attending to a patient in an ambulance train, the French patient in the upper berth being greatly interested in the operation.

Loading up a British ambulance train in France with stretcher cases for removal to the base hospitals, where they will receive the fullest medical and surgical care. Inset above : Canaries that live aboard the ambulance train to cheer the wounded with song.

Willing Women Workers: Helpmeets for Heroes

Nurses of the first medical detachment of the American Army to arrive in London. The King received them "with utmost pleasure."

"Washers" on the staff of the Great Eastern Railway, where women had been substituted for almost the whole of the male staff.

A nurse off duty in a hospital ship lends a hand in painting the vessel.

The London and South-Western Railway employed women to repair waggon-sheets, heavy work for which sailors' needles are used and leather hand-shields in lieu of thimbles.

Women carrying one-hundredweight sacks of coke in a London gasworks—heavy and fatiguing labour even for strong men.

Sorting pan-coke and ashes in a London works. Gasworks throughout the country were kept going by women.

Girls going off to work at Tregavethan Manor Farm, Cornwall, one of the first centres for training women in farm labour.

Felling, preparing, and stacking timber for pit-props at Alcester, Warwickshire. The girls are nicknamed "The Woodpeckers."

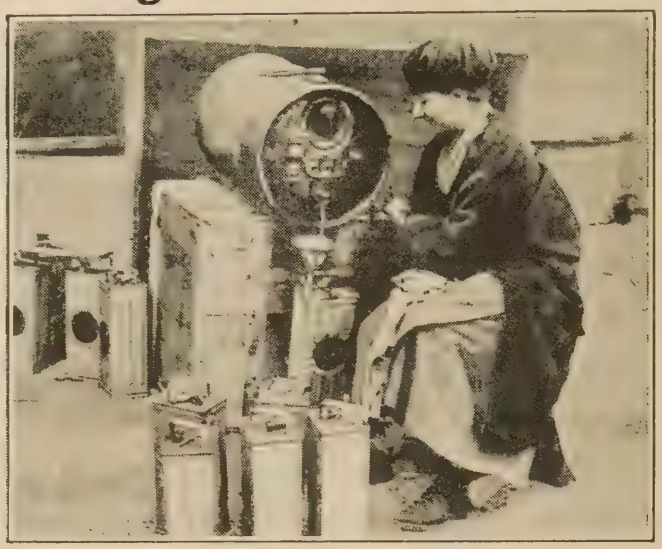
Varied Work for which Women have Volunteered

Employment of women in army kitchens was an innovation with much to recommend it. Women cooks served quite close to the front. Right: Motor-car belonging to the Y.M.C.A. with sisters of the Red Triangle.

A display by members of the Women's Ambulance Corps attached to the London Fire Brigade Headquarters. Right: Women mechanics in a French aviation camp.

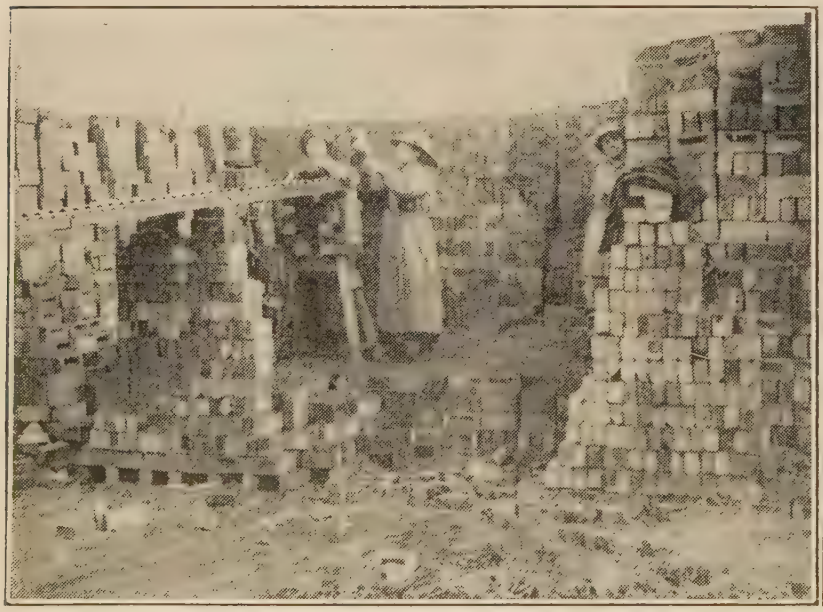
Red Cross sisters offering a German helmet for sale by auction on one of the Red Cross boats on a French waterway. Judging from the look of amusement on the faces of the audience the auctioneer had a gift of droll persuasiveness.

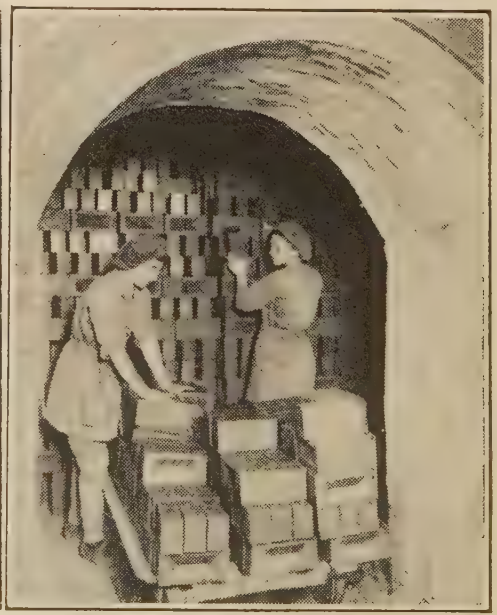
Women's War Work in England and France



Women at work in a French Government factory cutting out from "waste" leather every scrap which may be utilised for repairs, and (right) a French girl in charge of an oil depot who measures out the oil for distribution.

Crossing a bad corner of the piggery. A woman farm-worker finds the ground about her porcine charges affords awkward walking. Right: A woman carter has to coax her horse drawing a cartload of mangel-wurzels over the muddy junction of two fields.

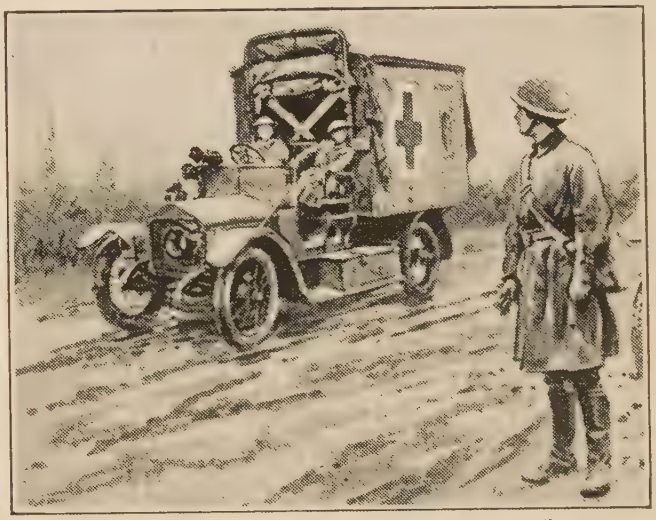




Work at the world's largest brick kiln, near Peterborough. To the left women are unstacking bricks and putting them on the slide down which they travel to a railway waggon. On the right they are stacking bricks in a kiln ready for firing.

Varied & Wonderful War Work of the 'Waacs'

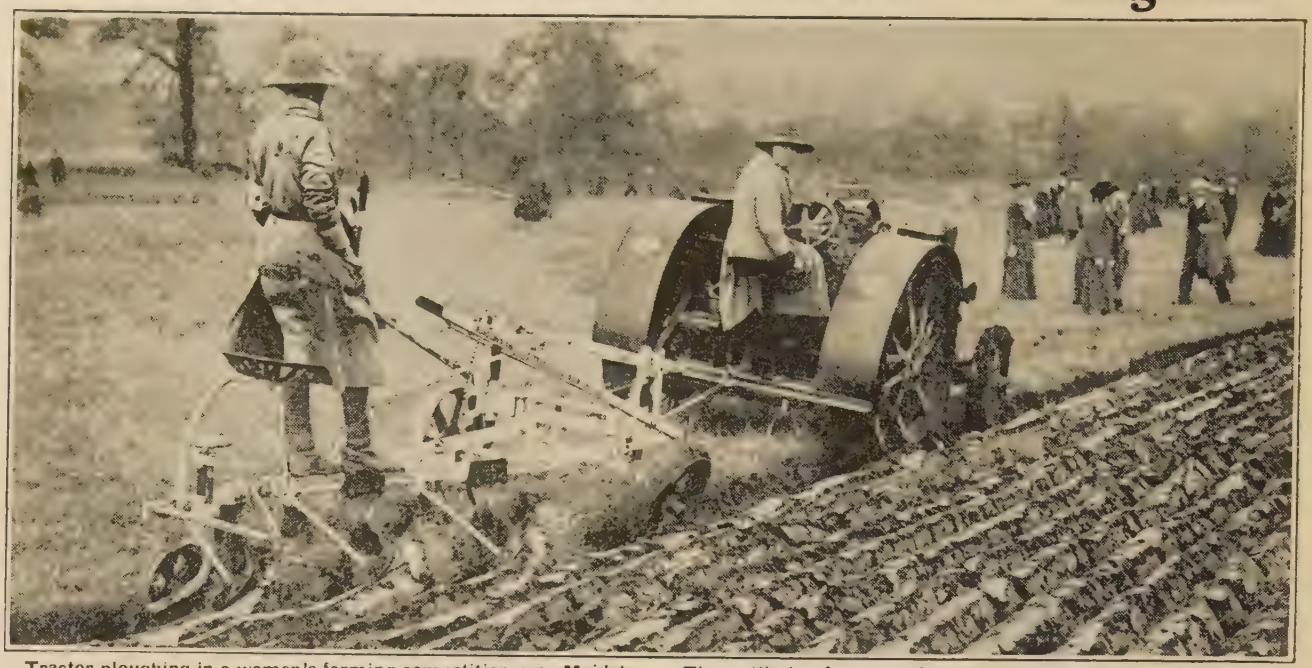
"Waacs"—members of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps—searching the filed records of men who have been posted as "missing," and (right) members of the corps filing up to the pay-desk at one of the W.A.A.C. hostels, models of extemporised dwellings, in France.



A member of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps at work in a carpenter's shop, and (right) other members serving as motor-ambulance drivers on the western front. For all the varied branches of the W.A.A.C. eight to ten thousand recruits were required each month.

Cooks of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps at work in the kitchen of a men's camp on the British western front. The Minister of Labour and Sir Francis Lloyd both paid high tribute to the "Waac" cooks. Right: A "Waac" as telephone-exchange operator.

Industrious Eve in the Garden of England



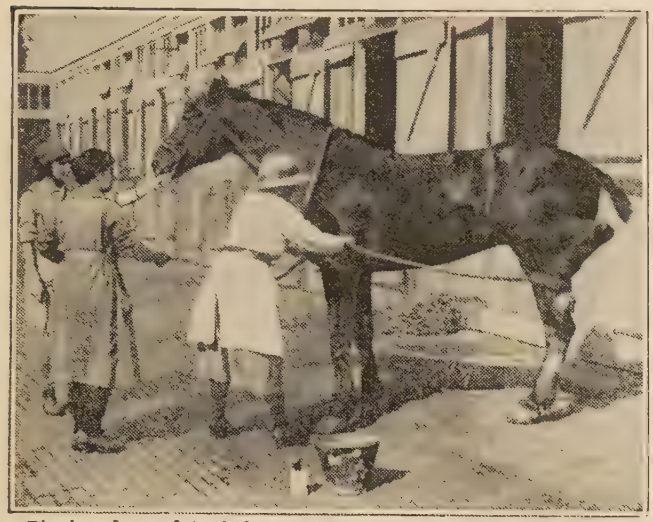
Tractor ploughing in a women's farming competition near Maidstone. The aptitude of women for agricultural work was a discovery of the industrial revolution effected by the war, and their employment in farming was certain to become a feature of the national life.

Down the long avenue of apple-trees: Spraying an orchard in the women's agricultural competition near Maidstone. Right: Trouble with the tractor engine. Competence and quickness in effecting repairs to agricultural machinery was an important part of the training.

Women land workers setting out for the various competitive tests of efficiency held at Allington, near Maidstone, in 1917.

A competitor in the pruning test, intent upon her job, and unconscious of the pretty picture she made for the camera.

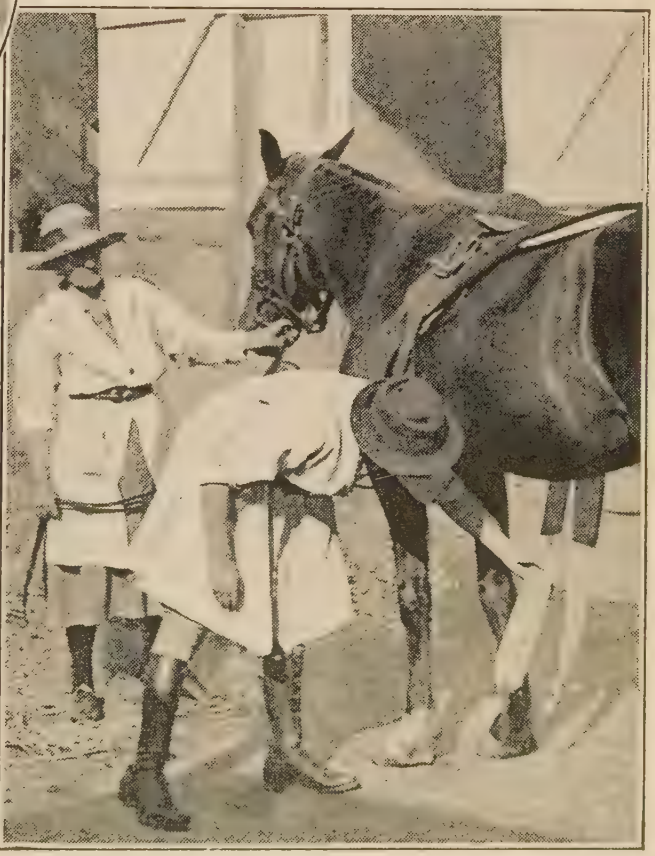
Women's Splendid Work as Veterinary Surgeons



Playing for safety before commencing surgical treatment. How a woman vet. deals with a kicking horse.

Treating and bandaging strained hocks. The "collar" prevents the patient from nibbling at and disarranging the bandages.

"Throwing" a horse, a task which calls for the employment of considerable knack as well as strength.



Saddling up preparatory to giving a convalescent patient gentle exercise. Women vets. have proved remarkably successful.

To reach the head of her tall equine patient the woman vet. finds the stable barrow a useful aid.

How Our Women Worked to Win the War:

Women were employed usefully at Chester as road cleaners. Left: A woman navvy at the Coventry Municipal Gasworks wheeling a hundredweight load of coke.

Mr. Lynwood Palmer and Mr. W. Ward giving hints to women engaged to drive the Royal Mails. Right: Firewomen in their bunks at a fire-station.

The steam-trawler Richard Nash, sunk off Rainham, Essex, in 1915, was raised and taken to Greenwich, where she was overhauled, cleaned, and painted wholly by women. Right: Coalwomen in Glasgow, where they proved a happy success.

Civilian Service Helps Active War Service

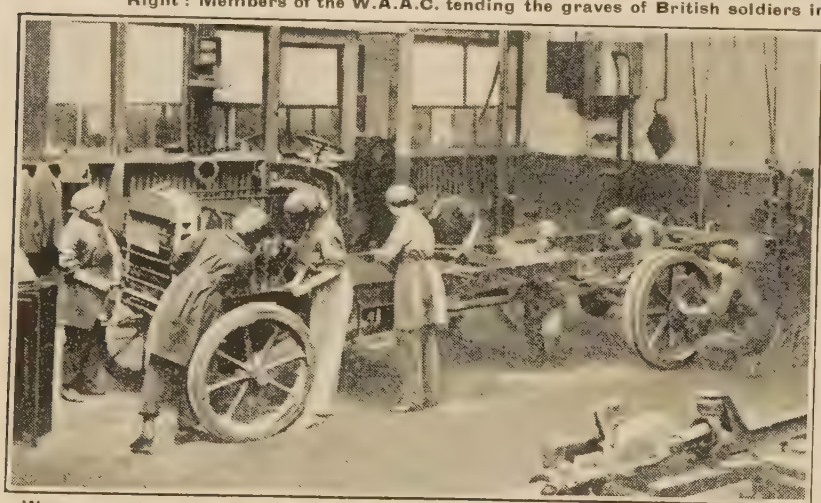
Women in the timber yards became adept in the use of the large saws required to cut big trunks. Right: Examining lenses for optical instruments.

Nurses supplying wounded with tea and biscuits on arrival at Leicester. Right: Brick-making was another industry at which women developed efficiency.

Dishing up potatoes at Epsom Convalescent Camp, where the cooking for four thousand patients was all done by women. Right: Making the new helmets for soldiers on active service was work which women did well. Thousands were sent to France every day.

Wonderful War Work of the Empire's Women

Nursing Sister MacAdams, of the Canadian Military Nursing Service, was elected Member of the Alberta Legislative Assembly. Right: Members of the W.A.A.C. tending the graves of British soldiers in France.



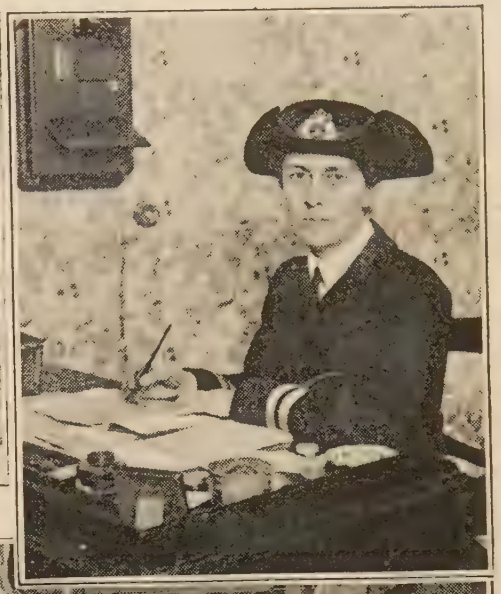
Women workers overhauling the chassis of a "London General" motor-'bus. Women took up the work of motor-'bus building in a capable fashion.

THE photographs on this page indicate something—and suggest much more—of the wonderful work that was done by the women of the Empire in various fields of activity such as in pre-war days would have been regarded as quite impossible.

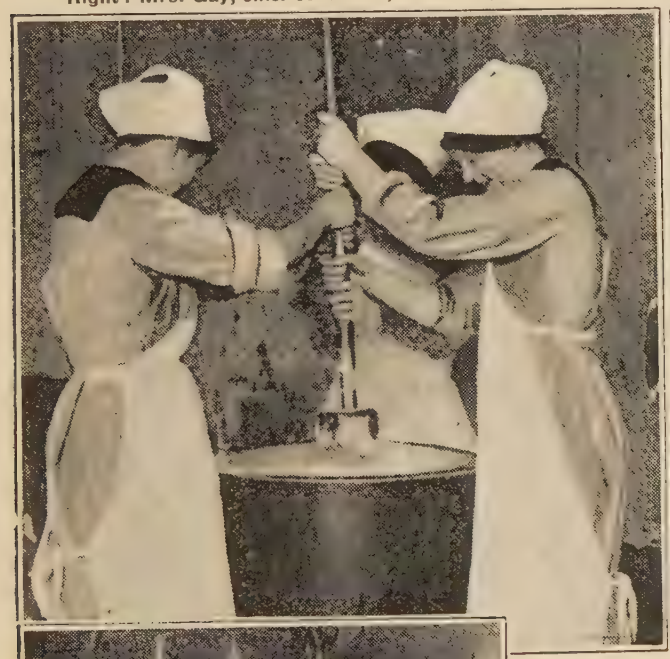
As nurses women had long been accorded a pre-eminent position, but Nursing Sister Roberta MacAdams became, in large measure owing to the votes of the Canadian soldiers who knew her well, a member of the Alberta Legislative Assembly, having been elected, together with Captain R. Pearson, to represent the oversea troops from Alberta. She was stationed at the Canadian Military Hospital at Orpington, in Kent. Another woman shown on this page stands as typical of those women who have cheerfully taken on the arduous duties of police-officers in populous districts; while yet others who have joined the noble sisterhood of strenuous war service are doing the severe and highly technical work of building motor-'buses. Yet another sphere of valuable work is shown by members of the W.A.A.C. who are seen tending the graves of some of the heroes who have died that Britain may live.

Birkenhead's old and new police. Policeman and policewoman on duty at the entrance to the Town Hall on the occasion of Mr. Lloyd George's visit. Right: Arrival of some of the nurses who accompanied a contingent of troops from New Zealand.

'Wrens' at Work at the Greenwich R.N. College



Mess party of the Women's Royal Naval Service who were at work at Greenwich. Right: Mrs. Gay, chief controller, W.R.N.S., at the Royal Naval College.



At work with the potato-masher at the R.N. College, where over 2,000 meals were prepared daily. Right: "Cutting up" in the meat store.

Butchers at work in the meat store, hanging up a carcase of mutton, and (right) one of the "Wren" cooks attending to the capacious boilers in a kitchen of the Royal Naval College.

Dames of the New Order of the British Empire

Badge and Star of the G.B.E.

CONSIDERABLE interest attaches to the institution by King George, in 1917, of a new Order of Knighthood to be styled The Most Excellent Order of the British Empire. It consists of five classes, and there is further a Medal to be awarded to those who, not being members of the Order, have performed services to the Empire such as warrant this mark of Royal appreciation. Another Order established at the same time is the Order of the Companions of Honour, which, like the Order of Merit, will be conferred upon a limited number of persons, and carries with it no title or precedence. To both Orders men and women are alike eligible. The classes of the Order of the British Empire are as follows: Knights and Dames Grand Cross, G.B.E.; Knights and Dames Commanders, K.B.E. and D.B.E.; Commanders, C.B.E.; Officers, O.B.E.; and Members, M.B.E.

Among those who were appointed to be Companions of Honour were: The Marchioness of Lansdowne, for her services as member of the Council of the Red Cross, and President of the Officers' Families Fund; Mrs. Tennant and Mrs. Carruthers (Miss Violet Markham), for their work as Director and Assistant Director respectively of the Women's Section of the National Service Department—the one section that stands out as an unqualified success; and Miss Elizabeth Haldane, sister of Lord Haldane, for her work as Vice-Chairman of the Advisory Council of the Territorial Force Nursing Association.

The Marchioness of Londonderry, who becomes a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire, has had the best compliment paid to her valuable work in the raising of the Women's Legion, in that that organisation has lately been made by the War Office an integral part of the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps.

Lady Reid, wife of Sir George Reid, M.P., the distinguished Australian statesman, becomes a Dame Grand Cross for her untiring efforts for the welfare of the Australian troops.

The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, who becomes a Dame Commander, did much strenuous and valuable work on behalf of the Belgian refugees during the early months of the war.

Lady (Ralph) Paget, whose husband was British Minister at Belgrade, has been awarded the G.B.E. for her work on the Serbian Relief Fund. Lady Paget already had the Serbian Order of St. Sava.

Dr. Mary Scharlieb, who becomes C.B.E., was the first woman to take the M.D. degree of the University of London, which she did in 1888. She has long held a distinguished position in the medical world, and done valuable social work in connection with the war.

Mrs. Barnett, who has also received the C.B.E. in recognition of valuable social work in connection with the war, was the earnest helper of her husband, the late Canon Barnett, in his great work in Whitechapel.

Mrs. Lena Simpson, better known to the public as Miss Lena Ashwell, becomes an Officer of the Order in recognition of her valuable work in organising entertainments for the troops.

Mrs. Chalmers Watson, who receives the C.B.E., is the Chief Controller of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps.

Miss Eva Luckes, who has also been awarded the C.B.E., is the Matron of the London Hospital.

Badge and Star of the K.B.E. and D.B.E.

LADY LONDONDERRY, D.B.E., The Women's Legion.

LADY REID, G.B.E., Services for Australian Forces.

Hon. Mrs. A. LYTTELTON, D.B.E., War Refugees Com.

LADY PAGET, G.B.E., Serbian Relief Fund.

LADY BYRON, D.B.E., War Work.

Dr. M. SCHARLIEB, C.B.E., Valuable Social Work.

Mrs. H. O. BARNETT, C.B.E., Valuable Social Work.

Hon. LADY NORMAN, C.B.E., War Hospitals.

Mrs. LENA SIMPSON, O.B.E., Entertainments for Troops.

Dr. A. CHALMERS WATSON, C.B.E., Chief Control., W.A.A.C.

MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE, C.H., Council of Red Cross.

Mrs. CARRUTHERS, C.H., Women's National Service.

Miss E. C. E. LUCKES, C.B.E., Matron, London Hospital.

Mrs. TENNANT, C.H., Women's National Service.

Miss E. HALDANE, C.H., Territorial Nursing Assoc.

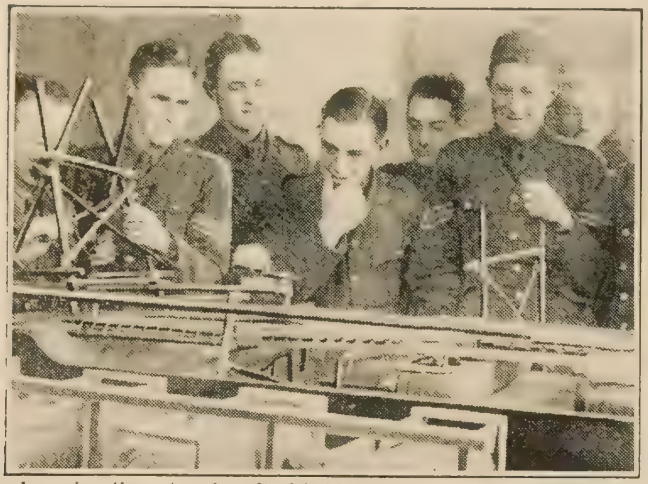
Portraits by Walter Barnett, Bassano, Swaine, Elliott & Fry, and Claude Harris.

Peeps at Britain in War Time

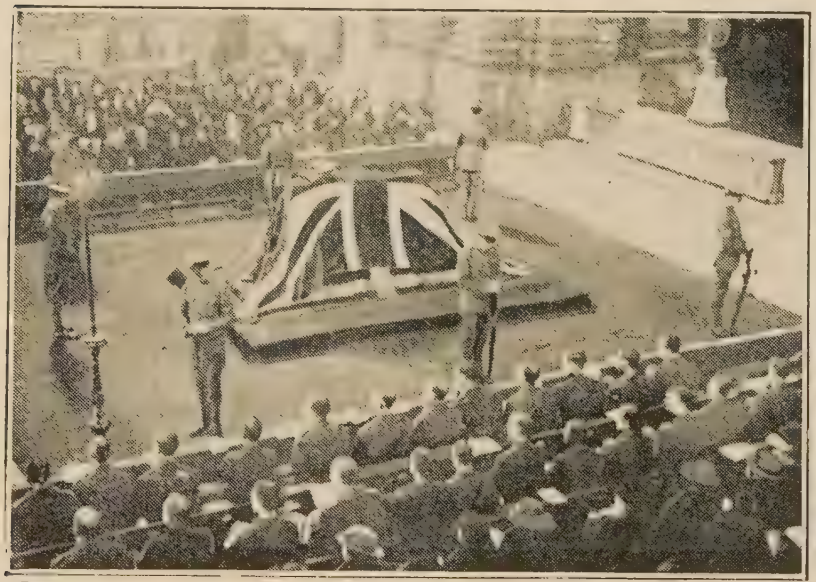
An interesting section is necessarily that devoted to depicting the wonderful scenes and incidents which went to make up the picture of Britain at home. Although the varied phases of activity here represented may not possess the intense interest of actual battle views, they nevertheless hold a definite, permanent interest for the reader of to-day and the student of the Great War in the years to come.

READY FOR "FRITZ."—A large anti-aircraft gun at a British coast town. Flying at a great height, the Hun raiders afforded the gunners but a minute and rapidly-moving target, and though many moonlight nights in the fourth year of the war led to night raids on London, many raiding-parties were turned back by the coast defences.

War's Sidelights on Everyday Life in England



Learning the art and craft of bridge-building. R.E. Cadets at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, studying an important branch of their work. Right: Funeral with military honours of Sister D. M. Chandler, for two and a half years a nurse at Millbank Hospital.



Scene at the Solemn Requiem Mass at the Brompton Oratory in memory of Irish Guardsmen who fell in the war—Lord French, Colonel-in-Chief, was present—and (right) the boarhound mascot of the Irish Guards, waiting outside during the ceremony.

Treating a patient's knee with Bath mud, which was found very beneficial in curing stiff joints and other ills resulting from Flanders mud. Right: Putting the finishing touches to the badge of the Cameron men at the Royal School of Art Needlework.

House-Party of Heroes in a Stately Home

Photographs by Bassano

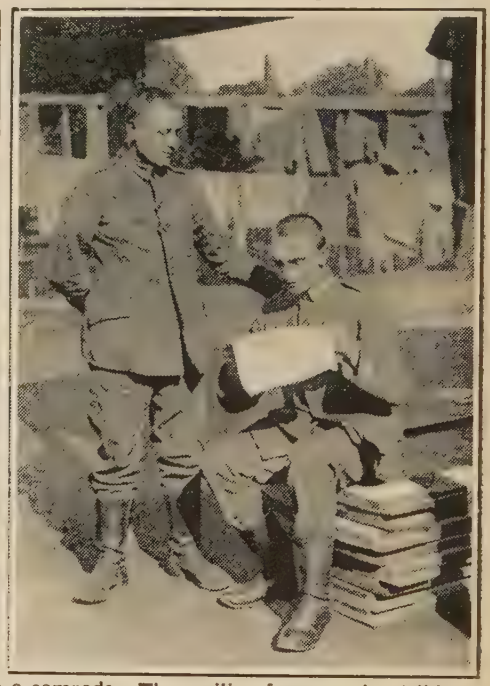
Depositing the colours of a Canadian battalion in the chancel of Bramshott Church, Hants.

The Marquess of Bath turned Longleat Hall into a hospital, where wounded soldiers were given everything heart could wish for.

Not the least happy memory the men will cherish of their stay in this stately home of England will be of the personal service given them by their hosts. Lady Kathleen Thynne, daughter of the Marquess of Bath, in the magnificent hall, with some of her father's house-party.

German Prisoners 'At Home' in Southampton

Interesting scenes were witnessed when German prisoners of war arrived preparatory to being distributed among the various detention camps in the country. The photograph on the left shows a batch of prisoners marching into camp, and (right) a game of cards.



Washing-day at the camp, and (right) a prisoner reading an English newspaper to a comrade. The smiling faces are in striking contrast to the emaciated expressions revealed by photographs of British prisoners at Wittenberg and Ruhleben.

Prisoners carrying food for their comrades, and (right) another glimpse of washing-day. Clean and well fed, these men are Britain's reply to the ill-treatment and starvation to which prisoners of war in Germany were subjected at Wittenberg and other camps.

Willing Workers at Home Helping to Win the War

Levelling with the harrow the ridges left by the plough. A woman farm student at work on the land near Truro.

Girl Guides and Boy Scouts of Leigh-on-Sea busily engaged in digging up waste land preparatory to planting potatoes.

"Agricultural furlough" was granted to some ploughmen soldiers of the R.F.A., who were engaged on Windsor farms.

Soldiers who were on leave for farm work engaged in preparing the ground for ploughing on Windsor farm.

Lads of the Leicester Council Schools lent willing hands to the digging up of parts of the city parks ready for potato planting.

After a strenuous turn at trenching, the young, zealous students of spade-husbandry took their tools back to the tool-shed.

After Three Years: Heroes of Mons Come Home

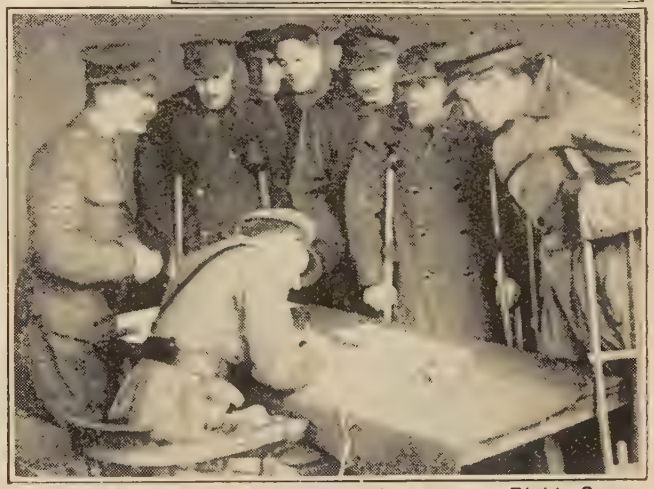
The first batch of wounded prisoners sent home from Switzerland in exchange for German prisoners arrived in England on September 11th, 1917. The men landing from the hospital-ship in which they crossed, and (right) a cab full of the men leaving Waterloo Station.

The exchanged prisoners arrived a day sooner than expected, and a public welcome was, therefore, not forthcoming, but flowers, cigarettes, and chocolates were distributed amongst them. Left: Repatriated sailors land on their native shore.

Two of the internees from Switzerland, and (right) a group of them at Waterloo. Many of these heroes belonged to the original B.E.F., the "contemptible little Army" which is the glory of the British Empire, and fell into the hands of the enemy during the Mons retreat.

Scarred Heroes Reach the Sanctuary of Home

A cheerful crowd. Some of the 632 British prisoners released from Germany—nearly half of them soldiers—who were landed at Boston, Lincs, on Jan. 7th, 1918. Right: Bringing a maimed warrior down the gangway.

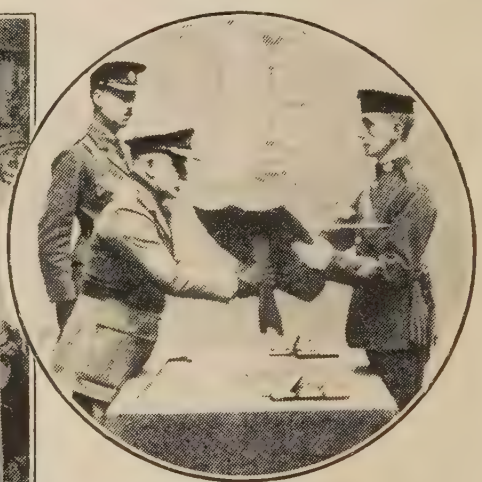


Some of the badly-injured soldiers who are happy to be home at last, after their long experience of enemy prison camps. Right: Some of the twenty-seven officers in the repatriated party giving their names and other particulars on their arrival.

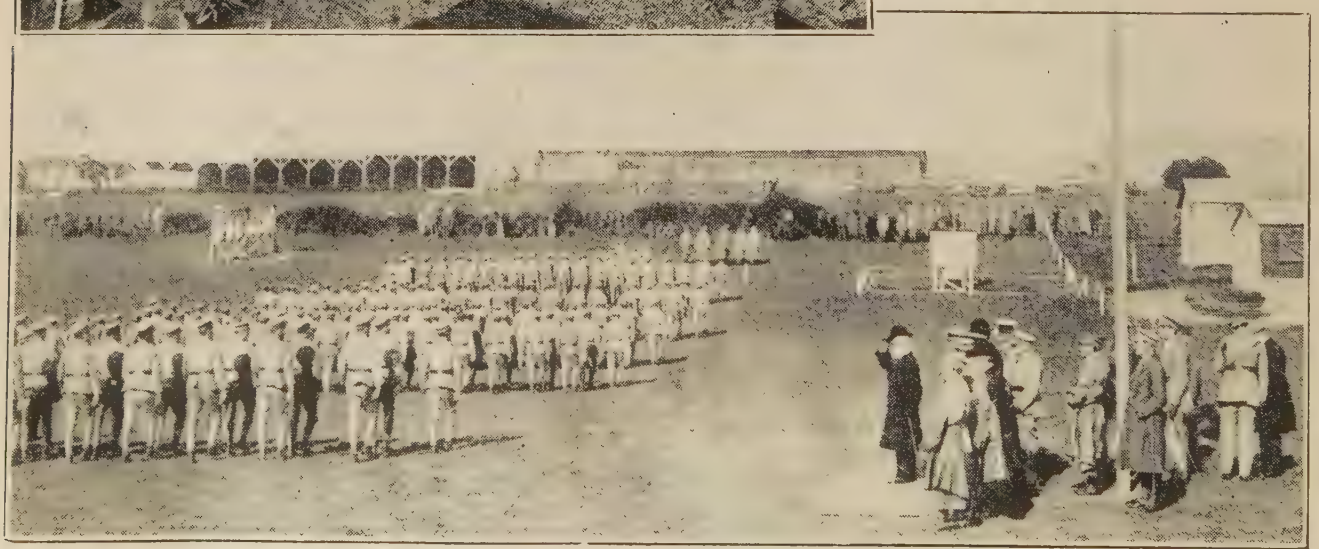
One of the homecomers who had been blinded is helped along the deck by a chum and one of the sailors. Right: A Boston fisherman, captured at the outbreak of the war, who had the good luck to be landed "right home" with his family.

Our Oldest Ally and Our Youngest Auxiliaries

Women workers of the forage section of the A.S.C. assisting in the loading of hay bales for Army horses abroad. Right: Boy Scouts of Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, collecting moss to be used as a substitute for cotton-wool in making dressings for the wounded.



Lord French presenting the King's Shield for shooting to the captain of the Royal Marine Cadets, Deal, who had won it for the second time.



The Portuguese President (Senhor Machada), with the Portuguese Prime Minister and the Minister of Foreign Affairs at a review of Portuguese troops in England, and (inset) the Portuguese President, Ministers, and Military Staff.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIPS: AN IMPRESSIVE STUDY OF NIGHT WORK IN ONE OF BRITAIN'S VAST SHIPYARDS.

To face page 3169

Little Journeys to the War

This new section of the WAR ALBUM DE LUXE *contains a selection of papers contributed by the Editor describing some of his experiences during his visits to the front. They are unique in their way, as they deal with various aspects of the war not covered by the ordinary war correspondent. Their interest is greatly enhanced by the spirited drawings by Mr. C. M. Sheldon.*

Few scenes that could be witnessed in the war zone in France were more suggestive of the magnitude of the war than that presented by one of the great aircraft repairing depots. The enormous extent of ground covered by some of these depots, the large number of men employed, and the aspect of ceaseless activity, suggested preparations for years of warfare. Such preparations had to be undertaken on a large scale, no matter how soon the war might end; and as it daily became more evident that great decisions were yet to be achieved by means of the aerial arm, it was reassuring to know that British strength in this respect was so great. Mr. C. M. Sheldon in this page gives some sketches of things seen while visiting one of these repairing depots with the Editor. **(See article, page 3176.)**

THROUGH MINE-PATH'D WATERS

CHARING CROSS Station, save for the predominant note of khaki, is not strangely different from the Charing Cross I bade good-bye to five years before on a long, long journey that took me five-and-twenty thousand miles before I came back again, by way of Paddington. There is little excitement as the moment for the departure of the boat-train arrives, though many a fine figure in dust-coloured clothes is embarking on a journey longer—only God knows how much longer—than twenty-five thousand miles. At Waterloo it is another matter, for there the khaki warriors entrain by the hundred on their return to the trenches; here it is "the Staff train," and officers of every rank, from subaltern to Army commander, still contrive another farewell in comfort, though to-morrow—yes, within four-and-twenty hours—many of them will be reporting for duty in a fetid dug-out "over there."

The old familiar landmarks of southern suburbia slide past us in a haze of dream, the rolling uplands of Kent float by as eager eyes scan the heavens with questioning thoughts about "the passage." This time it will be fine, unlike our last, when an autumn gale lashed the Channel into such a fury that we had to wait a day at Folkestone while the devoted little mine-sweepers puffed and snorted along the fairway to clear our path of the hidden death that lurked in mines let loose by rebellious seas.

Under a New Power

Congenial company makes the railway journey so short that, much sooner than we expected, we find ourselves at Folkestone slowing down by the pier station, the sun of spring illumining a slightly-crisping sea, seaplanes and airships skimming like winged dragons of the saurian age at no great height above the gently-splashing waves.

There is no excitement, no show of high spirits. The handful of us who are not in khaki are as subdued and earnest as those who wear it. The nurses, V.A.D.'s, and W.A.A.C.'s—one of these, a perfect type of English loveliness, still in her 'teens and travelling all alone—the Y.M.C.A. workers, for whom my admiration is only second to that I feel for the patiently-enduring British soldier, and the few civilians whose urgent business across the water has secured them the favour of travelling in a leave-boat, line up for the examination of passports.

A sense of calm, almost uncanny, broods over the scene. There is no urgency, no pushing; we are in the hands of a strange, new power which demands and receives unquestioning obedience, though its embodiment in half a dozen carelessly-dressed civilian officials suggests nothing so fearful as a box-office clerk telling you that every seat in the theatre has been booked.

As we patiently await our turn the thud of the soldiers' heavy boots resounds along the wooden platform, and the files of fate go slowly past—past with an occasional laugh and a joke. Glamour, nor "glory of war," does not shine upon them. The call of duty is their only impulse—a hateful, ineluctable duty. Most of them have been "out" before; they know to what they are going back. One or two hum a snatch from the latest revue, sometimes a group whistle, "If you were the only girl in the world!" or an old echo of ragtime. It is a long, long time since they sang a song called "Tipperary."

Back to the Trenches

There are some hundreds of these soldier men in their soiled and stained khaki. Were I ten or fifteen years younger I would be one of them, and I were no true man did I say that I lament these barring years. For here is nothing of "glory." In the mass there is little of beauty in these lumpish figures, grotesque in greatcoats and jutting accoutrements, whose colour note is that dust to which we must all return, and many of these lusty young men before us are of the older stock.

"Horrible, horrible," I seem to overhear one of my companions thinking aloud. "Poor fellows, going to the Great Slaughter." This is his first journey to the war. He is of sentiment all compact, and that is a bad psychological baggage to take with one "over there." Rather do I admire the strong weather-worn faces, exhaling character and resignation, eyes of every hue, from the merry blue of the English yeoman to the mystic darkness of the Celt, like mountain tarns of his far Highlands gleaming coldly in the infrequent sun—eyes that have seen what the lips will scarce reveal and go to look upon it yet again. Yes, on second thought, there is a kind of beauty in these rough faces; the thewy wrists recall some half-forgotten things of Rodin, and I rejoice that in the Great Slaughter they will give as good as they will get.

Over the Narrow Seas

Horrible or beautiful, as the procession of these motley warriors may appeal to you, there is the stern fact of it, and it is filing past while you step along and through it to the waiting steamer, where the upper deck is already swarming with every shade of khaki uniform worn by officers, the lower decks crowded with the men, most of them standing quietly, sucking at pipe or cigarette—and did not Kitchener denounce that true solace of the soldier!—looking still less like Sons of Glory in the ungainly "Boddy" lifebelts which all must don immediately on going aboard. A contrivance that resembles three small pillows, two before and one behind, tied to breast and back, does not add to physical beauty, but it does bring home to the fireside man the grisly realities of the new perils that infest the deep.

There are two transports leaving to-day, and other smaller craft already under way to share the protection of the destroyers that await us a little way out.

No "scenes" mark the casting off. For there is a mere handful of harbour officials, boatmen, and khakied labourers on the pier. The soldiers in the transport that casts off first give a hearty cheer to their compatriots on ours, and in a few minutes the whole convoy is under steam for "the pleasant land of France"—for not all the devilry of the Hun shall rob it of that old-time epithet. As the Channel is in friendly mood, the little voyage is quite uneventful except for passing in mid-Channel the leave-boats from France, with their escorts, and even the destroyers, which in a boisterous November crossing I have seen wallowing like grampus, go along arrow-wise, all the vessels keeping station perfectly.

No throbbing joy keeps time to the turn of the screw, as of old. Officers in twos and threes talk quietly together, and many sit lonely in their chairs, with thoughts and memories they could not share. And yet the scene is really one that ought to stir emotions of high pride in every British heart. For, apart from our convoy, the smoke and hulls of many ships may be seen, as they go about their lawful occasions in these narrow seas where terrors, unimagined when their keels were laid, might come upon them. Let fearful souls, who may, doubt the power of the British Navy; here is its finest justification, though two little grey boats with ready guns, commanded by two young, clean-shaven men, are all our eyes can see of it.

Boulogne "Occupied"

Thus, for well-nigh four long years, such little ships of war have proved the sure shield of the most colossal trafficking the Channel has ever known. In this manner millions of men, and unthinkable cargoes of war material, have been conveyed in security from shore to shore, while every barbaric device of Teuton cunning has sought in vain to strike them.

As the well-remembered landmarks of Boulogne Harbour and, on the northern cliff, the Column of the Grand Army, memorial of Napoleon's dream of invading England, disengage themselves from the soft, summer-like haze, the destroyers are drawing away, their duty done, and the soldier-freighted vessels come tranquilly to their moorings, while a stalwart British officer, with a fine, resonant voice, made mightier by a megaphone, issues a bewildering variety of instructions to the officers on shipboard as to what they shall jointly and severally do, according to each his mission in France, immediately on landing.

History has oddly repeated itself. "Boulogne was in the hands of the English from 1544 to 1550," says the annalist. When we civilians have satisfied the careful and considerate group of passport officials in the smoking-room of the old Channel steamer that has borne us to this friendly port once more we shall find that Boulogne is again largely "in the hands of the English," for France's sake, for Britain's sake, for the world's saving; but, let us hope, this twentieth-century "occupation" will not outrun that of the sixteenth in length of years.

The Artist's Sketches of a 'Little Journey'

Mr. C. M. Sheldon, the well-known war artist whose work has appeared in "The War Album de Luxe" since the first volume, made a tour of the western front, in 1918, in order to secure material by personal observation for his spirited drawings, which are so popular a feature of this publication. The above is a page of jottings from his notes, and others of a similar kind will be found in the following pages, as the Editor feels that these hasty pencillings have a freshness and an actuality which more finished drawings do not always possess. Accuracy of detail and actuality have always been distinguishing features of Mr. Sheldon's work.

DEVASTATION AND SOME EMOTIONS

THE emotional effects of destroyed cities upon their beholders must be as various as the individual differences of men. Hence it is well to remember, when reading descriptions of the devastated towns of France and Flanders, that we are seeing these through the emotional filter of other minds, which may be conveying to ours impressions entirely unlike any our individual minds would receive if we looked upon the same scenes with our own eyes.

Often, before my first visit to these war-ruined cities, had I endeavoured to visualise them in my mind's eye after studying innumerable photographs that faithfully reproduced their material aspects. But not until I myself had walked the streets of Albert, Arras, Bapaume, Ypres, and many another ruined or ravaged town, could I fairly say that clear and definite impressions of these martyr places were stored within my memory.

Ruins, Ancient and Modern

So individual are all things that exist, so instinct with character even when they look most alike, that in their very ruins we may find essential differences. Through the camera's eye, perhaps, glimpses of one wrecked town are very similar to those of another. In reality the towns may differ in their ruin as completely as Edinburgh and Sheffield do in all their actualities of life. They may differ as widely as the Druidic remains of Stonehenge and the Inca fragments of Tiahuanaca.

To one who had looked upon the ancient remnants of Pompeii and the modern ruins of Messina, and had seen an earthquake's havoc on Pacific shores, it did not seem that there could be strange, unheard-of havoc to witness in these ruined cities of the war. But just as the sights that may be seen where

> . . . an earthquake smacked its mumbling lips
> O'er some thick-peopled city,

are as weirdly different from the scenes in a town that has been shelled to atoms, so these in turn present no real likeness to another that has been destroyed by mine and bomb, and I found myself marvelling at my own unexpected feelings as I went among the ruined places of France and Flanders.

From Pompeii to Péronne

Walking the ancient streets of Pompeii to-day we people them afresh with the pleasure-throngs of Nero's time. We see the ruts the chariots made in the Street of Plenty, the little hollows worn on the rims of public fountains by the hands of the thirsty as they leant forward to drink, the great earthern jars still standing in the wine shops, and a multitude of mute witness to the pulsing life which, more than eighteen hundred years ago, was so suddenly stayed for ever. The drama of it all is recreated by the imagination in swift and flashing scenes, for the stage remains, the players have merely withdrawn to the instruction "Exeunt omnes."

Now, in Ypres this is not so. I have elsewhere likened that city to an abandoned brickfield. To have known it as it was, and to witness it as it is, so overwhelms the mind with the sense of "chaos come again" that the very emotions of the heart are submerged in the devastation. All reminiscent thought is suffocated, stupefied. One stands at the heart of desolation and accepts it, just as one accepts the stony desolation of the Andes, the lava-strewn slopes of Vesuvius. Even hatred of the fiends who made this waste is but faintly felt. The soldiers who thread its crazy lanes are also, I am persuaded, only dimly conscious of this tragic setting to the great drama in which they are playing their parts.

A dead body mangled out of all resemblance to anything human is far less an object of pity than one that lies prone with nothing but a trickle of blood upon its brow, or a dark clot by its side, to tell you why it moves no more. Ypres is a mangled, shapeless corpse of a town. So, too, Bapaume, Péronne, and others I have seen. Yet Bapaume is unlike Ypres, for death came to it from within, while Ypres was blasted down by missiles from afar. Ypres was knocked down, Bapaume was blown up; Péronne likewise.

In every house of Bapaume, where so long the Huns had habited the cellars—each of these, when I first saw it, still bearing a notice stating how many officers or men could be accommodated within—bombs had been placed and detonated as the fiends withdrew. They did their work well; not one building was spared. The Town Hall seemed to have escaped, but ten days after they had gone a cunningly concealed mine added it to the general ruin, and gave ghastly burial to some of our brave countrymen.

Corpses of Towns

There are many buildings in Bapaume that, seen a little way off, look curiously erect amid the neighbouring wreckage; but these are mere shells from which the cores have gone. The fine old monastic pile beside the wreck of the church is the only one whose splendid brickwork withstood in some measure the force of the bombs that burst within. Some day it might be capable of restoration.

For the rest, Bapaume is a bewildering scene of wreckage, and within its shattered walls one pondered less upon the pathos and tragedy of the lives of the townspeople that had been broken for ever than on the meaningless idiocy of it all.

The signs of the quiet life once lived here are so utterly swept away that, despite the outer shells of things that still stand mockingly real, but soon must fall, the mind is merely conscious of a sense of impotent wrath against those who wrought this abomination of waste; sorrow, compassion for the pitiful townsfolk, scattered abroad as indiscriminately as their old hearths, comes rather in the retrospect than in the actuality of witnessing the devastated scene.

If Ypres, Bapaume, Péronne are but mangled corpses of towns, not so Albert or Arras. These places, when I revisited them and last walked their historic causeways, a few days before the Hun recaptured the one and drew perilously near to the other, impressed me profoundly with the pathos of their tortured lives. They were as wounded things that might yet be made whole; as creatures still worth saving, for whom the final doom had not yet struck. The Virgin impending from the shattered spire of Albert's great brick church was a strange symbol of hope, and the church itself, battered by countless shells, presented a certain dignity of suffering which probably outshone any beauty it had been endowed with by its builders.

In Pitiful Contrast

The venturesome folk who had come back to these shell-torn towns and were doggedly trying to live on in houses that still stood scathless alongside many a gaping ruin; the children skipping light-heartedly from school at Albert; the horses and donkeys drawing the little carts of baker and greengrocer; the thronging little tea-shops for officers and men; and all the small tradesmen's places that still clutched at life where death had been so instant and might come again so soon—all these sights and sounds touched the heart to a tenderness which the rubbish-heaps of Ypres or Bapaume could not evoke.

It was at Arras that my memory went fumbling after some half-forgotten lines of Browning, which later I found in his characteristic poem "House":

> I have mixed with a crowd and heard free talk
> In a foreign land where an earthquake chanced;
> And a house stood gaping, nought to baulk
> Man's eye wherever he gazed or glanced.
>
> The whole of the frontage shaven sheer,
> The inside gaped; exposed to day,
> Right and wrong and common and queer,
> Bare, as the palm of your hand, it lay.
>
> The owner? Oh, he had been crushed, no doubt!
> "Odd tables and chairs for a man of wealth!
> What a parcel of musty old books about!
> He smoked—no wonder he lost his health!
>
> "I doubt if he bathed before he dressed.
> A brasier?—the pagan, he burned perfumes!
> You see it is proved, what the neighbours guessed,
> His wife and himself had separate rooms."

Something for Tears

You will notice that an earthquake had inspired the lines; but they will serve, as it was just such a scene that recalled them. The front of a house was "shaven sheer," and there on a nail hung some poor woman's black moiré underskirt. Here was something for tears; but the ruin of Ypres and Bapaume is too utter to touch the gentler emotions of the heart.

We can only pray that these islands of ours may never know such devastation, and hope that Arras, Albert, and all the pathetic places where one saw some remnant of the old life surviving the shocks of the Hun, may yet be spared to heal their sores and refashion themselves anew.

Above and Below Ground in Ruined Ypres

In the above sketches Mr. C. M. Sheldon has confined himself entirely to scenes witnessed amid the ruins of Ypres. No pictures of the war are more familiar throughout the world than those which show the shattered remains of the Cloth Hall and Cathedral in Ypres. The view of these given by our artist is rather unusual, and shows how there was a continual effort to shore up what still remains of these historic buildings, in order to preserve them as national memorials of German sacrilege and barbarism. The other vignettes in the page will serve to prove that, although Ypres is a city of ruins, a busy and interesting life still stirred within it.

CARRYING ON AT THE OLD HOTEL

I SHALL not tell you its name, common and uninspiring though that name is, as it may be well not to particularise while the Old Hotel still remains within range of the Boche field-guns. It is an old-fashioned French hostelry, and the Old Hotel is a title that will not only serve for it, but for many another in the war zone.

In my little journeys to and from the battle-front it was my good fortune to see something of the wonderful fortitude of the French civilians who have clung to their native places and their old vocations with a devotion, a determination, which no Hunnish frightfulness has been able to shake. Big guns can reduce cathedrals to dust-heaps, but courage, more beautiful than any cathedral, defies both shell and bomb. In all that land of war and terror there is nothing more inspiring, more informed with the spirit of hope, than this "carrying on" of the humble civilian workers: the brave, calm women and the elder men. Their courage is not less fine than that of the bravest of those whose duty is to fight, rifle or grenade in hand.

Nay, in some ways it is finer. To go about the ordinary domestic tasks of the day with enemy guns thundering two or three miles distant, and shells bursting in the streets near by, the constant fear of being "gassed," and never to know the satisfaction of giving as good as you may get, calls for a spirit of resignation that is rarer than the courage to meet violence with violence. Above all, to remain in the very focal point of instant dangers, when one could honourably elude these by flight, is surely the *n*th degree of bravery.

One of Many

There are many hundreds of French and Belgian women who have done this through these long nightmare years. The gallant men who have looked serenely into the bright eyes of danger, and gone forth exultantly to embrace death in their soldierly duty, our poets have celebrated in noble and enduring song, but the women who have stayed and worked in the stricken towns along the fringes of the battle-front, for whom no V.C.'s or M.C.'s are apportioned, need a Shakespeare, a genius of the imperishable word, fitly to sing their praises.

What calls for the poet's best must not be essayed in pedestrian prose. Here I seek no more than to present a truthful picture of "things seen" at the Old Hotel. Its simple facts have more of eloquence than any thoughts or words of mine could impart.

Now, you must know that before the war the Old Hotel was in no particular different from a thousand hotels in France. If you had gone there for *dejeuner* you would have found the *salle a manger*, with its one long, white-clothed table in the centre, and perhaps a dozen smaller ones ranged by the walls, the chairs slightly rickety, ready for the daily customers, some of the "regulars" already seated with serviettes tucked deeply like babies' bibs into their collars, breaking chunks from the long loaves in the heaped baskets, and nibbling bits of crust while waiting for their soup. There would be bottles of white and red wine on every table, for the menu bore the words *vin compris*, and only if your taste scorned the common wine would you require to spend a few shillings on a bottle of vintage. There would be a sprinkling of officers as the room filled up, and a number of professional men who lunched and dined there every day, economically paying by monthly contract.

Coming of the Terror

The women of the house, perhaps to the number of half a dozen, looking less like servants than relatives or friends of the landlord, would be busying with the soup plates, chatting in the friendliest way to the guests, or reporting special wine orders to a matronly lady in black, dressed with just a touch more than the others of "madame" in her style, who sits at a high desk in every real French hotel to look after the cash, to keep check on the vintage wines and liqueurs, and to make the guests the happier for her friendly survey.

An old French hotel restaurant, such as you can find in Soho even now, such as I have found in many distant parts of the world and given thanks for the finding.

But came the Terror. Soldiers by the scores of thousands, guns by the hundreds, tramped and clattered through the busy town where the Old Hotel had so long welcomed its clientele. Not many weeks afterwards the broken remnants of these gallant regiments streamed back again, the German hordes pressing, and then were enacted the pitiful scenes of flight, when the trembling citizens gathered a few of the things they treasured and hastened from their threatened hearths. But they at the Old Hotel were the servants of all who needed rest or refreshment, and, busier than ever since the stirring days of 1870, they outstayed their fleeing townsfolk until the Huns had come and all thought of going was useless. Happily the tide ebbed soon, and in a week or two the wave of invasion had spent itself, while the victors of the Marne came back and rescued the good folk of the Old Hotel and other similar houses of refection from the invaders.

Holding On Through All

Then began a time even more terrible. For the Hun had withdrawn only a matter of a few miles and there dug earthworks he was to occupy for years, from which, indeed, he has still to be ejected. His guns were cunningly placed and ranged with precision on the unhappy town. The great church and then the town-hall were reduced to heaps of shapeless stones. There was no street in which the buds of Krupps did not burst into blossom and yield their frightful fruit.

Yet the town filled with soldiers, men of France, at first, then men of our island races, and despite the daily shelling and the nightly bombing it became a teeming centre of war activities. The crackle of rifle-fire, when the wind blew that way, was heard from the trenches, the staccato stuttering of the machine-guns was as familiar in the outer suburbs as the rattle of the milk-carts in the days of peace. Overhead, British airmen flew in squadrons to cross the enemy lines, and when the flying Hun could nerve himself to the attack there were aerial battles, and there "rained a ghastly dew."

Walking the shattered streets of this French town to-day one may feel a little shiver of apprehension, as the shells still come over at unexpected moments, and the abounding evidence of their destructive power makes a potent appeal to the imagination. In the heart of the town stands the Old Hotel, and there brave Madame la Patronne and her faithful women helpers still hold on. Angles of the roof have been blown off in the upper floors, bed-rooms stand open to the sun and rain, their windows and outer walls cut away, wardrobes and bedsteads smashed to fragments. It is reckoned that no fewer than eighty shells have struck the building. Yet it stands, and downstairs those women are maintaining the reputation of the house for good meals, though comfortable bed-rooms are no longer a feature.

In the *salle a manger* astonishingly little damage has been done Many of the window-panes are gone, a mirror or two shattered, but Madame still sits at her high desk and the calm women still bring the soups and stews, and air a newly-acquired knowledge of English, for their "regulars" now are British officers.

"They Also Serve——"

Sitting at *dejeuner* in that dining-room it is difficult to realise that the upper two stories of the house are *perces au jour* in a hundred jagged holes, where many a shell has come in through the outer wall, pierced the wardrobes and old four-poster beds of several rooms and gone out at the other side. But many another has exploded on the roof or against a gable, and what a shower of bricks and mortar must have accompanied its bursting. Strange, too, that several of the bed-rooms upstairs are quite intact, and might be slept in if the appearance of the others were less "unhealthy."

The servant lass who waited upon us might never have heard of war, to judge by her demeanour, her modest smile, her characteristic neatness of dress, yet she and the others who still so deftly served the tables, had known the terrors of war as intimately as any of their soldier guests, and continued to share their risks for the comfort of those who had come from afar to help in freeing their land from the spoiler. The praise of these splendid women of France is indeed beyond the scope of any mere observer's pen, and until a new Shakespeare shall celebrate them, what so worthy as the master poet's own "powerful rhyme"?—

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broil roots out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.

Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.

An Old French Hostelry in the War Zone

On this page Mr. C. M. Sheldon presents another selection of jottings from his sketch-book, made during his journey along the western front in company with the Editor. The scene at "the Old Hotel," the theme of the Editor's own contribution on the opposite page, is a particularly happy illustration, but it was to be feared that, as the enemy had drawn closer to that town, there might be changed times at "the Old Hotel." For the rest, there is a freshness about these jottings which will commend them to our readers as a pleasant relief from the ordinary photographs of war scenes.

KINDNESS AND A HOWITZER

IN one of my little journeys along the old front line I came, on a gusty autumn morning when the sky was lowering and the rain spattered at times in squally showers, to a 12 in. howitzer battery. So deftly was it screened with netting, to which thousands of little tags of green cloth had been tied, that we had already passed the monster weapon unnoticed in its pit behind a low hill. Everything around was green, and the wide-spreading, green-tagged net that was suspended above and clear of the great gun, harmonised so well with the landscape that at a very short distance it was absorbed into the verdure of the hillside. Some of the gun-team, engaged as we came upon them in getting a shell into position for loading, even wore green painted helmets.

We were unlucky enough to have arrived just a little too late for the aerial "shoot" that was the task of the day. A dozen rounds had been ordered on a certain objective, and seven of these had already been fired while an aeroplane from the camp near by had been able to "spot" for the gunners in the too brief intervals of good visibility. The young flyer was even now, that it was squally again, back at his camp and wisely enjoying his well-earned lunch. There were these five rounds yet to fire, and they would have to wait until the airman was ready to go up again and the weather promised him a chance of spotting to some purpose.

In the Never-Again Land

With hopes of seeing the second instalment of the "shoot," we accepted the invitation of the battery major to the shelter of his dug-out, and a share of his bully beef, biscuits, and liquor by way of lunch.

Wonderfully neat and businesslike was the mess-room of the gunnery officers. Like their giant weapon, it was hidden in a hollow of the little hill, and made almost as inconspicuous as the howitzer itself. The main room, which served for mess and office, was excavated for half its length from the sloping face of the ground. In appearance it was merely a large box of rough wood planks, stuck into a square cavity in a little hill. What protruded was thickly covered with sandbags on top and sides, and on these some inglorious disciple of Futurism had splashed about a few pails of green paint.

The interior had certain rude comforts. Walls and ceiling were hung with sacking, nailed loosely to the wood. Pinned here and there on the walls were various notices and bright coloured prints cut from the pictorial magazines that exploit the lures of the eternally feminine. In the centre of the room a plain deal table, and two or three bentwood chairs; to the left of the door a rough-hewn bench, with telephone instruments, books, and papers; to the right another table, bearing the costly and delicate mechanism of the battery's wireless equipment.

That is the complete inventory as it met the eye, yet the major's servant would flap up a bit of canvas in the wall and, lo! a neat little cupboard with bottles all in a row; another flap raised up by him revealed the resources of the mess in glasses; and yet another "cubbyhole," camouflaged with canvas, held the cigarettes and tobacco. The whole place reminded me of Wendy's kitchen in the Never, Never Land.

It was a mess-room in the Never Again Land, if I did not misjudge the battery major.

With the Gunnery Officers

There were dormitories adjoining where each of the officers had his little stock of treasured books, those magic wands that enable them to retire into themselves when they have grown aweary of the eventful monotony of serving the great guns and, perhaps, a little "fed-up" with each other in this rather isolated position. There were the dug-outs of the men, their cook-house, workshop, and so forth; but it was not of these I meant to write, though an incident concerning one of them may be recorded. A corporal appeared at the door and saluted. The subaltern inquired his business.

"Please, sir, the men say they cannot eat their dinner."

The subaltern showed no great alarm, but reported to the major, who said in his quiet way:

"There was a fire in the cook-house this morning, and everything was spoiled."

This explanation was conveyed to the corporal, who withdrew, with what consolation for the dinnerless men one could not guess. A fire in the cook-house is a desirable thing within bounds, but the cook-house in the fire! Well, well, *c'est la guerre*, and let us to the battery major.

The little group of gunnery officers gathered in this Wendy's room would all bear a few lines of portraiture, presenting each a distinctly interesting personality, even to the junior sub, whose geography was proved to be hazier than the cloudy sky that frowned upon the second bout of the aerial shoot. But it was the major who engaged me and kept my mind busy piecing together an entirely imaginary history for him.

The Then and The Now

Imprimis, he was never intended for a soldier, and that was probably the reason why he made so good a one. He was slight in figure, moderately tall—say, five feet ten—and his countenance was instinct with kindness, friendliness, humanity. He had probably been a Sunday-school superintendent, or a worker among the poor in some London slumland. His mildness of manner, his soft, gentle voice, sounded absurd when one thought that his pet howitzer represented the very extreme of noisy brute force. This gentle soul the director of that roaring monster out there under its green-tufted veil!

He was so little "born for a soldier," that he did not even trim his moustache according to regulations, but let it curl softly over his lip, just as his wife had said she liked to see it and to feel it caressingly on her own lips when he sped each morning from his suburban nest to the City, she hurrying indoors to hold baby up for a last look. For I did not doubt that such had been his great happiness in the past; its vision and memory his truest solace in the hateful life foul war had substituted.

He was either an architect or a draughtsman, possibly a mathematical lecturer, before he was snatched by the military Moloch and thrust out there into those wilds of war. A man of delicate physique, whose young wife would have grave eyes for him when he wheezed and coughed in the cold winter winds. Now he had lived in draughty, sodden dug-outs for two long winters, had been invalided home after going through all the horrors of the great Somme push in 1916, and he was bodily tired and spent that grey day as we talked together in his latest home on the battle-front.

"I expect this winter will crock me up for good," he said, as quietly and uncomplainingly as he might have remarked that it was a cloudy day.

But when we fell to talking of his work, his dark, intelligent eyes brightened, and with the gentlest of smiles he told how he had been shooting at a certain objective for several days, and the day before had got "a plus Z on it"—'twas Greek to me; and that had it been a minus—or it may have been the other way round—the target would have been no more. As soon as the sky cleared again, he would get that plus, or minus, or whatever it was, and then Heaven help the Huns in the vicinity!

How strange was this talk, how absurdly unlike our rooted notions of war! It was as though the teller at your bank were asking how you would have your money.

One of War's Contrasts

As we sat there, the noise of the lighter guns forward never ceased, the long whine of the "stuff" that Fritz was sending over making the earth spout in many dark fountains a mile or so beyond us, came every few minutes. We went outdoors to look at the weather, and many little woolly clouds were in the sky.

"That's the worst stuff we're up against," observed the major, raising his binoculars. It was Hun shrapnel, raining down on our advanced trenches. "It looks pretty," he said.

"Fritz is a damned good artilleryman, if you ask my opinion," he remarked a moment later, and I was almost taken aback by the expletive.

The telephone had buzzed at odd intervals during our stay, but the news from the flying camp was against the likelihood of those five rounds of the aerial shoot being fired while we could wait. As we had many strange sights to see that day, we had to say good-bye to the battery major and his fellow-officers.

Strange sights, indeed! What stranger, when you think of it, than the scene we had left! This gentle soul, divorced from the simple joys that made existence Life, wearing out his not abundant energies in directing the monstrous machinery of a metal beast that vomited tons of steel and explosive on objects eight or ten miles distant, while a sad-eyed young wife and a little child, longing for the loving arms of husband and father around them, waited away to the west, across the narrow sea, in some suburban villa! Waited for one who expected that the coming winter would "crock him up for good."

And such is the glory of war!

The Day's Round with 'The Heavies'

Another selection of loose leaves from Mr. C. M. Sheldon's war portfolio. These little sketches, reminiscent of our artist's stay on the western front, have been chosen for reproduction in this page, as they depict certain of the scenes in the visit to the howitzer battery in the "Never Again Land" described by the Editor in his article, "Kindness and a Howitzer," on the opposite page.

'SEEING IT THROUGH'

THE major who had guided us through a series of trenches, which will be more famous in history than Waterloo or any battlefield of the older days, suggested a visit to brigade headquarters near by. In a soggy bit of shattered wood we saw some rude huts, and thither he led us.

Out of one of these huts stepped the tall and burly figure of an officer, bare-headed. The crossed sword and baton on his shoulder-straps bespoke the brigadier. His manner instantly recalled to me Barrie's description of Professor Blackie—"he carried his own breeze with him."

"Well, boys," said he cheerily, "having a look round? Come along and see how we carry on down below." And his breeze wafted us forthwith to the lowly entrance of a dug-out. Down the slushy steps he piloted us, calling out when we had to mind our heads, or when to beware a broken step. Down, forty feet and more, we went into the oozy clay, the brigadier enlivening our descent with happy comment, proud as a schoolboy taking you to his new rabbit-hutch.

AT the foot of these toilsome, slippery stairs we found ourselves in a mammoth mole run. A main gallery ran at right angles from the stairway, and various transverse passages opened off this, back and forth. The ground was slightly muddy, the atmosphere moist as a hot-house, for all the steady working of the pump. There were many little rooms, each fitted for its special use.

"Here," the brigadier would say, pushing open a door, "are my signalling officer's quarters," and "here's the brigade major's outfit—jolly comfortable, too." The rank of each officer was stated on a neatly-printed card nailed to his door. "Comfortable" they all were, as comfort is understood where shells fall like rain, and poison gas rolls over thick as sea mists on the Lincolnshire dunes. There is, of course, a sense of comfort that excels the cushioned luxury of a pasha in sitting securely in an earthen burrow with forty feet of solid soil atop when 12 in. shells of high explosive are bursting above. Give me the comfort of a deep, deep dug-out *then!*

ALL the officers of the brigade staff, with their servants, were housed in these humid cells, where the modern marvel of electricity made it possible to live and work as easily as in many a dim London counting-house. A counting-house of war it was. There was the telephone exchange, switchboards, and all the latest devices, with alert operators wearing the familiar receivers clipped to their heads.

"I can call up headquarters in London from here," said the brigadier. "Yesterday I was speaking to the War Office." And a matter of two miles away lay the enemy trenches!

The brigadier's own quarters differed in no degree of "comfort" from any of the others. His office adjoined his sleeping chamber, and here, at a long rude bench, the business of the brigade was carried on. On the bench stood four or five telephones, and each had its separate use. When a big attack was on, and the whole brigade in action, the general would be seated at one, the signal officer at another, the liaison officer at a third; the chief medical officer would also be there at his 'phone. And what exciting messages would come over the wires!

FIRST the brigadier would hear that a platoon in an advanced trench had been wiped out, and he would repeat the message aloud. "Signals" would instantly tell the news to a platoon leader in a support trench, who would know his time had come to move up and take the place of those who had fallen; the liaison officer would order up reserves to the support trench, and the M.O. would already be 'phoning to hurry up his stretcher-bearers to meet and relieve those now toiling down with their sad burdens. So, or in some such way—for I may have all the facts wrong, and no matter—the desk-work would go on in this counting-house of war when the grisly business was brisk.

"It's just good business," I said to the brigadier, by way of comment, after his graphic picturing of the scene.

"That's what it is. Business methods applied to war. And business methods are the only kind that will win this war."

THE enthusiasm of this man, his exuberant delight in his work, the kindly, brotherly way in which he spoke of his officers and men, were worth a long journey to witness. His table was piled in the most orderly way with plans of trenches and aerial photos of the enemy systems in his immediate neighbourhood. No business man in Queen Victoria Street has so clear a knowledge of his desk's contents as this brigadier had of his. I never saw a man of business so radiant with the joy of his work. He had been an architect or a civil engineer by profession, and done some "amateur soldiering" in his spare time ere the summons to the real thing brought him overseas, after many a hairbreath escape, to this particularly "unhealthy" sector of the western front.

For he hailed from Australia. That was where his tonic breeze came from.

THAT day I had already discarded several old prejudices against our kinsmen of the island continent, and I rid myself of any that remained down there in the brigadier's dug-out.

"It's well over three years since I sailed away from Sydney," said he, "and I have not seen my wife or children since that day. Despite all the letters and photos that come from them, I'm afraid of their fading a little in my memory, with that old life that is now so remote." His kindly, merry eyes were shadowy, and seemed to be straining to a far horizon as he looked at the wall of the dug-out, almost unconscious of our presence. His voice was firm again, his eyes brightening, when he went on:

"But we all came over here to see this thing through, and I, for one, am not going back till we're through with it. My new love is for those splendid men you've seen to-day. Many of them went through Gallipoli with me. They are here of their own free will to see it through. The Australian type has found himself in this war. They are men to be proud of—resolute, courageous, courteous."

ONE had heard such stupid talk about Australian "lack of discipline," that this from a commanding officer was a singularly beautiful testimony to the character of his men. And I had noticed many little things that day in the demeanour of these men that won my sympathy and admiration.

On this one point of discipline, I observed that in the trenches or on the duck-boards through the woods, when a soldier wished to pass an officer, he did not hesitate to keep upon his way, and, overtaking the officer, would say, "Excuse me, sir," saluting as the officer made way for him. It was a case of two gentlemen giving the path to each other, though the friendly recognition of rank was there also. Probably it was against all text-book teaching of military etiquette, but it struck me as the ideal of an armed democracy.

It was clear that our brigadier was the idol of his men, and they were bound to him by cords of love—the sweet and wholesome love of strong men who have adventured together where duty calls and danger—a love beyond all love of women. The Australia that is to be is finding an enduring foundation in the undying comradeship of strong men, forged for it in the furnace fires of the Great War.

SOME such thoughts as these may solace the dream hours of this brigadier when, with infinite longing to be home again by his own fireside, he tries to visualise that wife he has not seen so long, those children growing up around her knees, while he is denied the most precious joy of the father—the joy of watching their young lives unfold.

Then there is ever the haunting thought with this husband and father that he may not even know the happiness of reunion with his loved ones. A weighty tome in which our brigadier had minutely recorded his manifold adventures from the day of sailing from home as a company commander, and fighting through all those dreadful months on Gallipoli, to his latest observations on the doings of his brigade—a diary that may some day be written into a popular book for the new Australia—lay upon his table in that deep dug-out. It was primarily for wife and children, perhaps, just in case his luck did not hold long enough to bring him safe some day to Sydney Harbour and the lights of home. A diary that would tell them what happened to him, and what thoughts of them came to him when he was "seeing it through."

THERE would be some sad pages to add not many days after we talked together in the dug-out, as all the laborious works of his brigade had to be abandoned and the order given to retreat, when the sudden pressure of the enemy in the first thrust for Amiens made it necessary to withdraw so wide a portion of the British front. In "seeing it through," retreat must be faced as resolutely as advance, but my newly-awakened enthusiasm for the Australians makes me feel that, advancing or retreating in the swaying battles of the Great War, their motto remains the only one for a hero race—"Advance, Australia!"

At Brigade Headquarters in a Deep Dug-Out

Mr. C. M. Sheldon's jottings from his portfolio on this page are chiefly reminiscent of visits to deep dug-outs, which were common enough during the long protracted trench warfare, but which were for the most part tenantless and abandoned in the war of movement that revived with the German offensive in 1918.

AUTOLYCUS OF THE BATTLEFIELD

THE closer the view one gets of war the more it reveals itself as a sort of organised lunacy. The spendthrift who squanders thousands of money in folly and saves farthings on his stomach or his back is as sound an economist as the evil genius who presides over war. Nothing is more eloquent of the futility of methods of modern war than its little economies, which it is practising at the same instant as it is squandering with seeming senseless prodigality.

Whether to admire or to be sadly amused by the triumphs of the British Salvage Branch as witnessed throughout the war zone, I could not rightly determine. While our ponderous guns, made perfect at so much expenditure of national treasure and priceless ingenuity, were blasting away our resources to the tune of thousands of pounds per minute, that somewhat pathetic figure, Autolycus of the Battlefield, was raking among the debris of battles past to rescue here and there a few pitiful sovereigns' worth of material that might be used again.

The chiffonier of the Somme rubbish-heaps was indeed a strangely suggestive feature of a world at war. And all his devoted labour, what does it avail to day? The Hun has come back to reoccupy the ground that Autolycus raked over so assiduously and so well; possibly to thank his good old "Gott" for having inspired the British to such habits of thrift and tidiness, since the harvest thereof is not to the sowers!

IT would be easy to pursue this contrast with which I have set out to an end that would make all effort after economy appear vain; but I shall not be tempted thither. On the whole, I'm for Autolycus, and I'm equally for the big, prodigal guns! Many men of great wealth who have made generous public use of their savings have borne testimony to the fact that, but for their small economies, they had never come by the surplus riches they were able to give with both hands in public benefaction. Thus the work of those chiffoniers in khaki has helped to keep the big guns going. In any event are not they workers in the gruesome vineyard of war, who deserve to be written about?

I KNOW that I have no more to do than make certain inquiries at the office of the Director of Salvage to become possessed of precise statistics relative to every branch of the service; statistics that might astonish my readers with the magnitude of the thrifty achievements of Autolycus of the Battlefield; but I shall leave these to the gentlemen who take the girth of old Mother Earth as a measure and tell us how many times the barbed-wire salved on the Somme would girdle her ancient bulk. Autolycus in the act of raking the rubbish-heaps is my mark.

It was an object-lesson in the art of the "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles" to study him throughout the Somme battlefields before the Hun came back to possess himself of much that had been picked up; for I fear that large quantities of this precious salvage must either have been left to him in the British retreat or destroyed, but the latter alternative would be no easy matter.

The remaking of military roads, so splendidly done throughout the whole of that war-riven region, was, of course, no part of the salvage work; though, when you think of it, there is no better salvage than a highway of war restored. But all along these roads were innumerable evidences of the labours of the salvage gangs. Immense dumps were formed, each with its special purpose. Thus, there were dumps where many hundred huge bundles of rusty barbed-wire were stored.

IT required no statistician to tell you of the countless hours of irksome labour which any one of these dumps represented; since this barbed-wire had to be gathered over miles of abandoned entanglements, unravelled, so to say, and wound by strong hands into these heavy bundles, neat enough to be served out again for wiring some new part of the front. I saw the salvage men toiling devotedly at this most trying task, which in time they would come to perform with a particular knack, so that certain gangs would specialise in wire-salving.

The dumps where hundreds of thousands of old shell-cases were neatly stacked did not suggest the same difficulties in their retrieving; nor those devoted to the rifles that were gathered up for forwarding to the repairing depots. These were easily found trifles for the bag of Autolycus. So, too, the old trench props, which were diligently collected and trimly stored in scores of thousands for using over again.

ON every road near the old front line one came upon these second-hand warehouses of war goods, and they had bold advertisement, "Salvage Dump," with its distinguishing number and the branch of the Service—engineers, artillery, motor transport, and many another—to which it appertained being painted on a sign-board in tall letters such as would have gladdened the eye of the late Phineas T. Barnum. To those of us whose pockets were being rifled by a needy, though friendly, Government to carry on the war, there was a distinct sense of gratefulness in witnessing all this effort to save something from the wreck; the more appreciated, perhaps, since we had written these things off as a bad debt. Is there any money a creditor more values than the belated half-crown in the pound he gets back from a spendthrift debtor?

Moreover, immense quantities of these scrapings of the battlefields were of enemy origin. Many were the great bales of the Huns' peculiarly barbarous wire, stamped out of flat thin steel, with teeth like circular saws, and thousands of the pit props had probably grown in the Black Forest or been made from timber somewhere in Hunland. Here was treasure-trove mingled with the salvage.

WHAT fortunes might have been left for private disciples of Autolycus to snap up on these battlefields had not the war endured so long! The long periods of "nothing to report" made the work of salvage more profitable, and doubtless, in the aggregate, millions of money would be represented by those gigantic dumps so many of which I saw in my travels—along the old battle-front—as much of the material by the time it was gathered up, cleaned, sorted, and stacked away, had become more valuable than when it was new. The dumps where quantities of "assorted" sheets of zinc were stored and those where old corrugated iron in all lengths and widths was awaiting "indents" for new dug-outs, represented material that would have cost vastly more to purchase at the beginning of 1918 than in the summer of 1915.

In this way the economic conditions at home were being reproduced in the war zone; those of us who were looking out last season's clothes and making them do service again instead of ordering a new suit were doing the same thing as the salvage men over there, and for the same reason—ah, "wasteful war" turns all our thoughts towards economy.

OF course, Autolycus on the battlefield is not all profit, as he is really a little army in himself, with generals, a considerable staff of officers, thousands of men, numerous horses and waggons, requiring great expense to maintain; but probably the Salvage Branch was the only one at that time that could have published a quarterly balance-sheet showing a tangible profit.

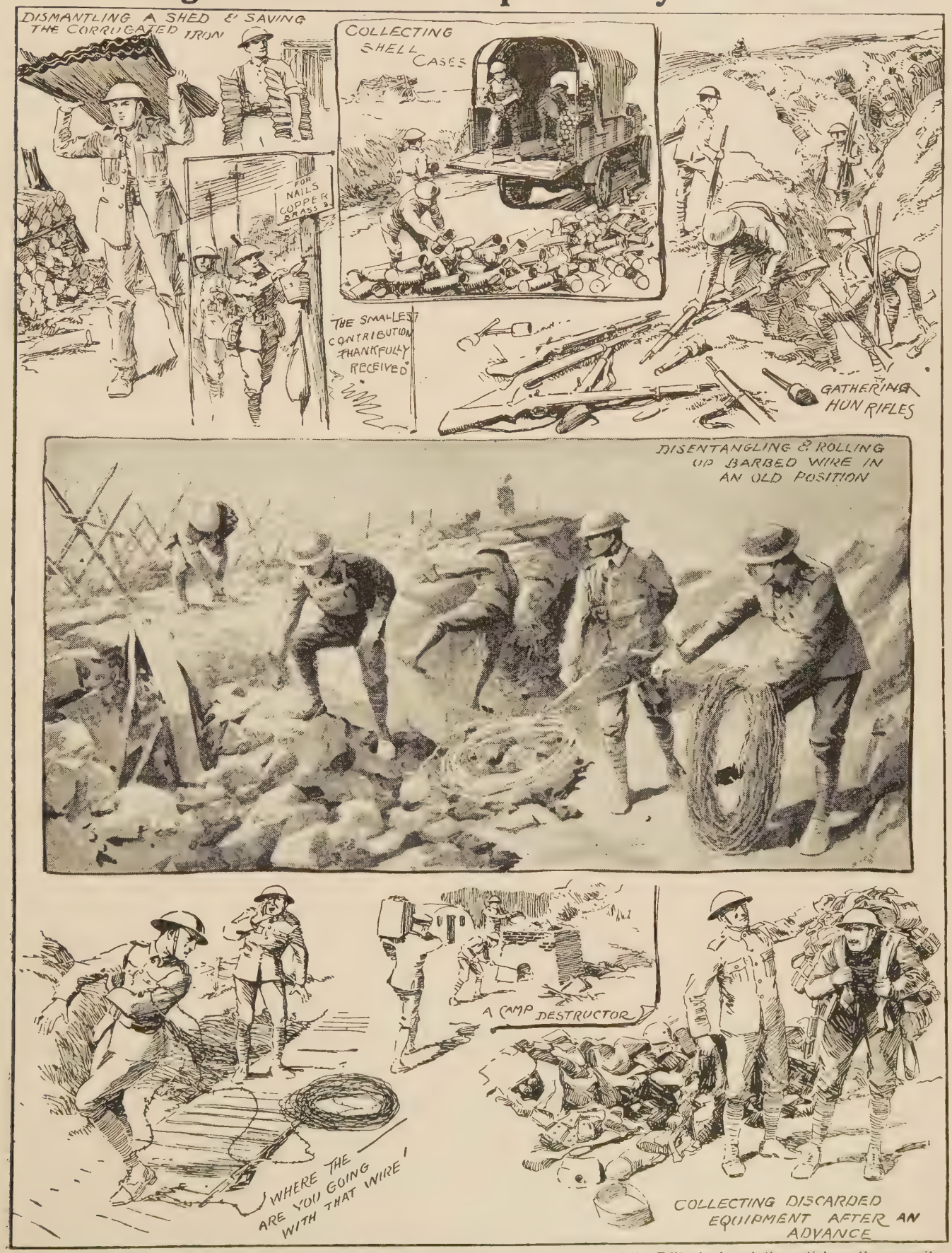
What interested me even more than the dumps of salved materials were the minor evidences of the spirit of economy which was being instilled into the head of the British soldier, who starts out with the notion that he need not be niggardly with the things his Government provides, and who has not been reared in an atmosphere of national and individual thrift such as that in which the Hun is bred.

Along the highways near the approaches to all the camps, canvas bags, wooden boxes, baskets, and such-like receptacles were fixed on telegraph posts, or in any prominent position, some labelled "Nails," others "Rubber," "Brass," or "Copper," and into these Tommy was expected to place any nails, bits of rubber, or metals he found by the way. And he was encouraged in the path of thrift by many words of advice and admonition painted on sign-boards by the roadside, and in bold characters on the sides and backs of the motor-waggons that rattled along every road in the war zone. "Do not waste a single nail," "Waste not, want not," and sundry echoes of our copy-book days, reminded him of this duty to the Army and to himself.

WHAT Tommy thought as he dropped a nail into a salvage bag after having read in the papers from home that half a million of money had been wasted on an abandoned aerodrome, or that some of the war-time departments were wrong in their accounts by a million or two, I shall not try to guess. But he could at least feel he was doing the right thing in picking up the nail, and that is the true spirit of Autolycus on the battlefield—to pick up and save every scrap that may be turned to use against the enemy, without thought of what may have to be wasted, since war must ever be a carnival of waste. The greater the waste, the more need for Autolycus.

So my last thoughts of him are all in his favour, and I hail him as one of the many devoted souls who are toiling on "over there" on the old, sound principle, that "every little helps."

'Salvage' Incidents Depicted by Our Artist



In these sketches Mr. C. M. Sheldon gives some pencil notes of the scenes which inspired the Editor's descriptive article on the opposite page on the work of the salvage men at the front. The salvage man—the Autolycus of the battlefield—gathers many unconsidered trifles from amid the wastage of war, and these in the aggregate form a colossal mass of valuable materials that can be utilised anew.

MY GERMAN HELMET

THERE is an observation post on Vimy Ridge that is known as "King's O. Pip," because King George went there to look upon the ground his indomitable troops had wrested by sheer valour from the enemy.

Kings are used to the homage of loyal peoples in naming places after them, so that they must come, in time, to set no more store by such pleasant little courtesies than we ordinary folk on hearing that a new nephew has been "called after" us. Yet I like to think that our good King would be gratified to know the site of this little hovel on the shell-ploughed ridge was to be known in future as one of the landmarks of his visits to his fighting forces in the dread days of the Great War.

Something is there more lasting than marble or the "gilded monuments of princes": it is a bit of human history, and "King's O. Pip"—possibly changing curiously in the spelling—will long endure as a new place-name in that old France which will surely be restored when the tumult of war has passed.

HERE came the peace-loving monarch of a peaceful people when his people had been forced to arm themselves against the hordes of the new Attila, and here he witnessed the prowess of his Empire races in their glorious stand for Civilisation and Liberty. He came here not as an arm-chair spectator; with no elaborate precautions, no Imperial pomp; hardly as a king, but as a fellow-man, sharing the common dangers. This is no courtier phrase. Officers who accompanied him were not a little concerned for his safety, owing to his cool indifference when Fritz was shelling.

"King's O. Pip" is not different from many a hundred of its kind. It is a sorry shack, built into a boss of earth as inconspicuously as possible, its object being to provide a look-out for the eager eyes of the F.O.O., and to escape the observation of the aerial Hun. We had been moving cautiously within a few yards of it without having noticed the dug-out, and, when we did come right upon it, a notice on the door ran: "Keep out! This means YOU!". Though we took it personally, we were glad to know King George was not so touchy.

PRESENTLY we had to crawl away from the O.P., as the sudden barking of our "Archies" a little way behind us on the ridge proved that an enemy airman was over us, and might, too soon for our comfort, succeed in directing his field-battery to open up with some sniping fire on our locality.

An imbecile sense of helplessness flickers through one's nervous system at such a moment. There is nothing to do but to lie flat in a shell-hole and await results. Stretched on my back, I vainly sought to fix my field-glasses on the droning object of the anti-aircraft fire, not a little apprehensive that if the Boche battery did not get us, some of our own shrapnel might.

As I lay there I espied, half-buried in a slimy green puddle, a little way off, a German jack-boot—symbol of the abomination at the root of the world's new agony—and, near by, a steel helmet of Boche pattern. The latter I marked for my own, since it was now permissible to take away these relics of the battlefield, which on an earlier visit to this same ridge were still taboo, although many a one had been brought home to Britain by soldiers who, in various effective ways, had settled accounts with their original owners and established good claim to their "souvenirs."

OUR "Archies" stopped their disconcerting yapping as suddenly as they had begun, and spasmodic bursts of machine-gun fire, high in the heavens and withdrawing, betokened the retreat of flying Fritz, pursued by some of our airmen, though none of us caught even a gleam of silvery wing while the little episode endured; and in a few minutes we were free again to pick our way through the shell-mangled bog, where on every hand were the horrid scavengings of battle—dead men's bones aplenty, bones which, one could hope, had borne the flesh of Huns, since most of the broken

HEAD OF A GERMAN SOLDIER

(From a sketch by Sir William Orpen, one of the official artists on the western front.)

things still lying there were of German origin.

THE helmet I had marked for my own now hangs in the hall of a London home, and is no object of beauty. Like many an ugly thing, it has a story to tell, and I can read no line of loveliness in that story. I remember that when I picked it up I was a trifle disappointed to find it had been damaged. But, on reflection, I saw that made it the more interesting, and now I would not have it otherwise.

The Prussian has made few really beautiful things; he is essentially a boorish animal, conceived in ugliness, a begetter of ugliness. His ponderous monuments are inspired by the taste we might ascribe to a human ox. His helmet is not beautiful, nor is it utilitarian. It is not even "beautifully ugly," in the Italian phrase.

A THING in itself may not suggest beauty, but in due relationship to its purpose it may reveal a certain beauty of fitness. That I claim for the basin-like helmet of the British, which sits jauntily on its wearer, and in its simple lines gives a fine sense of strength. It is a forthright application of means to an end. I am sure the idea of beauty did not greatly exercise the mind of its designer, whoever he was, and yet he achieved a purposeful thing not devoid of beauty. The French helmet is an example of conscious, deliberate artistry—positively beautiful, but is it so useful?

The Boche helmet is the outcome of a loutish mind fumbling for the effect of form and utility, and failing in both. It must be remembered, of course, that the square-headed brute for which this helmet was designed conditioned in some measure its shape. Even so, the impression it gives when worn is that of an ill-fitting hat. No man could look well in such a headpiece. The bulging crown, the forward thrust of the peak, and the ungainly curve of the protective rim at the back all combine to an ugly end. No, I would not care to treasure a perfect example of this Boche product. I prefer my battered one.

Right on the fore part of the crown it has been struck by a bit of shrapnel which has cracked it as though it were an egg-shell, and on the top of the crown there is a jagged hole, measuring six inches by two, through which a piece of flying metal must have gone hot into the Boche brain that throbbed beneath. Around the edges of these rents, and spreading for some inches over the grey paint, is a rusty discolouration, and it is easy to guess the cause of this.

MY German helmet tells its story very plainly, and I find it an entirely satisfactory bit of autobiography. Moreover, it tells us that the sedulous ape, when left to itself, is a poor inventor. The Hun, who has ever been mankind's brain-sucker, could not, lacking a model, design so simple a thing as a protective headpiece efficiently. The high and bulging top, when compared with the low and wide-sloping crown of the British helmet, is seen to be a source of weakness. While the bullets and bits of shrapnel glance easily off "Tommy's tin hat," they find a resisting wall all round the headpiece of the Boche, and penetrate the thin steel barrier to the barbarian skull.

I hope my German helmet is but one of many thousands showing similar marks of British gun fire. Every Hun the less is a little gain toward the sweetening of the earth and of human life, and I am glad to treasure one memorial of the cleansing.

LACKING the means to wrap up my souvenir of Vimy Ridge, I had to carry it home by means of a piece of string threaded through those eloquent holes in its crown. A companion of my journey carried another, found near the same spot, and still more battered, a burst of shrapnel bullets having caught its wearer. When we came to Folkestone, and were passing through the Customs, the good-natured official who chalked my kit-bag held up my trophy for an admiring look, remarking, cheerily:

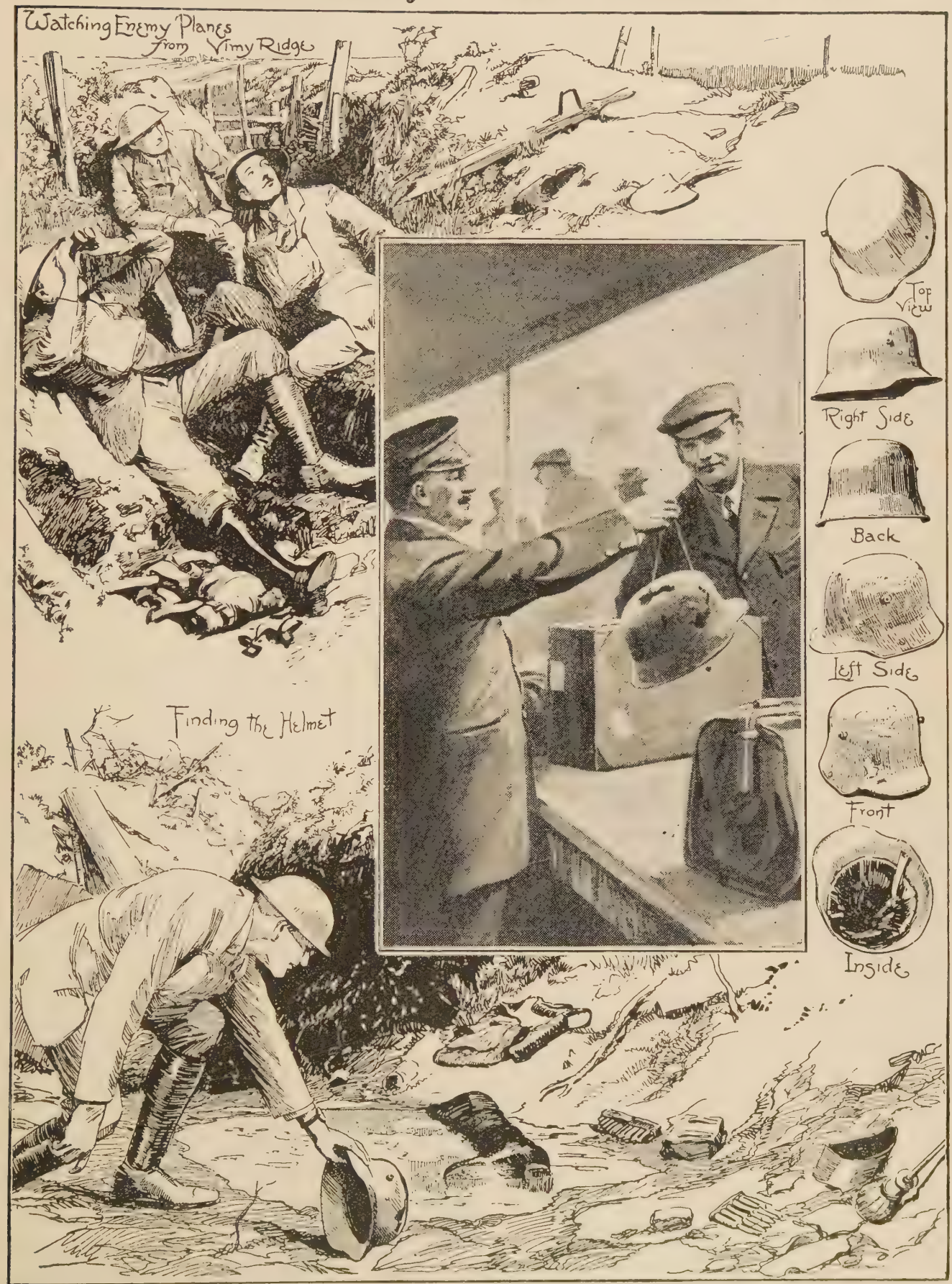
"I wish the Kaiser's head had been inside this!"

"But what about that one?" I said, as my companion produced his.

"And the Crown Prince's in that!" he retorted instantly.

Would the world tragedy have reached its climax sooner in that event, so devoutly to be wished, even at this late day? I wonder.

The Editor's Story of His German Helmet



The above sketches by Mr. C. M. Sheldon are reminiscent of his visit to certain scenes on Vimy Ridge in company with the Editor, and serve to illustrate the latter's descriptive article printed in the opposite page. The helmet shown in the centre picture is a faithful reproduction of that which the Editor has taken for the subject of his contribution.

BROKEN WINGS MADE WHOLE

NOTHING is quite so suggestive of the immensity of the war, of its indefinite duration, than a great repair depot of the Royal Air Force in France. These establishments give the visitor an impression of being permanent work-places, with long years of increasing activity ahead of them. Some of them are over three years old, and even that is a considerable time in the working life of a man.

Apprenticeship to most trades varies from five to seven years, and these look the longest part of a craftsman's career. There are many mechanics in the British air service who will have served as long in France, before peace releases them, as an apprentice serves in the workshops of England. One young mechanic I know "over there" has celebrated four birthdays in the war zone.

Naturally there will be thousands of young soldiers in the trenches who have seen four black birthdays under gun fire, and they are to be pitied, for theirs are lost years of life; but the young mechanic is learning and progressing in his craft as the war drags on. He should be a better artisan when he comes back than when he went away. Great numbers of craftsmen will be perfected in the war to reinforce the depleted ranks of British industry when the wheels begin to whir again in the making of peaceful things. That will be a trifle towards the composition which War the Bankrupt will pay back to Humanity the Creditor, if ever he gets his discharge in the Greater Carey Street!

WHEN I went over one of these great repairing centres of the Royal Air Force, I felt that the energy there represented would have brought rich blessing to multitudes of poor folk had it been applied to the pursuits of peace. There were scores of neatly built workshops, some of them humming with machinery where turners were busy with lathes rebushing worn bearings, others crowded with deft-fingered carpenters repairing damaged propellers. Great sheds were filled with numerous clicking machines sewing the costly fabrics used for wings and rudders, and tailors hand-stitching other lengths for which machinery was impracticable.

Joiners were fashioning new stays to the patterns of those that had gone in a "crash"; smiths were forging new swivels for machine-guns that had been hit by enemy fire; braziers were busy with blow-jets, and in the immense "dope" sheds scores of men were applying to the newly-stretched wings that pungent-smelling varnish which renders them weatherproof, while painters were camouflaging the body parts of machines, and decorating them with that beautiful triple ring of red, white, and blue which distinguishes the aircraft of the Allies.

THROUGH shop after shop we went, marvelling at the perfection of craftsmanship to be witnessed on every hand. The repair of a shattered propeller was the most instructive illustration of that accuracy which characterises every detail of aeroplane construction. This propeller had been badly splintered by side fire from an enemy aeroplane, and there it hung on the balance tester as perfect as though it had never been touched since first fashioned by the carpenter. Only on close examination could one detect many little bits of cedar skilfully dovetailed into the original blade to make whole the broken parts. The high degree of skill called for in such a repair will be the better appreciated when it is known that each repaired propeller must stand precisely the same test as to dead accuracy of balance as one newly made.

THE extraordinary variety of propellers was surprising. The officer in charge of this branch explained that each type of machine has its own specially designed propeller, the air resistance being fractionally calculated to harmonise with other details of engine, spread, and position of the wings, and the shape of the fuselage. The ingenuity made manifest on every hand in the construction of these flying machines leaves the layman with no doubts as to the need for the enormous proportion of skilled men in the terra-firma section of the service as compared with the flying branch. Youth and pluck are needed for the latter; experience and discretion for the former.

This war zone aerodrome extends over many scores of acres. I should not be surprised to know that it covers a greater area than the famous centre at Hendon, where I have witnessed so many historic flights. Machines under test were continually popping up in little flights or "taxi-ing" along the ground, sometimes without wings, while trained eyes and ears watched and listened to their behaviour.

ONE OF THE SOUTH IRISH HORSE.

(From a sketch by Sir William Orpen, one of the official artists on the western front.)

THE seemingly endless variety of makes were all represented, from the daintiest little Sopwith scouts, which may some day be Everyman's "light car" for aerial travel, to the magnificent Handley Page bombers. The differences of design were very remarkable among the machines under repair. Some had the struts between the planes bent forward, others backward, some dead straight, and some, again, had both backward and forward strutting. In one type the pilot would sit well up to the engine, the upper plane covering him like an umbrella; in another he would sit well back, his body above the upper plane. Each had its peculiar merits. The variety of positions for the machine-guns was astonishing. But mechanical ingenuity seemed to have reached its zenith in the little scouts that carried an automatic gun on both sides of the bonnet, for direct fire ahead, their mechanism being so perfectly synchronised with the turn of the propeller that the bullets, following each other at the fraction of a second, passed the blade without touching it; while a third gun, fitted above the upper plane, could be sighted by the pilot in any direction forward or flanking, one man thus controlling three guns and the flying machine at once. The one-man orchestra of our youth was a tame show by comparison!

A BRISTOL biplane had made a bad landing half an hour before our arrival, and we saw it there with its nose sunk in the earth, the propeller shattered, the landing wheels twisted. The pilot had stepped out unscathed, and in a few days the machine would be looking "as fresh as paint," and taking the air again, thanks to the concentration of repairing skill brought together in this wonderful hospital for these injured things of the aerial battlefields.

A squadron of new scouts came over, too, the very latest examples of English inventiveness, and there was much excited inspection of them and animated talk with their pilots who had flown them all the way from an aerodrome in England. Ages of time seemed to have passed since that thrilling morning when we awoke to read at our breakfast tables that M. Bleriot had opened a new era of human history by flying across the Channel.

NOT less impressive than the immensity of the work going on in this repair centre were the enormous warehouses of spare parts, pneumatic wheels, and valuable woods. Wealth beyond the dreams of Ind was represented here. No wonder there is scarcity in the rare furniture woods when these aeroplanes are using up all the choicest products of the tropic forests.

The priceless energy, the exhaustless inventiveness that was being sacrificed here to the Moloch of War! But a hospital for broken wings may at least perfect man in his future flights, and when Moloch has been satiated, to what new conquests of time and space may a sure-winged mankind, unvexed by wars' alarms, not attain!

World-wide Echoes of the War

In these pages are included a number of highly interesting pictures which cannot be easily placed in any of the foregoing sections. They deal with varied phases of the war in many countries, including Russia's humiliating Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, peeps at German East Africa, and Japanese troops ready for any emergency. These diversified scenes go to prove how world-wide were the ramifications of the Great War, and how manifold and universal its interests.

THE LEWIS GUN IN TROPICAL WARFARE.—British officers with a squad of the King's African Rifles in "German" East Africa. They were teaching the native soldiers the use of the portable and efficient Lewis machine-gun, which with its great rapidity of firing proved a very valuable weapon in the fighting conditions of the veldt and bush.

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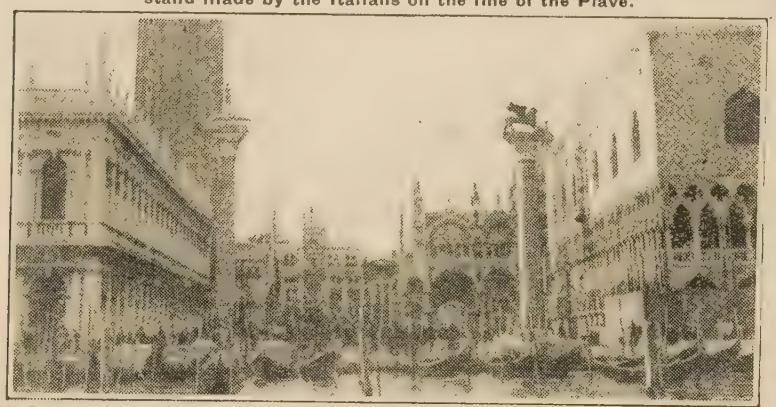
The Queen of the Adriatic and the Holy City:

General view of Venice, saved from the onrush of the enemy by the splendid stand made by the Italians on the line of the Piave.



One of the many beauty spots of Venice. The quayside of the Grand Canal looking towards the Piazza of St. Mark's, with the Doge's Palace on the right. Right: Feeding the pigeons of St. Mark's—a pastime indulged in by all visitors to Venice in peace time.

Italian sailors taking goods to a torpedo-boat destroyer in the Grand Canal. The holding up of the Austro-Germans on the Piave—almost within gun fire of Venice—suggested that the title of Otway's play, "Venice Preserved," was prophetic of days when the Queen of the Adriatic was to be saved from the latter-day Huns.

Venice Preserved and Jerusalem Delivered

British soldiers pumping water at Solomon's Pool. (Palestine official photograph.) In circle: Mr. Ronald Storrs, C.M.G., who was appointed Governor of Jerusalem in January, 1918. Mr. Storrs is a son of the Dean of Rochester.

General Allenby receiving the city notables in the Barrack Square at Jerusalem. The spontaneous expression of joy of the populace on the arrival of the British in the Holy City was touching. They recognised that "Jerusalem Delivered," the dream of the Italian poet Tasso, had become fact through the might of the British Army.

Inter-Co-operation Against the World Enemy

French artillerymen rushing up ammunition-waggons to the guns through a cloud of asphyxiating gas, looking in their masks like ghostly horsemen in a nightmare world.

A British naval gun on the way to help the Italians on the Isonzo front, where ten British field-batteries and several monitors took an active part in the fierce fighting.

One of the United States destroyers which arrived in British waters, 1917. These vessels are about 1,000 tons displacement, and have a speed of thirty knots. They are easily recognisable by their four funnels, tall masts for wireless, and the cut-away at the bow. They are notable, too, for their multiple torpedo-tubes.

Energy and Endurance From Flanders to Italy

Canadians battling for a redoubt on Passchendaele Ridge during their operations of Nov. 6th, 1917. This redoubt, at the cross-roads to the left of Passchendaele village, offered stiff resistance, but the Canadians, firing and bombing through the apertures, finally cleared it.

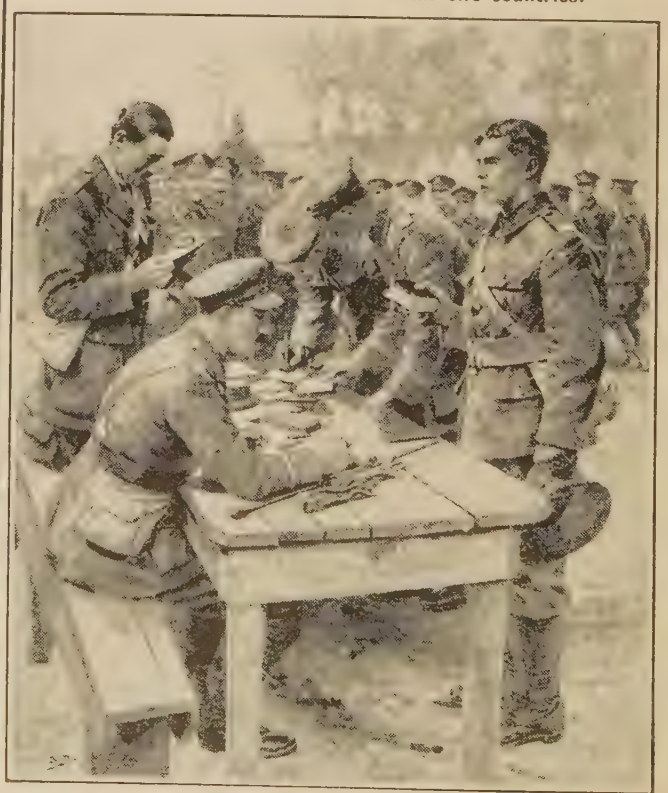
Wonderful episode of the great Italian retreat. A number of Alpini on a mountain height were surrounded and cut off from receiving supplies. They could not retire, and determined to hold on as long as their ammunition lasted. At length relief was brought them by comrades of the flying arm, who, hovering above, dropped loaves to the famished heroes marooned in their rocky fastness.

Peaceful Contrasts with the Waste of War

War-time economy in France. Parisians returning from a picnic bring back with them from their outing such "unconsidered trifles" as fallen wood for fuel, and wild flowers for the decoration of the home. The boy carries the British and American flags.

British soldiers who had gone to share in the fighting in Italy fraternise with their Italian comrades, and join with them in singing the national anthems of the two countries.

Back to the war-scarred land in France. Where the enemy has been driven east the workers bring back the land into cultivation.



The ballot on the battlefield. Men from Canada recording their votes for the Alberta elections close to the western front.

Vignettes From Three Far Fields of The War

Native troops united under Britain's flag for the fighting in German East Africa. The men, who include Somali, Swazi, Swahili, and other tribes, are fine fighters.

General Sarrail decorating Essad Pasha for services on the Balkan front. (French official.)

Indian troops travelling by tram in Mesopotamia along a line that runs from Bagdad to one of the suburbs of the ancient city.

A crowded cargo of milch-goats being taken through the docks at the Piræus for transhipment to the Salonika front, for maintaining the milk supply for the allied armies. Right: The landing of a bargeload of "Nannies."

How Christmas Came to Our Soldiers & Sailor

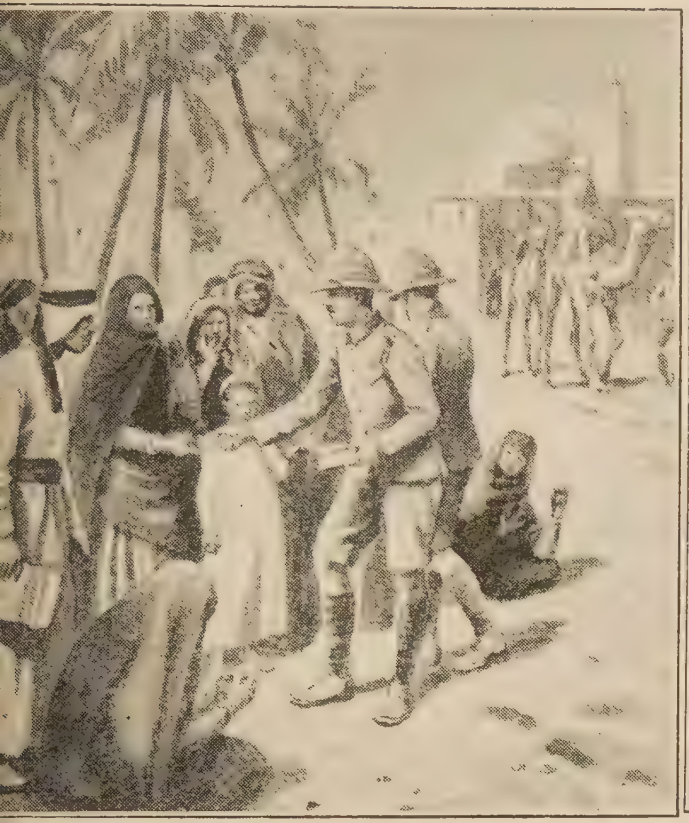
Plum-pudding hot on the Flanders front. Every man in the British Armies was given half a pound of Christmas pudding on Christmas Day.

Decorations for use rather than for festive ornament. Screening the guns from aircraft on the Salonika front.

Spoils to the victors. Captured Germans and machine-guns being brought past their British conquerors in E. Africa—German no more.

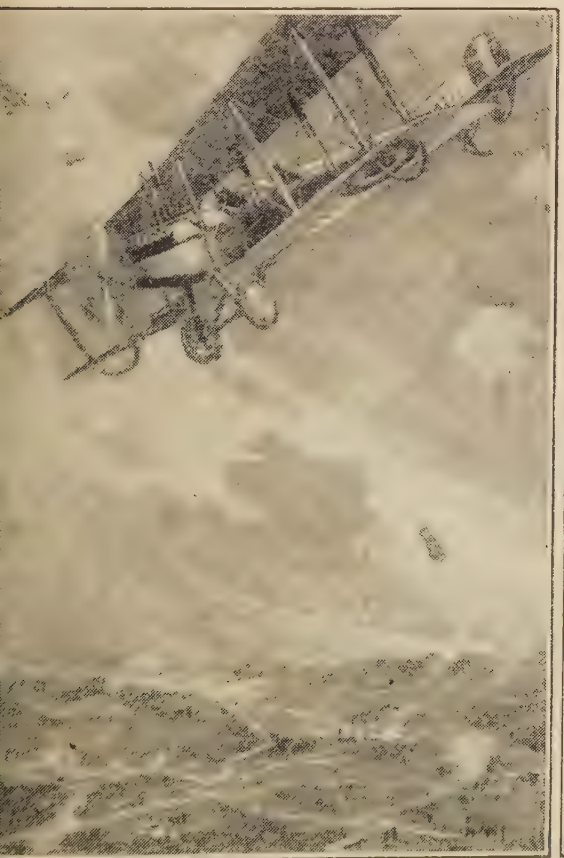
Seasonable weather for the time of year, but adding greatly to war risks at sea. British mine-sweepers at work in a snowstorm.

Where War was Waged from Belgium to Bagdad



Christmas presents in the Holy Land. British soldiers sharing boxes of cigarettes sent from home for Christmas with natives of Palestine.

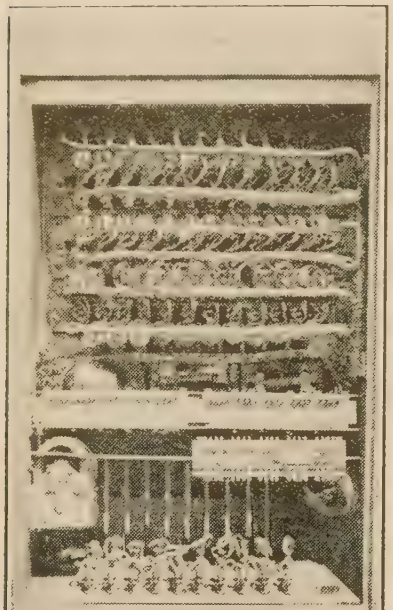
Shopping for Christmas in the magic scene of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." British soldiers buying curios in the market of Bagdad.

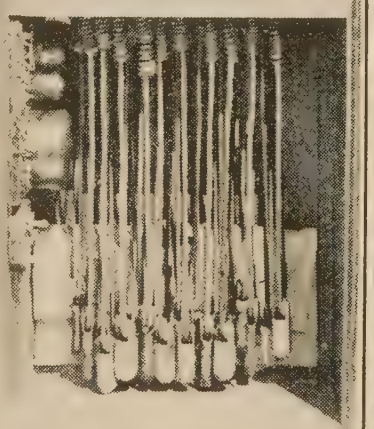


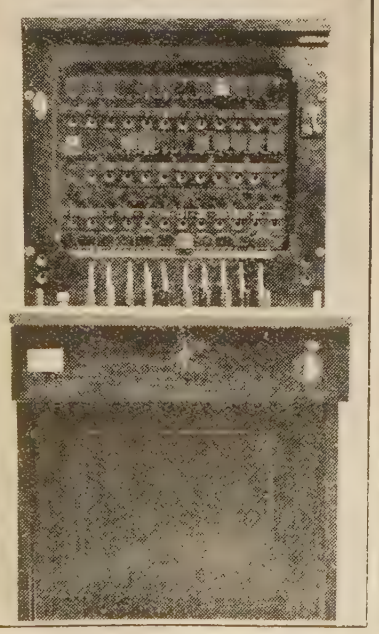
hristmas-box for Fritz. British aeroplanes dropping unwelcome gifts on the German lines in France.

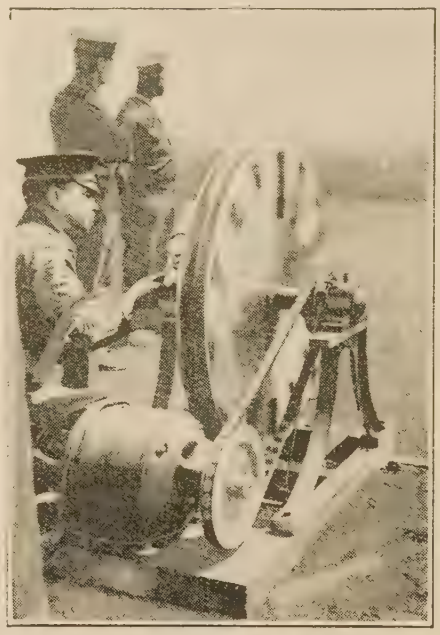
Crackers on the Belgian coast, where British destroyers and monitors contributed surprises to the enemy submarine bases.

Modern Devices in Use for the Destruction of Man









Testing a gun which uses centrifugal power as a propellant. It fires many hundred shots a minute to a range of five miles. Right: Mr. Wilfred Stokes with one of his famous guns.

The French adopted this new type of machine-gun, which was specially designed for combating attacks on their observation balloons.

Front and back views of a telephone exchange manufactured by a member of the Canadian Contingent's Signal Company.
Right: Boiling bones to extract glycerine, which is an essential part of modern high explosive.

Pride in Freedom's Fighters Far and Near

French soldier's wife sewing a fresh stripe on her husband's tunic to show that he has completed yet another six months at the front. Pride and hope mingle in her musing: "The fourth stripe! Will it be the last?"

Men of the nations allied in the cause of civilisation outside the Pepiniere Barracks, Paris. On the right are Portuguese soldiers, by the sentry-box French and Serbs, behind the two girls a Belgian officer, in the centre a soldier Scot and British sailors, and facing them British, Anzas, and American soldiers; in the background a French sailor, and to the left, at the market-stall, a Russian soldier. Inset: Girl Scouts throw roses in the path of an American regiment as it passes marching through Cincinnati

Lighter Moments on Far Sundered Ways of War

Behind the lines on the Palestine front British soldiers set up a "poultry farm" in the hope of securing new-laid eggs. Right: Mrs. L. F. Wanner, American Volunteer Nurse, and one of the dogs being trained for Red Cross work at Mineola, Long Island.

Taking potential pork aboard a vessel of the British Navy in the Eastern Mediterranean. Right: A nursing Sister on board a vessel of the British Navy finds healthful amusement in swinging on an awning spar.

Pets of men of the R.N.A.S. in the Eastern Mediterranean. The puppy looks somewhat astonished on his introduction to the raven recruit. Right: A ride for the regimental pet of a battalion of the Staffordshire Regiment on the western front.

Upon the Hazardous Edge of Life and Death

Enemy aeroplane enfilading horse lines behind the British western front. Right: Italian artillerymen, forced to retreat from their mountain position, determined that their gun shall not be made use of by enemy hands, hurl it on to the advancing Austrians below.

German prisoners hauling one of their heavy trench-mortars as they pass into captivity on the Aisne front. Beyond is one of the columns of eleven thousand prisoners which General Maistre's triumphing army captured between October 23rd and 27th, 1917.

Democracy Tests Autocracy With Terms of Peace:

Leon Trotsky (on right) and Nicolai Lenin addressing a crowd in the streets of Petrograd.

The Session Hall at Brest Litovsk, where the conference took place between the delegates of the Central Powers and the Russian Republic to settle the terms of armistice and open negotiations for the conclusion of peace between those Powers.

TOWARDS the end of November, 1917, Nicolai Lenin made overtures to the Central Powers for armistice and peace negotiations, and received a reply from Prince Leopold of Bavaria, German Commander-in-Chief on the eastern front, consenting to meet a duly authorised Russian committee. A protest against this violation of the Treaty of September 5th, 1914, by which the Allies pledged themselves to conclude no armistice separately, was delivered by the military representatives of all the Allies to Russian Headquarters, but was disregarded by Trotsky. Armistice negotiations opened on December 5th, and on December 17th a month's truce began, to be extended thereafter by agreement. The Russian delegates put forward proposals for a "democratic peace" on the basis of no annexation of occupied territory, restoration of political independence to nationalities deprived of it before the war, recognition of the right of other nationalities to determine by referendum their own independence or dependence, with special safeguards for the rights of minorities in those States, the abandonment of all claims to indemnities, and the reference of Colonial questions to the Colonial populations. The Austro-Germans accepted these proposals "in principle," but with characteristic reservations which the Bolshevists, with unexpected vigour, rejected, denouncing the Teutonic professions of desire for "democratic peace" as so many "unconscionable lies." Further differences arose as to the proper venue for the continued negotiations, and subsequent sessions of the Committee revealed the integrity of the Bolshevist leaders in their efforts to realise their ideals. Without concluding a formal peace the Bolshevists declared war with the Central Powers at an end, and ordered the demobilisation of the Army, February, 1918.

Members of the German and Austrian delegations awaiting the arrival of the Russian delegates at Brest Litovsk to open the peace negotiations, December, 1917. Right: The scene on the station platform when the Russian delegates arrived. Inset: M. Maxim Litvinoff, whom Trotsky nominated the Russian People's Ambassador in London.

Captain Sword and Captain Pen at Brest Litovsk

Delegates of the Russian Republic and of the Central Powers in conference in the Session Hall at Brest Litovsk, where it was expected the decisions arrived at would be of the most far-reaching consequence to the new Republic.

Prince Leopold of Bavaria signing the armistice. 1. Kameneff; 2. Joffe, head of the Russian delegates; 3. Mme. Biecenke; 4. Kontr.-Adm. Altvater; 5. Capt. Lipsky; 6. Karachan, secretary; 7. Lt.-Col. Fokke; 8. H. E. Zeki Pasha, Turkish Deputy; 9. H. E. Ambassador von Merey; 10. Prince Leopold; 11. Gen. Hoffmann; 12. Col. Gantschew, Bulgarian Deputy; 13. Capt. Horn; 14. Capt. Roy; 15. Maj. Brinkmann; 16. Maj. von Kameko; 17. Capt. von Rosenberg; 18. Maj. von Mirbach; 19. Dolivo-Dobrowolsky.

Brought to the Fore by Revolution in Russia

M. Joffe, the prominent Revolutionary who was President of the Russian Peace Delegates at Brest Litovsk until Trotsky took control.

M. Shingareff, former member of the Kerensky Provisional Government, who was murdered by Red Guards.

M. Antonov, Commandant of Petrograd—an example of the unsoldierly type that a revolution may thrust into military command.

Voting for the election of Members of the Constituent Assembly—which was summarily dismissed after assembly by the Bolshevist authorities. Right: M. Gurevitch (standing) making his speech for the defence of Countess Panina when on trial for appropriation of national funds before Jakoff, the workman President of the Russian Revolutionary Tribunal.

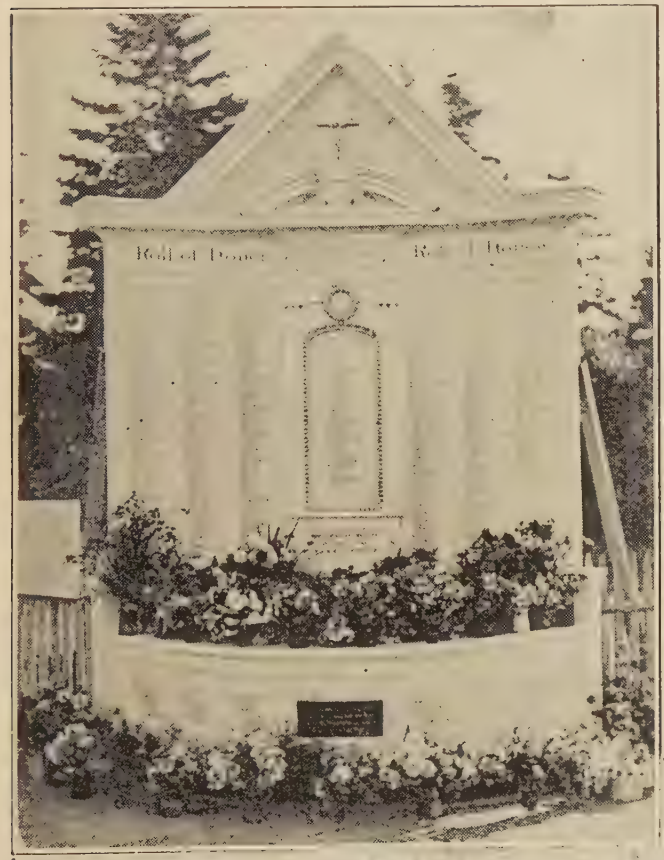
General Krylenko, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Armies. He had retired and engaged in scholastic work, but rejoined as an ensign when the Revolution broke out.

General Muralov, Commandant of Moscow, where the garrison numbered 100,000 men. Unlike the Revolutionary Commandant of Petrograd, shown above, Muralov was a soldier by profession.

Where Self-Sacrifice Flamed from West to East

The Duke of Connaught, visiting the western front, chats with some U.S. officers at a British training school.

Men of the Royal Naval Air Service in training receive instruction in the use of the bayonet for repelling an attack.



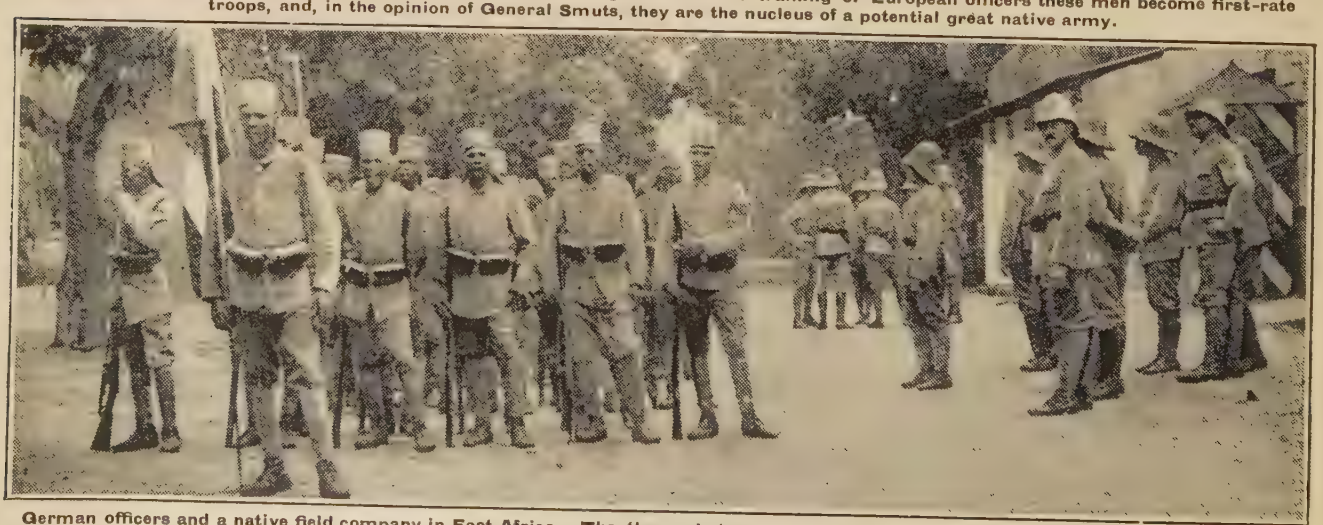
Memorial to men of the 1st Anzac Division who fell at Pozieres. Left: Canada's first war shrine, at Esquimault.

Queen Marie of Rumania with her daughters reviewing Rumanian troops. Dr. Angelescu, Rumanian Envoy to America, emphasised his country's willing association with the Allies and his confidence in their final, "and perhaps not far distant," triumph.

Glimpses of East Africa from a German Camera

German officers setting out for the trenches in East Africa. On December 1st, 1917, General Van Deventer reported that German East Africa had been completely cleared of the enemy, the small German force remaining having fled into Portuguese territory.

German Askaris behind a zareba made of loosely-filled sandbags. Under the training of European officers these men become first-rate troops, and, in the opinion of General Smuts, they are the nucleus of a potential great native army.



German officers and a native field company in East Africa. The three photographs on this page were taken by Germans before their final defeat and loss of their last colony, and came into British hands with a great mass of other enemy property and material.

Exit the Enemy from 'German' East Africa

German prisoners with arms and ammunition captured in East Africa. Right: Bringing in prisoners under escort. Inset: General von Lettow-Vorbeck, commander of the German forces in East Africa, who fled into Portuguese territory.

Natives carrying wounded in hammocks slung from poles along an East African trail. Right: Bridge over the Kihimbwe River, rapidly improvised for the passage of British troops. On Dec. 1st, 1917, it was announced German East Africa was wholly cleared of the enemy.

Soldiers of Japan Ready for Any Emergency

Japanese infantry wading across a shallow river in the course of their grand military manœuvres; and (inset) Japanese infantry in line of formation behind the firing-line.

Japanese cavalry marching in close formation. The Japanese are nominally liable for military service between the ages of 17 and 40, but the age of enlistment is ordinarily 20. The war strength of the Japanese Army—divisible into the Active Army and its reserves and the National Army and its reserves—is a first line of about 490,000, and a second line, fully trained, of about 900,000 men.

Records of the Regiments

The stirring and graphic narrative of regiments that greatly distinguished themselves in the war, which has been a notable feature of previous volumes, is continued in the following pages. Each article is complete in itself, and not only gives the record of the regiment in the war, but a succinct historical account of its origin. Striking illustrations of various units are interspersed with the letterpress.

WITH THE SCOTS GREYS IN FRANCE.—In the upper photograph the commanding officer of the Scots Greys is seen riding with his staff along a road behind the lines. The lower picture shows a squadron of the Greys having a brief rest, the horses standing flank to flank along a sinuous byway stretching between cultivated fields behind the fighting zone.

THE WEST RIDINGS

THE IRON DUKE'S OWN AT MONS AND YPRES

WHEN the Great War is over, and its long story is fully told, certain days therein will stand out as landmarks, just as they did in Europe's last cataclysm, the French Revolution. One of these days no doubt will be April 22nd, 1915, for then it was that the Germans first used their poison gas, and so added a new and sinister weapon to the existing horrors of war.

As regards the British troops, the first shock of the gas attack fell upon the Canadians defending Ypres, and in their long casualty lists were many, both officers and men, described as poisoned by gas or suffering from gas poisoning. The neighbouring British battalions, however, did not escape, and if one suffered more than another at this time from this devilish invention it was the 2nd Battalion of the West Ridings.

Two Terrible Fellows

A few days before, on the 17th, the West Ridings had taken part in the fight to regain Hill 60. At first they were in reserve, but after two other battalions had captured it they were sent up to their relief, and for the next three days were desperately engaged in beating back savage attacks and recovering lost ground. One of their exploits has been described by an officer who was present. Captain E. R. Taylor led a charge against the Germans, and when this failed went back for more men, and led a second. Then he was killed, but two other officers sprang forward with a shout, only to be shot dead immediately.

Of like spirit to these officers was Private B. Behan. On the evening of the 19th, when the battalion was attacking, Behan and another man got separated from the rest of their company. Nothing daunted, however, they went for a German trench themselves, killed three of its inmates, and brought away two more as prisoners, while the rest of the enemy, declining, with commendable prudence, to tackle such terrible fellows, made quickly off. When this was done, some reinforcements arrived. As they had no officer, Behan took over the command, and, as the official report said, "handled the party with great ability and complete success."

The Battle of Wasnes

This experience would have been enough for most battalions, but the days were critical indeed, and men were scarce. On the 24th, St. Julien, a village in front of Ypres, was lost, and to stand in the gap thus made the general sent for the remnants of the West Ridings and the other battalions of the 13th Brigade. It was these few and tired men who, to their eternal honour, faced without flinching the noxious fumes of gas, paying again a high price for their gallantry. On one single day five of their remaining officers were reported as killed by gas poisoning.

Of the four British divisions which retreated doggedly from Mons to the Marne, the 5th, then under Sir Charles Fergusson, had, by the fortune of war, much the worst time. In it was the 2nd West Ridings, which took part in the fighting at Le Cateau, and in the crossing of the Aisne.

But before these fights, on August 23rd, the West Ridings fought a little battle of their own. It took place at Wasnes, about four miles from the Mons-Condé Canal, and in the early morning. The battalion, seeing the enemy close on its heels, dug some trenches and fought hard to beat back the Germans. The latter were too numerous for this, however, and at one time the West Ridings were almost surrounded. With great pertinacity they fought their way through the ring of foes, but their losses were something like fifteen officers and three hundred men.

Early in October the 5th Division was fighting its way inch by inch towards Lille. About the middle of the month it came up against large German reserves, and during the rest of October it was as much as the weary battalion could do to parry the German thrust at Calais. On November 8th, still part of the same long battle, the West Ridings found themselves attacked by the Prussian Guard, "the biggest men I have ever seen," said one of their sergeant-majors. But big or little made no difference to the spirit of the West Ridings, although, to make matters worse, the weather at this time was atrocious, nights streaming with rain and pitch black, and there was no rest from the incessant work of the trenches. Under such conditions the deeds of their several companies may be described as Homeric. One recovered some trenches which the Germans had just taken from the Zouaves, this operation being led by the company sergeant-major, A. E. Taylor. Another, under Captain H. M. Travers, who was killed during the engagement, performed a similar feat, and then went forward a further fifty yards and seized another enemy trench. A third company was unsuccessful in its first attack, in which it lost all its officers, but again a sergeant-major came to the rescue, and led a counter-attack which fully achieved its purpose.

A V.C. on the Somme

In 1915 the West Riding was represented on the battlefields of France by some of its Territorial battalions. Four of these battalions—the 4th from Halifax, the 5th from Huddersfield, the 6th from Skipton, and the 7th from Colne Valley—went to the front as the 186th Brigade, being part of the 62nd Division, in April, 1915, just when their comrades of the Regulars were behaving so gallantly on Hill 60.

From the time when the Battles of the Somme began the reports from Sir Douglas Haig and the special correspondents made no mention of individual battalions, and only rarely of regiments. Once or twice, however, we heard of the West Ridings—Regulars, Territorials, Service men, or perhaps all three—advancing through a storm of shot and shell to seize some hitherto impregnable position. It was doubtless in one of these attacks that Sec.-Lieut. Henry Kelly won the Victoria Cross, the announcement of which was made on November 28th.

The 1st Battalion of the West Ridings was raised in 1702, and the 2nd in 1787, the former being the 33rd and the latter the 76th of the Line. The 33rd fought in Spain, and later at Dettingen and Fontenoy; in 1791 they helped to crush the Sultan of Mysore, Tippoo Sahib, at Seringapatam, and the 76th won great glory by its share in the Mahratta War of 1803-5.

The Iron Duke's Own

In 1881 these two battalions were united to form the Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment. The reason for giving to them this name was that the great Duke was at one time an ensign in the 76th, and later commanded the 33rd, which helped him by its steadfast bearing both at Quatre Bras and Waterloo. In the Crimea the same regiment lost very heavily at the Battle of the Alma, and in 1867 it took the lead in storming the fortress of Magdala. It was equally prominent at the Battle of Paardeberg.

OFFICERS OF THE 10th (SERVICE) BATTALION, THE WEST RIDINGS.—Back row (from left to right): Lieut. L. Hammond, Sec.-Lieut. R. C. Perks, Sec.-Lieut. S. C. Farrance, Lieut. L. N. Phillips, Sec.-Lieut. F. H. C. Redington, Sec.-Lieut. H. Harris, Sec.-Lieut. R. S. S. Ingram, Lieut. G. R. C. Heale, Sec.-Lieut. A. K. Lavarack, Lieut. H. L. Waite, Sec.-Lieut. F. Hird, Lieut. A. O'D. Pereira, Sec.-Lieut. C. Snell, Lieut. L. Bolland. Second row: Lieut. and Qr.-Mr. D. W. P. Foster, Capt. J. C. Bull, Capt. J. Atkinson, Capt. R. Harwar Gill, Maj. L. E. Buchanan, Lieut.-Col. H. J. Bartholomew, D.S.O., Capt. H. R. Hildyard, Capt. and Adjt. C. Bathurst, Capt. H. G. Tunstill, Rev. W. Henderson, Lieut. J. Wilson, R.A.M.C. Front row: Sec.-Lieut. D. F. Beckhuson, Sec.-Lieut. S. M. Mather, Sec.-Lieut. W. Heard, Sec.-Lieut. W. A. Kerridge, Sec.-Lieut. M. O. Tribe, Sec.-Lieut. C. E. Merryweather, Sec.-Lieut. H. Foster.

The Fighting Warwicks Dream of Victory

Some of the Warwicks "thoroughly done up" after a hard day's fighting. Inset: The Warwicks revive after their welcome rest. (Canadian Government copyright reserved.)

Another impression of the Warwicks. Under the canopy of heaven, with helmets for pillows and the rolling field as a bed, these splendid patriots are sleeping the untroubled sleep of men who have done their duty by humanity and civilisation. The photograph is reminiscent of the famous "Dream" picture by the French artist Detaille.

THE MIDDLESEX

HEROISM OF "DIE-HARDS" ON LAND AND SEA

AT the end of March, 1917, the compulsion of events was too strong for the Censorship, rigorous as it was, and the public were given certain details about two occurrences of major importance. The first, announced on the 29th of the month, was the damage to the transport Tyndareus off Cape Agulhas; the second, made known on the evening of the same day, was the victory over the Turks near Gaza.

By a curious coincidence men of the Middlesex Regiment, the "Die-Hards" of Albuera, figured in both these announcements. We were told that in the Tyndareus was a battalion of the Middlesex, and General Murray, in his brief report, singled out certain regiments, one of these being the Middlesex.

Splendid as has been the record of the Middlesex both during the Great War and in Britain's earlier struggles, it is doubtful whether they have ever behaved better than on February 9th, 1917, when the transport Tyndareus struck a mine, The ship was steaming round the south of Africa, being about one hundred miles from Cape Town, for which she was bound, when there was a loud explosion—a mine had been struck. At once she began to settle down, and the unfamiliar sight of her propellers well out of the water was enough to convince the veriest landlubber that she was sinking. Moreover, to make the position worse, a strong gale was blowing, and night was coming on.

"A Long, Long Trail"

Under such conditions the chances of rescue were not many. Colonel John Ward, M.P., in early life a private in the Army, was in command of the battalion, and he and his officers coolly prepared for the worst. "Assembly" was sounded, and, donning their lifebelts, the men came quickly together for parade. Standing company by company, and platoon by platoon, the roll was called, and when it was over, amid the howling of the wind and the lashing of the sea, they heard the familiar words—"Stand easy!" Discipline being thus loosened, they began to sing; the songs taken up were "A Long, Long Trail" and the old favourite "Tipperary."

Great, indeed, as every soldier knows, is the power of discipline. For something like half an hour they stood there, row upon row of them, perfectly undaunted, although they knew, every one, that each minute was eating away, as it were, a bit of those few inches of the ship's side which alone were between them and certain death.

Happily this was not to be. Two steamers were tearing towards them, and soon it was decided to launch the ship's boats. Six of them were got into the water, and then the rescuers arrived. Without any sign of disorder or panic the men were rapidly taken from the sinking ship, and when all were aboard the two laden vessels turned towards Simon's Town, which was reached safely. A little later two warships came up to the Tyndareus, and, by a fine display of courage and resource, managed to tow her to port.

The Birkenhead Tradition

It is hardly surprising that the official account of this deed referred to its obvious parallel, the sinking of the Birkenhead in 1852. The similarity between the two events is strangely complete. Both disasters occurred almost at the same spot and in the same month—February. The men in the Birkenhead, however, were less fortunate than those in the Tyndareus, for two-thirds of them were drowned. Both displayed the same high heroism, and proved once more Britain's supremacy "wherever seas by warring winds are worn," and of both the same words could have been used: "During this trying time, although faced by the probability of imminent death, the troops maintained the same steadfast courage and discipline."

The Middlesex, like the King's Royal Rifles and the Rifle Brigade, is one of the few regiments in the British Army which before the Great War had four battalions of Regulars, and as all these were in France within a few months of August, 1914, its war record is a very long and interesting one. Moreover, somewhat later, battalions of Middlesex Territorials were sent to the front, and were followed by some of the New Army. Consequently, it is not easy to compress their story into a page or two; in so doing some gallant deeds must, perforce, be omitted. Each battalion may be said to deserve separate treatment, and each great episode to be brought into the limelight, whether it be the stand of the 4th in the hottest part of the line at Mons, the charge of the 2nd at Neuve Chapelle, the heroism of the 7th and 8th at the Second Battle of Ypres, the share of the 11th, 12th, and 13th in the fighting around Loos, the day by day gallantry of the 1st and 3rd, or the unnumbered battalions that drove in the German line on the Somme.

Of the four Regular battalions the 4th was the first to reach the front. As part of the 8th Brigade and the 2nd Division it crossed to France in August, and was lined up along the Mons-Condé Canal to meet the German rush. Its particular station was in the town of Mons itself. This stood in an awkward bulge, and was approached by no less than four bridges across the canal. It was, in fact, the first of the numberless salients of the Great War. Three of these bridges were in charge of the Middlesex, and about midday on Sunday, August, 23rd, one of them was rushed by the enemy, and a retirement was ordered. In this action the battalion lost heavily, for it was subjected to fire from all sides of the loop.

The Battle of Le Cateau

The 1st Battalion arrived next on the scene. Late on the 23rd the 19th Brigade left the rail-head at Valenciennes, and marched, as good soldiers should, towards the sound of the guns. Quickly its two leading battalions, one being the 1st Middlesex, got into touch with the extreme left of Smith-Dorrien's Corps, with which it fell back slowly to Le Cateau. This operation of linking up without loss with a retreating force was a very fine piece of work.

Rescuing the Guns

At the beginning of this battle the Middlesex were in reserve, but towards its close they were called upon, and for a long time they held to a position on a ridge of hills and kept back the advancing Germans while the rest of the little army got away. Then they, too, retired, but on September 1st were suddenly hurried forward to Néry to rescue the famous L Battery of Horse Artillery from a perilous position. They arrived in time to shoot down the German gunners, to seize eight of their guns, and to be welcomed by the survivors of the gallant band.

A little later the same battalion was near Fromelles. On October 21st it was driven by heavy shell fire some distance, but at La Boutillerie it took up a fresh position, which was held for a long time. On the 29th the Middlesex were subject to a very heavy attack. For a moment they gave way, but they soon came back with a rush, and turned the Germans out of the captured trenches.

OFFICERS "A" COMPANY 22nd (SERVICE) BATTALION, THE MIDDLESEX.—Back row (left to right): Sec.-Lieut. D. G. Carr, Sec.-Lieut. F. G. McSweeny. Front row: Sec.-Lieut. H. Leeming, Capt. F. Miskin, Capt. E. T. Lavarack, Lieut. H. Agar, Sec.-Lieut. J. W. Barrett.

OFFICERS, 19th BATTALION (PIONEERS) THE MIDDLESEX.—Back row (left to right): Sec.-Lieut. H. E. Bellamy, Lieut. C. C. Furness, Sec.-Lieut. E. Rosenfeld. Second row: Lieut. O. S. Pratt, Sec.-Lieut. A. B. Swann, Sec.-Lieut. H. V. Slayton, Lieut. H. S. Emery, Sec. Lieut. H. C. W. Roberts, Sec.-Lieut. H. Solly, Sec.-Lieut. W. H. Richards, Sec.-Lieut. W. E. Hill. Front row (seated): Capt. G. Boulton, Hon. Lieut. and Q.M. J. C. Knight, Major F. J. Browne, Lieut.-Col. A. I. Irons (Officer Commanding), Capt. W. Wade, Capt. P. F. G. Christie, Lieut. E. A. Mitchell.

During the winter of 1914-15 the 1st and 4th Middlesex had a certain amount of rest, although from time to time dangerous duties fell to their lot. For instance in February, the 4th were holding some trenches at Vierstraat when suddenly one of these was very severely damaged by a German bomb, a dug-out being set on fire. Amid the smoke and confusion Private French quietly took command, ordered the men to the parapet, and while some drove off the Germans with their rifle fire, others put out the blaze.

Meanwhile, the 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the "Die-Hards" were on the scene, and were soon to take up the burden of battle. The 2nd was in the 8th Division, which reached the front in November, 1914, and had its first experience of hard fighting in the following March, although before then some of its men had won distinction for their gallantry.

"Die-Hards" at Neuve Chapelle

The attack on Neuve Chapelle, fixed for March 10th, and anxiously awaited, was made in two parts. To the west of the village it was entrusted to the 8th Division, and in one of its leading brigades, the 23rd, was the 2nd Middlesex. Cruel, indeed, was the battalion's experience on that day. When the men advanced the artillery preparation had been very incomplete. The terrible barbed-wire entanglements were almost untouched, and the Middlesex reached them only to discover this. While they tore at them the German machine-guns shot them down by the score.

But someone saved them from utter destruction—almost the fate of the Cameronians on their left. The order came that they were to take cover, and they lay down in the hollows of the ground while the British shells had a second try. This time they found the range more correctly. The missiles whistled over the prostrate men to do their work, and soon the obstacles were destroyed. Then the remains of the brigade went through and reached the spot marked out for them on the battle-plan. There they held the position until relieved.

In the Ypres Salient

Next came the turn of the 3rd Battalion. As part of the 28th Division it had arrived somewhat later than the 2nd at the front. In February the division took over from the French a part of the line in front of Ypres, the section between Zonnebeke and Polygon Wood, and there they were when the Germans made their second big attempt to break through to Calais. On April 23rd, just after the gas attack on the Canadians, the division sent away men to restore the broken line.

On the left of the division's line, some three miles long, were the Middlesex men. Grimly they held on, in spite of very heavy losses, until May 3rd, when our line was deliberately shortened; from then until the 12th they kept intact their part of the new one.

Middlesex Territorials were also engaged in this desperate battle. The 8th Battalion—men from Ealing, Hounslow, and the neighbourhood—was one of those sent to support the gassed Canadians. These they assisted in a counter-attack in which, on April 25th, some trenches were retaken, and for about a month they were in the thick of the fighting. At the end of that time, having lost about half its strength, the battalion was united with the 7th.

In July following the 4th Battalion, stationed near Hooge, again proved its worth. On the 19th and 20th fierce attacks were made on our trenches, and in one or two places the enemy forced a way therein, one reason being that some of our men were short of bombs. However, this did not daunt the Middlesex, especially two of its subalterns, R. P. Hallowes and H. M. Leppes, who saved the position at a critical time.

Second-Lieut. Hallowes, who thus won the Military Cross, was soon heard of again. The battalion was still near Hooge when, on September 25th, the British made their great attack. For a week he continued to perform heroic deeds —exposing himself on the parapet to encourage his men, bringing up bombs under heavy fire, going out to obtain information about the German position, and other actions of the kind, for which, after his death, he was awarded the V.C.

In the same Battle of Loos there fought at least three new Middlesex battalions, the 11th, 12th, and 13th.

Battle of the Somme

The Middlesex men took a leading part, too, in the Battles of the Somme. In the opening attack on July 1st they suffered very heavily as they stormed the German first line. In the spring of 1918 they bore an honoured part in holding up the German offensives.

The history of the Middlesex Regiment, the old 57th and 77th of the Line, is a long and glorious one. Raised in 1755, it served in India, but its great fame was won in the Peninsular War, especially at Albuera in 1811. There, in obedience to orders, twenty-three officers and over four hundred men out of less than six hundred altogether "died hard" when surrounded by the French. The regiment did good service in the Crimean War, especially at the Battle of the Alma and the storming of the Redan.

THE 7TH AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY

AT LONESOME PINE AND POZIÈRES

THE little Flemish town of Bapaume was, we were frequently told, one of the strongest of the many fortresses which German ingenuity had constructed in the west, and there is no reason to doubt the truth of the statement. During the Battles of the Somme our men had fought their way towards it, but had been unable to capture it; consequently it remained, at the beginning of 1917, still formidable and untaken.

The troops holding the British line where it approached Bapaume were Australians, the heroic captors of Pozières. They expected, doubtless, another stern struggle before Bapaume was theirs, and preparations for this were being pressed steadily on when, on March 17th, 1917, their patrols hurried back with the news that the Germans were leaving their trenches near the town.

In and Through Bapaume

The Australians were quickly on the move, and by eight in the morning one battalion was through Bapaume itself. A few snipers impeded their progress, but that was all, and three hours later they were in contact with the Germans as these retreated through the open country beyond the town. There was no serious engagement, but there was the glad news, soon telegraphed to England and Australia, that Bapaume was restored to France, and that the men from the South were the first of its deliverers.

No mention was made in the official accounts of the battalions engaged in this enterprise, but we may make a guess in this matter, and the present writer for one feels certain that the 7th Battalion of Australian Infantry, men from Victoria, were not far from Bapaume on St. Patrick's Day, 1917.

This particular battalion, it will be remembered, had made itself immortal at Lone Pine in Gallipoli in August, 1915. Once or twice in our military history a famous regiment has won several Victoria Crosses in a single engagement—the South Wales Borderers, for instance, at Isandula and Rorke's Drift in 1879, and more recently the Lancashire Fusiliers at the landing in Gallipoli, but such occasions are very rare. To them, however, must be added another — the four crosses gained by the 7th Australians at Lone Pine on August 8th and 9th, 1915.

A Gallant Advance

This 7th Battalion was in the 2nd Australian Brigade, which went from Egypt to Mudros early in 1915 to take part in the coming attack on the Dardanelles. They landed at Gaba Tepe on April 25th, but on May 5th, after fierce fighting, were transferred to Cape Helles.

Three days later their brigadier-general, J. M. McCay, received orders to advance. Marching in columns of platoons towards the strong Turkish position of Krithia the 7th Battalion followed immediately behind the 6th, and soon they arrived in some British trenches which they set to work to improve.

Towards evening another order reached them, and again it was for an advance. Occupying five hundred yards on the right of the line, the 7th Battalion, under Colonel Garside, who was killed later in the day, reached another row of trenches, some occupied by the Royal Naval Division; another rest followed, for the men carried heavy packs and shovels, and then another move. This next advance has been described by those who saw it, for the men were now under heavy fire: "They scrambled to the parapets, and, crouching low, began to advance, fifty, sixty, seventy yards at a rush, and then, as exhaustion overcame them, a short respite lying flattened to the ground. But the line never wavered, though thinned at every step." In the end they won ground, but Krithia itself was untaken.

At Lonesome Pine

For this gallantry a heavy price was paid. In his popular book, "Glorious Deeds of the Australians," Mr. E. C. Buley states that when the 2nd Brigade returned to Gaba Tepe it contained only 1,600 men. It had landed from Egypt 4,300 strong; the fierce days at Gaba Tepe had reduced it to 2,600, and those at Cape Helles to 1,600. However, weak as they were, the 7th and the other battalions shared in the fighting of June and July, and then came the crowning exploit of Lone Pine.

The last plan evolved for getting through the Dardanelles was for a new landing at a place called Suvla Bay, coupled with strong and simultaneous attacks elsewhere. Where the Australians were the scheme was to seize the high land called Lone—or Lonesome—Pine, for it commanded one of the main sources of the Turkish water supply. Mr. John Masefield, in his book on Gallipoli, has described it as "a little plateau less than four hundred feet high running north-west by south-east, and measuring, perhaps, two hundred yards long by two hundred across." Dug in it were trenches enormously strong, roofed with logs and amply supplied with machine-guns.

The 1st Australian Brigade seized the position, however, in spite of its strength, on the evening of August 6th, and then the Turks dashed forward to recover it. The 7th Battalion was soon in the fight. Against hordes of Turks they held on hour after hour, through day and night alike, and on the night of the 8th the climax came. The enemy swarmed all round them, seemingly in countless numbers, with apparently an inexhaustible supply of the latest instruments of death, and inspired, it must be added, with the most reckless courage. But in the survivors of the 7th and 8th Battalions, now in the front trenches, they met their match and more; the ground was held, and at length the Turkish attacks died away.

Their Four V.C.'s

On that awful night the 7th Australians won four Victoria Crosses. Won, did we say? No, that is hardly correct. Four were given to them; how many they won no one can tell, but it was many more. Lieutenant W. J. Symons got one of them because, when six officers had been killed, he retook some lost ground and rebuilt a barricade. For twice rebuilding another barricade Lieutenant F. H. Tubb received another, and the others were given to Corporal A. S. Burton, who was killed by a bomb, and to Corporal William Dunstan, both being prominent in assisting Lieutenant Tubb.

This is but a little part of the story of the 7th Battalion during the Great War. It was raised in Victoria when the struggle began, and in November left Australia for Egypt. There the men had a further spell of training, marching for twenty miles into the desert, and in other ways making themselves fit for hardship, and in April came their transfer to Gallipoli and their first experience of the real thing. At the end of 1915 they left Gallipoli and soon appeared in France. In July, 1916, the Australians, the 7th Battalion among them, won eternal glory by the capture of Pozières.

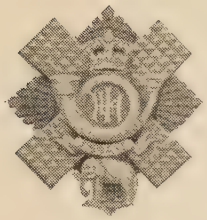
Capture of Pozières

On July 15th, the gallant Anzacs, with undaunted and impetuous dash, rushed the outskirts of the village of Pozières, on the top of the ridge, and took 2,000 prisoners. This glorious feat was by no means easy. The enemy held the village with great desperation for some time, but by July 23rd all the outer works had been taken. The next day witnessed a terrific all-day battle for the village, both sides fighting with extraordinary desperation. But nothing could keep back the dashing Australian troops, and by July 26th the village of Pozières was firmly established in British hands. This gallant exploit of the Australian troops on the Somme is well worthy to be set alongside of the feats of the New Zealanders at Flers in the next month. It proved that the men who had won undying fame in Gallipoli were capable of valiant deeds against the Germans.

OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'S OF THE TRAINING BATTALION, AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.—Back row (left to right): Lt. W. B. Phipps (Chief Instructor), Lt. W. H. Parkin, Lt. R. M. K. Howard, Lt. A. N. Buckley, Lt. R. W. Sampson, Lt. H. W. Wilkes, Lt. L. H. Loveday, Lt. R. F. Christianson, Lt. M. S. Hourn, Lt. F. L. Flannery. Middle row: Capt. R. D. Murray, Capt. C. J. Perry (Chaplain), Capt. T. K. Westbrook, Capt. C. G. K. Judge, Capt. J. K. G. Magee (C.O.), Lt. W. Mervyn Blake (Adjt.), Capt. P. F. Money (Medical Officer), Lt. M. Delaney (Q.-M.), Lt. W. L. Walker. Front row: Lt. C. W. Hooper, W.-O. D. R. Lindsay (R.-S.-M.), Lt. H. W. Phillips.

THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY

FINE WORK AT YPRES AND LOOS



IN a purple passage Macaulay describes Chatham's stately monument in Westminster Abbey. "There," says he, "graven by a cunning hand, the effigy, with eagle face and outstretched arm, seems to bid England be of good cheer and hurl defiance at her foes." That great statesman, the elder Pitt, did something to make this proud and confident state of mind possible, for it was he who first raised those Highland regiments which have served Britain so well in her hours of need.

During the great British offensive in the summer of 1916 the Highland Light Infantry showed a remarkable aptitude for trench raids. On June 27th they carried out one which Sir Douglas Haig described as "particularly successful"; and so in cold truth it was. With the loss of only two men wounded, the raiding party returned with forty-six prisoners and two machine-guns, while they had succeeded in destroying two mine-shafts.

Praise from Sir Douglas Haig

Later, Sir Douglas said that he had reason to believe they had caused over ninety casualties to the enemy; so his praise, although high, was not in any way exaggerated. A few days later, on July 5th, they undertook another raid. They got into the German trenches, destroyed a machine-gun emplacement, and killed many of the enemy.

These raids were but useful preliminaries to the real and grim business which began on the Somme on July 1st, and about which we are, for good reasons, as yet so scantily informed. Once or twice, however, the curtain has been lifted and we have caught glimpses of the Highlanders at work, although without any knowledge as to the when or the where of their exploits. For instance, on one occasion, a party of the Highland Light Infantry seized a post which the Germans regarded as a vital one. Sergeant J. Y. Turnbull was in charge of this, and the enemy came on with such fury that time and again they killed or wounded the men holding it. Each time, however, these were replaced, and Sergeant Turnbull encouraged them to keep it, which they did, even at the cost of their lives.

Record of Heroism

In the matter of Victoria Crosses the Highland Light Infantry has a fine record for the Great War. It was the first regiment to earn three of these coveted honours, and the one won by Turnbull made the fourth. The previous winners were Private George Wilson, of the 2nd Battalion, who won it for one of the outstanding deeds of the war on September 14th, 1914; Lieut. W. L. Brodie, also of the 2nd Battalion, who gained it on November 11th, 1914, during the Battle of Ypres; and Lance-Corporal William Angus, a Territorial, who received it for his daring at Givenchy on June 12th, 1915.

The two Regular battalions of the Highland Light Infantry were early at the seat of war. The 2nd crossed to France in August, 1914, as part of the 2nd Division, and the 1st came from India somewhat later as the British battalion attached to the Sirhind Brigade of the Indian Army Corps.

Private Wilson, V.C.

Comparatively speaking, the 2nd Battalion had an easy time during the retreat, but it was far otherwise at the Battles of the Aisne and Ypres. At the former the Highlanders crossed the river at Pont Arcy, on the broken girders of a bridge, and once on the other side pushed the Germans before them till they were past Verneuil. Here it was that Private Wilson with only one companion went for a machine-gun; the other man was killed, but Wilson dashed on, killed the officer and the six Germans who had charge of it, and then destroyed the weapon.

The fiery ordeal of Ypres tested the Highland Light Infantry most severely from November 11th to 14th, at the close of that long battle. On the 11th they helped to repulse the attack made by the Prussian Guard, for, like Napoleon at Waterloo, the Kaiser used his favourite troops for his last and greatest attempt to break the British line. It was on that day that Lieut. Brodie won the V.C. On the 14th the battalion was again heavily assailed, and two non-commissioned officers, W. Bradford and T. Simpson, won the D.C.M. for their part in keeping the Germans out of our trenches.

Fight at La Bassée

By this time the 1st Battalion had arrived in France from India, and on December 19th it took part in a little engagement near La Bassée. The idea was to seize some German trenches, and at 4.30 in the morning the Highland Light Infantry and the 4th Gurkhas led the way thereto. Two enemy lines were captured, but on either side our men were unsupported, and, after holding on throughout the day, they fell back after dark. This unfortunate occurrence evidently encouraged the Germans, for on the next day they came forward in force and seized most of Givenchy. In this fight valuable assistance was given by the 9th Battalion, Territorials from Glasgow.

In 1915, as part of a Territorial division, some other battalions of the Highland Light Infantry were sent out to Gallipoli. In July they were thrown into the fight, and on the 21st they distinguished themselves in an engagement which ended in the capture of a Turkish redoubt. It was on this occasion that Piper K. McLennan, of the 7th Battalion, played the men into action, and continued to do so until his pipes were destroyed by shrapnel.

Leading Parts at Loos

In the Battle of Loos at least four battalions of the Highland Light Infantry played leading parts. The 12th was in the 15th Division, the one which swept through Loos and made the most successful attack of the day. In the 9th Division were the 10th and 11th Battalions, and when the word was given, at 6.30 on the morning of September 25th, they made for Fosse 8 and the Hohenzollern Redoubt. At one stage of the advance they had especially heavy fighting, but they forced their way into the first line of hostile trenches. The 10th Battalion lost very heavily indeed, and at one time seemed somewhat shaken, but Major H. C. Stuart took it in hand, reorganised the men who remained, and, their confidence being restored, led them again forward. The Roll of Honour shows, too, that the 2nd Battalion was engaged in this battle.

Historical Note

The Highland Light Infantry dates from 1777, and was at first called Macleod's Highlanders. Its early services were in India, and during the Peninsular War it served in Spain, being engaged in some very savage fighting there, and winning especial glory at Vittoria. The 2nd Battalion, the old 74th Highlanders, raised in 1787, also did good service in India and the Peninsular War. The 1st Battalion was at Waterloo and in the Crimea; many men of the 2nd went down in the Birkenhead, and their successors helped to storm Arabi's position at Tel-el-Kebir. In the Boer War the 1st Battalion lost heavily at Magersfontein.

Bassano

OFFICERS OF THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.—Back row (left to right): Sec.-Lieut. J. Murray Campbell, Sec.-Lieut. P. F. Leith, Sec.-Lieut. John Talbot, Sec.-Lieut. G. M. Robertson, Sec.-Lieut. McLaughland, Sec.-Lieut. Wm. P. Scott. Front row (seated): Sec.-Lieut. J. Graham, Capt. R. M. Miller, Major D. D. Milner, Lieut.-Col. S. Gair, Lieut. E. M. Leith, Lieut. W. McCulloch, Sec.-Lieut. J. F. Dewar.

THE KENSINGTONS

AT NEUVE CHAPELLE AND ON THE SOMME

"A FEAT of arms surpassed by no battalion in this great war." So many acts of signal heroism, both individual and collective, have been performed on the battlefield during nearly three years that one may be pardoned for wondering to which particular incident Sir Henry Rawlinson, then commanding the Fourth Army Corps, referred when he spoke these words. Many battalions had earned them, but yet, when all the circumstances are taken into consideration, the exploit of the Kensingtons at Aubers Ridge on Sunday, May 9th, 1915, was specially deserving of this high praise, and it was they whom the general thus addressed.

The evening before this British attack on a strong German position, Saturday night, the 8th, was passed by the battalion in some advanced trenches, and at five on the following morning, as they were all ready for action, they heard the British batteries begin their work. "Prepare to charge in five minutes!" was then the order passed along the line of waiting men. The tense minutes passed, and over the parapet they went. Although they fell by dozens, the remainder tore on, and were soon over the first, second, and third lines of German trenches. With bayonet and bomb they cleared out the Hun, and then their officers had time to take stock of the situation.

Isolated at Aubers Ridge

The plan was that, on the right of the Kensingtons, another battalion should advance; but this was unable to do so, and thus, to use a military phrase, the victorious Territorials found their flank "in the air." Something similar had happened before, and was to happen again during the war, but never perhaps under such terrible conditions. The Germans were not slow to notice the position of the isolated battalion, and they and their guns turned their full attention to the trenches in which, with grim determination, the Kensingtons decided to remain. All around shells were pitching and bursting; from front and flank machine-guns and snipers were taking their toll, and, as the Sunday morning wore away, the men became fewer and fewer. At 11.15 a message arrived saying that a battalion was advancing to their relief; but, as one of them said, "We saw our reinforcements come out, we saw them fade away." It was impossible to get through the barrage of fire.

Early in the afternoon the order to retire, "bitter and damnable," as one called it, reached the remains of the battalion. In the long, light days of May such a proceeding was not easy; but about 2.30 a beginning was made. Then began the worst part of that day of horror. Snipers were on the watch, barbed-wire was in the way. Some men crawled along trenches, although up to the waist in mud; others lay behind mounds of earth and waited for darkness to come; others fought their way as by a miracle through rings of foes. After nightfall the remnants of a fine battalion, many bleeding, and all haggard, having escaped a thousand deaths, dashed over the protecting sand-bags and were once again in the British trenches. Only four company officers out of seventeen returned, and of both officers and men a majority lay outside, dead or dying, for the slightly wounded were few.

On that day all were heroes, but a few were singled out for special mention. Captain E. G. Kimber won the D.S.O. for extricating, after six hours of horror, the survivors of his company; Sergeant P. R. Pike and Private V. E. Cohen won the D.C.M. for their gallant behaviour as bombers, and Lance-Corporal R. A. E. Starkey for sticking doggedly to his machine-gun. Private J. H. Wood brought up messages and ammunition, and Sergeant F. W. Shepherd, in the same zone of death, laid and relaid a telephone wire.

Under Colonel F. G. Lewis, the Kensingtons began to train for the front just after the outbreak of war, and on November 3rd, 1914, they went across to France. Attached to a brigade of Regulars, they took turns of duty in the trenches, at that time merely receptacles for mud and water. Through the winter they kept at it, and in a few weeks their casualties had mounted up to two officers and thirty-four men in killed alone—Captain Gilbert Thompson, the adjutant, being one of these.

At Neuve Chapelle

As a change from the monotony of trench warfare, the Kensingtons soon had an experience of fighting in the open. March 10th was fixed for the British assault on Neuve Chapelle, and on the previous evening the battalion was paraded at ten o'clock, and then, carrying their arms, their rations, their water-bottles filled with tea, and two sand-bags each, they marched away into the darkness. As little as we at home did the men know whither they were going.

According to orders, the Kensingtons and the rest of the reserves followed the attacking troops, and in so doing came under fire and suffered certain losses. They held our front trenches for a time, and then went forward to man those which had been just captured from the enemy. These, owing to the severity of our artillery fire, were in a deplorable condition, so the troops set to work to make them defensible and habitable once more. The next day the Kensingtons had another fight; they seized some trenches and held them until relieved fifteen days later. After this, a rest prepared them for their exploit at Aubers Ridge in May.

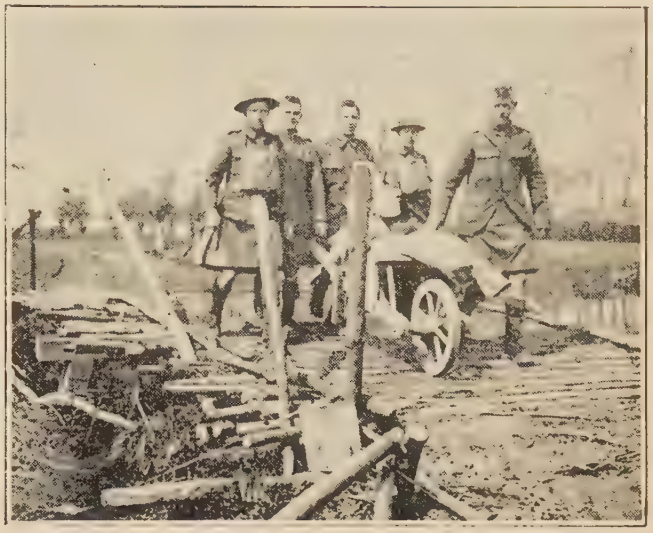
In the Somme Battle

For several months after the affair at Aubers Ridge the Kensingtons were out of the fighting-line, and they did not come again to the fore until the beginning of the great offensive on the Somme. By that time the British Army had been entirely rearranged, and the London Territorials were placed together in two or more divisions. It was these Londoners who, on July 1st, charged towards Gommecourt. There they struggled against defence as perfect as defence could be, with a German salient on their left and a sunken road on their right. The battle they waged was, in one respect, a losing one, for they could not hold on to the ground they had won; but, without their gallantry, success in other parts of the field would have been still harder to obtain than it was. For the allied cause as a whole, the Londoners fought a glorious and successful fight, and must share the honour of the day.

The Kensingtons are in reality the 13th Battalion of the London Regiment. In the days of the Volunteer movement there were in existence the 4th Middlesex Rifles and the 2nd South Middlesex, battalions of men raised for home defence. When, in 1908, the new Territorial Army came into being, the London Regiment was formed to include all the Volunteer units in the metropolis. The two battalions in question were among these, and were united. As the 13th London they joined the new regiment, the district allotted to them being Kensington. On the outbreak of the Great War the Kensingtons were mobilised and sent to train at Abbots Langley. They volunteered for the front at once, and to keep them up to strength, a second and then a third battalion were raised, the ranks being quickly filled.

OFFICERS OF THE KENSINGTONS.—Back row (from left to right): Sec.-Lt. H. G. L. Prynne, Sec.-Lt. L. B. Bluett, Sec.-Lt. N. T. Inns, Sec.-Lt. G. K. Clifford, Sec.-Lt. L. T. Elvy, Sec.-Lt. C. S. David, Sec.-Lt. C. T. Tate, Sec.-Lt. J. P. Williams. Second row (seated): Capt. C. M. Miller, Capt. R. Spofforth, Major V. Flower, Lt.-Col. H. Lumley-Webb, Major C. M. Mackenzie, Capt. F. H. Ware, Capt. H. Graves. Front row: Sec.-Lt. C. M. B. Byles, Sec.-Lt. S. L. Vincent, Sec.-Lt. P. E. Leggett, Sec.-Lt. A. de F. Macmin, Sec.-Lt. A. W. Tosland.

Famous Regiments that Held Up Teuton Hordes



British soldiers bringing up hurdling for revetting a support trench during the German offensive on the western front. Right: Ration-party of a Highland regiment wheeling a barrow loaded with supplies over a temporary bridge thrown across a Flanders watercourse.

Mustering the Black Watch to go into action. Left: Crucifix scarred by many bullets but left standing in the battle-ravaged graveyard of a village near Lens which was captured by the Canadians.

Men of the Middlesex Regiment waiting for the Germans—at that moment only 100 yards away—during the offensive. Every hedge and ditch was defended thus to the last minute. Right: British artillery officer using a brother officer as a stand for his telescope.

THE ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS

SPLENDID DEEDS EAST AND WEST

"OVER the top!" Certainly the most thrilling moment in modern warfare is the one when the whistle blows, or, in some other way, the signal is given for the waiting men to dash over the parapets and face new and unknown dangers. A man may become thoroughly hardened to trench warfare; familiarity with it may have trained him to treat with complete indifference the whistling of shells above his head, the occasional bursting of one quite near his side, or even the destruction of part of his temporary dwelling, but surely such a one will feel an unusual tremor of excitement as the long seconds before going "over the top" are ending.

At the Schwaben Redoubt

At half-past seven on the morning of Saturday, July 1st, 1916, a hot and cloudless day, the whistles blew, something like 100,000 of our men went over the parapets, and, as they vanished into the smoke, more and then more followed. The great assault had begun, and these men, carefully trained for their work, were on their way to the German trenches.

In this race there were no laggards, but it is related that near Thiepval, where the Ulster Division attacked, the Royal Irish Fusiliers were the first to go over. By a coincidence it was the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, and, as the Fusiliers were mainly drawn from the Protestants of the North of Ireland, they could not be indifferent to the day.

The task of these Ulstermen was to break through the German first line, which they did, and then to press on towards Grandcourt. But barring their way was a strong German redoubt, the Schwaben, and round this there was some of the most terrible and costly fighting of that day. The Ulstermen took it, and for a time held it, but the enemy had not been cleared from some positions around it, and it was raked by fire from every side. For fourteen hours they fought on, and then a shortage of ammunition compelled them to retire. Bringing back prisoners they reached our lines, but their losses had been great.

V.C. Won near Loos

A few days after sharing in this advance, the Irish Fusiliers, represented by another battalion of the regiment, won mention from Sir Douglas Haig for carrying out a successful trench raid. Near Loos they got into the enemy's trenches, and for about twenty minutes had some stiff fighting there. Then their task done and many Germans killed, they returned, their own losses having been few.

It was probably on the former of these occasions that Lieutenant G. S. Cather, of this regiment, won the Victoria Cross. In crossing No Man's Land on the way back to the trenches a number of the Fusiliers had fallen wounded, and it had not been possible for the survivors to help them all into safety.

Cather knew this, and so at seven o'clock in the evening he went out and brought in three of these men, remaining at his work until midnight. Next morning he was out again, creeping from place to place. He found several more, one of whom he brought in, but the others could not be moved until later. The officer, therefore, took water to them and made arrangements for their rescue, and he was still engaged in this work of mercy when he was killed.

Going back to the beginning of the war, we may say that the 1st Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers, just fresh from England, fought their first battle, as far, at least, as the Great War is concerned, at Le Cateau, on August 26th, 1914. They shared in the retreat and in the subsequent advance to the Aisne. They crossed that river where it was in flood near Missy, and, after a stay in that neighbourhood, they were transferred as part of General Pulteney's 3rd Division to Flanders. In October they pressed forward towards St. Omer, and, with their shouts of "Faugh-a-Ballagh!" seized some trenches near Bailleul, and so made it possible for that town to be occupied by us. On October 17th the battalion was near Houplines, and there Captain R. J. Kentish, a sergeant, and three privates won distinction by saving some wounded from a burning building.

In the Thick of it at St. Eloi

Having during the winter arrived in France from India, the 2nd Irish Fusiliers were in the thick of the Battle of St. Eloi on March 14th, 1915. As a reply to the British assault on Neuve Chapelle, the Germans made one at St. Eloi, a village some way to the north. The method of attack was practically the same in both cases, and a non-commissioned officer of the Fusiliers has described it. "They had been shelling us all day," he says, "and about four o'clock all of a sudden one of our trenches on my right went up with a bang, and then everything started. The Germans followed up the explosion with hand-grenades, bombs, and all sorts. The whole earth was trembling for about three hours."

The writer then described how the enemy tried to capture the trenches wherein he was. They came on three times; each time they got within a few yards; each time they were driven back. Many of them were shot at point-blank range, and eventually, as far as this particular trench was concerned, they gave up. Although practically surrounded, the Fusiliers had held on, and they did so until relieved.

At Suvla Bay and Lake Doiran

Such are a few of the deeds of those Irish Fusiliers who belonged to the old Regular Army, but the regiment was also represented in the New Armies of civilians. In one of the brigades, the 31st, which landed at Suvla Bay, on August 9th, 1915, were the 5th and 6th Fusiliers. Having arrived from Mitylene they were got on shore without loss, and then made their way in good order along the side of the Salt Lake. Some confused fighting followed, about which even the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Ian Hamilton, failed to get any "live human detail," but the brunt of it, so he says, fell upon the brigade in which the Fusiliers were.

After the failure at Suvla, Sir Bryan Mahon and his Irishmen were sent to Salonika, whence they marched to the succour of the harried Serbians. On December 6th they were fighting the Bulgarians, adding to their battle honours the name of Lake Doiran.

The Royal Irish Fusiliers were raised in 1793, and served first in Holland. They fought under Sir Ralph Abercrombie in Egypt in 1801, and in 1806 were in South America. They served in the Peninsular War, being especially noticeable for gallantry at Barrosa, and, it is interesting now to remember, against the Americans in 1812-13. They were in the Crimea, in India suppressing the Mutiny, and in the charge at Tel-el-Kebir in 1882, while both Regular battalions served against the Boers.

OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS.—Back row (left to right): Lt. C. A. Le Peton, Sec.-Lt. V. J. Lynch, Sec.-Lt. F. G. B. Pascoe, Sec.-Lt. R. D. Greer, Sec.-Lt. E. E. Sargint, Sec.-Lt. B. C. Jones, Sec.-Lt. M. H. Turnbull, Sec.-Lt. W. Gordon Smith. Middle row: Lt. W. H. Stitt, Sec.-Lt. H. C. S. Grubb, Lt. G. C. Kirkland, Sec.-Lt. H. W. C. Weldon, Sec.-Lt. W. M. Moore, Lt. C. F. Brady, R.A.M.C., Lt. A. F. C. Graves, Lt. C. J. Fulton. Front row: Capt. W. V. Edwards, Major M. W. Litton, Capt. & Adjt. W. D. Thompson, Lt.-Col. F. T. T. Moore, Major K. C. Weldon, Capt. T. A. N. Bolton, Major M. R. Jones.

THE EAST KENTS (THE BUFFS)

GREAT DEEDS ON THE WEST FRONT

FOR nearly 2,000 years the men of Kent have had a proud renown among the defenders of England, and it is good to know, from the evidence of the battlefields of France, that their ancient valour has survived the insidious perils of civilisation, luxury, and ease. These Kentish men, the vanguard of England, as Wordsworth called them, are still as eager to protect their country and its liberties as they were when they resisted the invading Cæsar, or rebelled against the Conqueror's half-brother, Odo of Bayeux, or marched to London under Tyler to overturn the evil counsellors of a boyish king.

Two regiments are localised and recruited in the county of Kent—the East Kents, better known as the Buffs, and the Royal West Kents—and during the Great War both have performed some outstanding deeds.

Courage of the Kents

In an earlier volume of THE WAR ALBUM something was said about the deeds of the West Kents in 1914 and 1915, and the story of their behaviour in Trones Wood in July, 1916, is present in everyone's mind. Still more recently, in May, 1917, a somewhat similar story was told of some Kentish men, and although we cannot as yet be certain whether these were Buffs or West Kents, it is well worth a few lines here.

As in Trones Wood, a small party of men got separated from the rest of the battalion. The battalion was advancing in the darkness, and in its eagerness to move forward forty of the men got in front of everyone else, and by and by found themselves in a little copse, a good half-mile from any of their fellows. They had with them a machine-gun, and during the day, as they were not attacked in force, they succeeded in holding their ground, having decided that as soon as it was dark they would try and get back.

Between the forty men and our lines, however, were some German trenches. They reached one of these and were challenged, but shooting down the startled sentries they dashed for it; amid a shower of bombs and shots, leaping over parapet and trench alike, they continued their homeward way, and at length about half of the forty managed to regain the British lines.

From Radhingem to Loos

Of the two Regular battalions of the Buffs, the 1st went to the front in September, 1914, to complete General Pulteney's Third Corps; and the 2nd, which had come from India, joined the army in the field the following winter. In addition, a reserve (Militia) battalion was at the front in 1914, and others followed as they were equipped and trained.

On October 18th, 1914, the 1st Buffs helped to take the village of Radhingem, and during most of that month they were fighting, first to secure the line of the River Lys and then, when the full German advance developed, to hold the British front near Armentières. The failure of the attack and the end of the battle brought to them a little rest.

The division, the 28th, then under General Bulfin, in which the 2nd Buffs were, was sent, in February, 1915, to hold that part of the British line which curved round Ypres from Zonnebeke to Polygon Wood. There they remained, periods on duty in the trenches alternating with periods of rest behind, until, on April 22nd, the Second Battle of Ypres opened.

On this day the Buffs were in reserve, so under Colonel Geddes they and four other battalions were hurried up to the relief of the Canadians, and took their places near Pilkem. There they remained firm, under torrents of shells and the novel horrors of gas, until the evening of the 26th, when, their duty nobly done, they returned to their old place in the line. Their losses on those days had been heavy; among them was their colonel, A. D. Geddes, a soldier of exceptional merit.

The 1st Buffs, who for a time had been away from the heavy fighting, had a bout of it in August. At Hooge the Germans succeeded in getting into some of our trenches, and the Buffs was one of the battalions used to recover them. With slight casualties the lost crater was won, and the fighting ended with it once again in British hands. A little later, on September 21st, near Forward Corner, Lieut. C. E. Clouting and Sergeant Baker won honour for themselves and their battalion by going out to succour a wounded officer.

The Battle of Loos

In the Battle of Loos, in September, 1915, at least two battalions of the Buffs took part. The 2nd, acting as supports to the First Corps, shared in the fighting around Fosse 8 which followed the first onrush of our men, and the 8th, one of the New Army, was in the force that assaulted Hulluch. The fighting for the possession of Fosse 8 consisted largely of bomb-throwing, and it is related that in seventeen hours and a half the Germans threw 10,000 of these missiles at one party of the Buffs. To this shower, for various reasons, our bombers could only reply with about 2,000, and, owing to the rain, the fuses of these had to be lit from cigarettes, but yet, under Second-Lieut. W. T. Williams, these were hurled with good effect, for the Germans were kept back. Again, a single recorded fact shows something of the fighting in which the 8th Battalion was at the time engaged. A temporary second-lieutenant, James Vaughan, as all the senior officers had become casualties, took command of the battalion and brought it out of action safely and in good order.

Some fighting in March, 1916, revealed another hero in the ranks of the Buffs. Corporal W. R. Cotter had his leg blown off, and was also wounded in both arms, but instead of giving way to these terrible injuries—as most men would have done, and no one have blamed them—he crawled to a crater which some of his men, somewhat shaken, were holding. His words and example pulled them together; he directed them how to meet and repel a fresh attack, and then, two hours later, had his wounds dressed. It was, however, too late to save his life, and even the Victoria Cross seems hardly an adequate recognition of such heroism.

Origin of their Nickname

The Buffs are descended from the trained bands of the City of London. As the Holland Regiment a force of them was sent by Queen Elizabeth to help the Dutch. When this returned to England, the regiment was known, from the colour of its facings, as the Buffs; it was added to the Army as the 3rd of the Line, and somewhat later began its connection with Kent. It fought in all Marlborough's great battles, and in some of those of the Peninsular War; it was at the storming of the Redan, and one or other of its battalions served against the Chinese, the Malays, the Zulus, the tribesmen of the Indian frontier, and the Boers.

Bassano

OFFICERS OF THE BUFFS.—Back row (left to right): Lieut. A. J. Hett, Sec.-Lieut. A. D. H. Foster, Lieut. M. Hammond, Lieut. P. G. Norbury, Lieut. G. T. Neame, Sec.-Lieut. W. L. McColl, Sec.-Lieut. E. Nightingale. Third row: Capt. A. A. Mackintosh, A.D.C., Capt. C. K. Black, Lieut. L. Wood, Lieut. E. C. Dunstan, Lieut. E. B. C. Burnside, Lieut. G. J. Neame. Second row: Brig.-Gen. J. H. V. Crowe, Maj.-Gen. F. I. Maxse, C.V.O., C.B., D.S.O., Lieut.-Col. W. F. Elmslie, Gen. Rt. Hon. Sir A. H. Paget, G.C.B., K.C.V.O., Major C. L. Parmiter, Brig.-Gen. A. Martyn, Major R. L. P. Birch. Front row: Sec.-Lieut. F. M. Stoop, Sec.-Lieut. H. L. Quartermaine, Sec.-Lieut. J. G. Spencer, Sec.-Lieut. G. M. Tait.

THE LINCOLNS

GREAT DEEDS IN MANY BATTLES

THE Great War is rightly named. To it no lesser adjective would be suitable, for it is great in every sense; great in comparison with all former wars; great are the areas over which it is being fought; and especially great in the men and material employed.

In this greatness we lose something of the picturesqueness and detail of former wars, or even of the earlier—and smaller—stages of this one. We hear now little or nothing of battalions and brigades, of the ordered advance of one, or the dashing charge of another, for they are too small. Instead, we are told vaguely of those immense units, the First Army, the Second Army, and so on, and occasionally, perhaps, of Scotsmen, of Midlanders, of West Countrymen.

From Mons to the Marne

Now and again, however, an odd fact of more particular interest to many is revealed. For instance, on April 20th, 1917, when describing the Battle of Arras, the correspondent of the "Times" said: "Of the English troops who have distinguished themselves here, none have done more brilliantly than the Lincolns, to whose lot has fallen more than once one of the most difficult operations." He then tells how, on one occasion, with some other troops, the Lincolns almost surrounded a body of Bavarians much more numerous than themselves; but, undeterred, they set upon the enemy, first with rifles, then with bayonets and butts, and, finally, with fists. Fighting stubbornly and refusing to surrender, the Bavarians were completely destroyed.

This exploit is practically all we know of the deeds of the Lincolns during the spring offensive of 1917, but with that Lincolnshire men will be well content. They know from it that the famous regiment of which they are so justly proud did its part well, as it had done during the earlier periods of the Great War. About those periods, happily, we have somewhat fuller information, and it is thus possible to sketch the deeds of the Lincolns from August, 1914, to the Somme.

Having gone to the front at once under General Smith-Dorrien, the 1st Lincolns found themselves in front of the town of Mons when the Germans advanced into France. They were not very heavily engaged on Sunday, August 23rd, but at Frameries on the following day they fought a little battle which succeeded in holding up for a time the oncoming enemy. They shared also in the bigger action at Le Cateau, and at the Marne they performed a fine exploit, capturing in some woods a whole battery of German guns.

Great German Attack

On October 30th, 1914, the Germans were as near to a conspicuous success against the British as they have ever been. They made a big attack on the line, now so familiar to us all, between Messines and Wytschaete, a section which was defended, owing to lack of infantry, by dismounted cavalrymen, and by very few of them. Since October 12th the 1st Lincolns had been engaged in the attempt to advance to La Bassée, and when, in the face of new and formidable German forces, this enterprise was abandoned as hopeless, they were sent back for a little rest. But the rest was not for long, and soon they were packed into motor-'buses, which went racing along the roads and lanes of Flanders, taking relief to the heroic cavalrymen near Messines. When they neared the enemy's lines they left the 'buses, and, marching forward, fell, somewhat unexpectedly, into the Germans near Kemmel. A sharp fight ensued in the darkness, in which the Lincolns held their own, but with the loss of rather more than half the battalion—16 officers and 400 men, according to one account.

Battle of Neuve Chapelle

Early in 1915, fresh from the heat of the West Indies, the 2nd Lincolns, as part of the 8th Division, joined the British Army in Flanders. Its first important engagement was the Battle of Neuve Chapelle, where it was one of the battalions selected to open the attack.

The signal being given, two companies raced for the German trenches, and, following Captain Bastard, dashed into one of them. Supports came up to help, and in a few minutes the trench was clear, and about thirty Germans had surrendered. The two remaining companies had also dashed forward, after an agreed interval, and the battalion moved on again, as the enemy appeared to be retreating. The Lincolns followed until they came to a deep stream, but this was quickly bridged, and, after some firing, they fell back to a site suitable for trenches, and these the men began to dig, stopping a moment in their work to give the advancing Irish Rifles a lusty cheer.

Lincolnshiremen were not slow to respond to Lord Kitchener's call for soldiers, and soon, in addition to its Regular and Territorial battalions, the regiment had Service battalions, as the new units were called. One of these, the 6th, was sent out to Gallipoli, and in August it shared in the new landing at Suvla Bay. That landing was a failure, or, rather, the operations that followed it were, for the landing itself, at least so far as the 11th Division was concerned, was a complete success.

On the night of August 7th our men had seized Tilghin Burnu, better known as Chocolate Hill, and while holding it, the 6th Lincolns among them, it caught fire. The parched herbage burned furiously. The flames succeeded where the Turks had failed, for our men were forced back—at least the hale were, for the badly wounded could not move. Then it was that the adjutant, Capt. P. H. Hansen, with three or four men, refused to retire until they had brought six wounded comrades out of danger. For this action Hansen received the V.C.

At Hohenzollern Redoubt

The Lincoln Territorials really deserve a chapter to themselves, for they were in that savage fighting at the Hohenzollern Redoubt which followed our attack on Loos on September 25th, 1915. They were in the 46th Division, which, on October 13th, in order to relieve the British line from a continual and costly annoyance, was ordered to assault the redoubt. At two o'clock in the afternoon the first platoons went "over the top," with smoke-helmets on their heads, ready to be drawn instantly over the face if gas was met with, and, rushing along for 200 yards, were soon in the German trench called "Little Willie."

One of Oldest Regiments

The Lincolnshire Regiment is one of our oldest, for it is the old 10th of the Line, and was raised in the reign of James II. It won honours at Steinkirk and elsewhere under William III.. At Blenheim it led the attack on the village, and it did good work also at Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet. The Lincolns were in Egypt in 1802, in Sicily in 1809, and in India fighting the Sikhs in 1846. They helped Kitchener to conquer the Sudan, and were in the Boer War.

Photo: Gale & Polden

OFFICERS OF THE LINCOLNSHIRE REGIMENT.—Sec.-Lt. R. L. Hornsby, Lt. F. S. Cannell, Lt. A. P. Snell, Lt. H. Sargent, Lt. K. J. W. Peake, Lt. G. G. Downes, Sec.-Lt. R. G. Ingle, Sec.-Lt. D. Akenhead, Lt. Lynden-Webber, Sec.-Lt. T. D. Overton, Sec.-Lt. A. S. Hemsley, Sec.-Lt. J. C. Foster, Sec.-Lt. A. H. Bird, Sec.-Lt. L. J. Lill, Sec.-Lt. G. M. Hewart, Capt. A. Hoade (Staff Capt., 33rd Infantry Brigade), Maj. W. E. W. Elkington (Sec.-in-Command), Brig.-Gen. R. P. Maxwell (G.O.C., 33rd Infantry Brigade), Lt.-Col. M. P. Phelps (Commanding), Capt. F. G. Spring (Brigade Major, 33rd Infantry Brigade), Major A. E. Norton, Lt. H. Winslow-Woollett.

3RD SOUTH AFRICAN INFANTRY

SPLENDID DEEDS EAST AND WEST

THE Boer War was responsible for introducing into England certain new, or at least unfamiliar, words, and the Great War, it seems likely, will repay this debt, for the South Africans will take back with them from Europe names hitherto unheard in their country, but now as familiar to them as are Magersfontein and Paardeberg to us.

One of these names is Delville Wood. This is a square piece of woodland, about two hundred acres in extent, lying between Flers, Longueval, and Ginchy. In July, 1916, Delville Wood looked as if it had been swept by a hurricane; and so indeed it had—a hurricane of shot and shell. The trees had been destroyed, and only their trunks and rotting branches remained, while everywhere were great holes marking the spots where explosive shells had fallen and burst.

At Delville Wood

On Friday, July 14th, 1916, the British made their second big push on the Somme, nearly a fortnight after the first. A Highland division seized, as required, Bazentin-le-Grand and most of Longueville, and then found itself in front of Delville, a regular nest of German snipers, machine-guns, and trenches.

To storm this wood a reserve brigade was ordered up, and under General Lukin the South African Brigade marched out of their billets towards the front, eager for their first action on a European battlefield. There were four battalions in the brigade, and one of them, composed of men from the Transvaal, was the 3rd, under Lieut.-Colonel Thackeray. The advancing battalions skirmishing forward were soon near the wood. The undergrowth therein afforded excellent cover for its defenders, and soon the South Africans were under very heavy fire. However, undeterred, they pushed on, and after the fight had raged for a good part of the Saturday the Germans were cleared out and the wood was ours.

So far so good, but, satisfactory as it was, it was not this deed which immortalised the South Africans; those that followed did. Because of their hold on a part of Longueval, the Germans were able to make a counter-attack on the wood and to drive back its defenders some way, although not out of it. The next day, the 16th, saw a repetition of the 15th. The South Africans got forward, but later were driven back. On the 17th the remains of the brigade tried again to root out the Germans; again they were unsuccessful. But from one corner of the wood no enemy could drive them, and there they and some Highlanders remained for three days, until the 20th, when they were relieved.

Three Terrible Days

Those last three days were the climax of that terrible fight. Guns of all sizes and ranges were turned upon them, food and water ran short, continuous and overwhelming attacks broke upon them. They fought in small groups, five or six perhaps, not knowing where their comrades were, or whether any aid could ever come to them. They died in heaps, but, under Colonel Thackeray of the 3rd Battalion, the survivors did not fail to beat back a last attack made by the men of Brandenburg.

The list of awards for gallantry, made both to officers and men, throws a little more light on those terrible days. We know that company officers led their men with the most perfect indifference to death; that subalterns and non.-coms. took command when all the seniors had gone; that officers and men alike risked their lives to succour the wounded, carry ammunition, or work machine-guns at critical moments. At one time the Germans set the grass on fire and advanced behind the blaze and smoke; but in Captain A. C. Martin they met their match. In spite of the hail of bullets he crept forward and fired the grass in front of our position, thus turning the enemy's ruse against themselves.

From S.A. to Egypt

This fighting in Delville Wood, although their first in Europe, was not altogether a novelty to the South Africans. Some of them had been with Botha and Smuts in South-West Africa.

As soon as these campaigns were ended it was decided to send a detachment of South Africans to Europe. Volunteers were called for, the ranks were quickly filled, largely with men who had already seen active service, and soon the four battalions of the 1st Brigade were on their way to England. On Salisbury Plain they finished their training, and towards Christmas, 1915, they heard that they were about to move. Move they did, but not to France. They left England, in a few days found themselves at Malta, and on January 10th, 1916, disembarked at Alexandria, where they went into camp.

At this time the danger to Egypt came, not from the Suez Canal and the Turks, but from the other side, the west, and the tribes called the Senussi. In February the 3rd South Africans left their camp in order to reinforce the little army serving against them. They went by sea to Matruh, and then marched to Barrani. A short rest followed, and soon came the Battle of Agagia.

Against the Senussi

The plan was for an attack on the camp of the Senussi at dawn on the 26th, and the 3rd South Africans was the battalion selected to make it. On the afternoon of the 25th they moved out in fighting array, and soon shells began to pitch among them. The Senussi were as alert as their German allies, and General Lukin decided that the night march must be given up in favour of a daylight one; the enemy was not to be surprised. Some Yeomanry scouting in front brought word that the Senussi had left their original position for one farther back, and a halt was called. The men were ordered to dig themselves in and to have breakfast; then the advance was to continue.

At 9.30 the order was given. The 3rd South Africans were spread out on a front of about a mile; on the right and left of them were some of the Dorset Yeomanry and the Duke of Westminster's armoured cars; far in front were some more Yeomen, scouting; above was a single aeroplane; around, as far as the eye could see, was the desert.

The South Africans advanced, we are told, with admirable steadiness, and after a time were within five hundred yards of the Senussi. Then, a flanking attack on our line having been thwarted, the reserves were thrown in, and all was ready for the final rush. But for this the tribesmen did not wait. They fell back, and the fight was consequently left to the Yeomanry, who dashed forward and charged them.

SALUTE OF THE SOUTH AFRICANS.—On behalf of the League of the Empire, Princess Christian presented a flag and shield to the South African troops in training in England. This photograph shows the South Africans marching past the Princess.

THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS

HEROISM ON MANY FIELDS

THE list of Victoria Crosses awarded by the King on June 8th last contained, in addition to its length, one or two unusual features. Of the twenty-nine Crosses, six went to the Australians and four to the Canadians, five were given to units of other kinds, and the remaining fourteen were bestowed upon the infantry of the British Army. A curious point is that, of these fourteen, four regiments received two each, and one of these so honoured was the Seaforth Highlanders.

From almost the outset of the Great War the Seaforths have been in the thick of it, and the most recent information, scanty as it is, shows there has been no change in this respect. They were advancing to the attack under intense machine-gun fire, when Lieut. Donald Mackintosh won the Cross, and when Sergeant T. Steele earned it they were battling desperately to hold a captured position against big enemy assaults. Mackintosh, though wounded, led his men forward, seized a trench, held it, and was killed whilst preparing for a further charge. Steele rushed up a machine-gun against the Germans, and was severely wounded whilst encouraging his men to drive out the enemy, who had, for the time being, regained a lost trench.

From Mons to Neuve Chapelle

About the earlier deeds of the Seaforths there is somewhat more information; the difficulty is rather to decide what to leave out, for there is so much to be said. The story might dwell upon their heroism at Givenchy, on December 20th, 1914; or that terrible Sunday in April, 1915, when they were shot down in scores around the village of St. Julien; or how in the heat and mud they struggled to release General Townshend from his prison at Kut; it might tell of their part in the Battle of Neuve Chapelle, or how they surged forward against the German lines at Loos; how they did their bit in raiding the enemy's trenches before the battles of the Somme opened; or how in that long struggle they again and again faced the music.

As part of General Snow's 4th Division, the 2nd Seaforths reached the front just as the retreat from Mons began. Ordered up to assist the retirement, they fought in the Battle of Le Cateau, where, having dug themselves in near Selvigny, they beat back every attack. Their deeds from that time until the Army was transferred from the Aisne to Flanders differed little from those of other battalions, and need not be narrated here. They particularly distinguished themselves in October by rushing a German position in front of Bailleul, after which they got across the river Lys and fought their way farther forward.

By this time the Indian Army Corps was in France, and about the end of October its battalions went forward to take over some of the front trenches. Associated with three native battalions in one brigade (that of Dehra Dun) were the 1st Seaforths, and on November 20th, about a fortnight after they had repelled a big German attack, they had a very unpleasant experience.

The battalion was near Givenchy, in a position it had taken up during the first Battle of Ypres, when the brigade on its right was driven back. Almost at the same time the battalion on its left gave way a little before the German rushes, and the Highlanders were isolated. Sir A. Conan Doyle, in his story of the British Campaign, has described their stand. "The battalion," says he, "faced the Germans with splendid firmness, and nothing could budge it."

In the attack on Neuve Chapelle, in March, 1915, the 1st Seaforths took part, and so did the 4th, a Territorial battalion from the far north of Scotland. The former shared in the first assault, rushing forward through a wood called the Bois du Biez towards the hamlet of Pietre. The 4th Battalion had their turn on the next day. They were marched over the ground captured by the Gurkhas and then, under a hail of shot and shell, got the order to assault, the object being to carry our line still farther forward. Bracing themselves for the task, they surged on, but by this time the novelty and surprise of the attack were over; little ground could be won, and that only at great cost.

The 2nd Seaforths, who, comparatively speaking, had been having an easy time during the winter, were heard of again in April. On April 24th, the 3rd Brigade of Canadians, gassed for the second time, fell back from their position near Ypres, but with indomitable courage pulled themselves together again and won back much that had been lost. However, the Germans came again, and as soon as reinforcements arrived the remnants of the brigade were withdrawn.

Gallantry at St. Julien

These reinforcements included a brigade (the 10th) in which was the 2nd Battalion of the Seaforths. At half-past four in the morning they were ready for their task; they were to take St. Julien. Gradually they worked their way forward until they reached the outskirts of the village, and then the worst part of the fighting began. Machine-guns were in every nook and corner of the ruined village, and snipers where they were not. The Seaforths strove gallantly, but as the day wore on it became evident that no heroism could atone for a serious inferiority in men and munitions. The remains of the battalion were withdrawn, leaving nine officers and a large number of men dead.

At Loos and in Mesopotamia

In the attack on Loos the 7th and 8th Seaforths took part, the former being in the 9th and the latter in the 15th Division. Upon these fell some of the hardest fighting of September 25th and the following days. A wild and eager rush forward upon the word of command took the 7th Seaforths and some Camerons into Fosse 8, a German stronghold.

Some little distance away a similar scene was enacted, and the 8th Seaforths, with some of the Black Watch, led the way over No Man's Land to Loos. Amid wild excitement the reserves came up, and the village was soon in the possession of the Scots.

By this time the 1st Seaforths, with the rest of the Indian Corps, had left France. Then, in December, 1915, a force under General Aylmer, V.C., was assembled to march to the relief of Kut. Desperate attacks were made on the Turkish positions, and in these the Seaforths played a great part.

Good Work in India

The Seaforth Highlanders are also called the Ross-shire Buffs, and from this we know the district from which they come. The two battalions (the old 72nd and 78th) were raised by the Earl of Seaforth from among his dependents in 1778 and 1793 respectively, and the former did good work in building up our Empire in India in the 18th century. The 78th served against Napoleon, and one of its great deeds was to share in the relief of Lucknow, where the gallantry of the Highlanders caused Havelock to wish himself one of them. In most of our later wars the Seaforths have taken part. They were with Roberts in his march from Kabul to Kandahar, with Wolseley at Tel-el-Kebir; they helped Kitchener to crush the Mahdi, and they faced the Boer entrenchments at Magersfontein.

[*Bassano*

OFFICERS OF THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.—Back row (left to right): Sec.-Lieut. R. F. Martin, Sec.-Lieut. J. M. S. Kennedy, Sec.-Lieut. J. E. MacConnell, Sec.-Lieut. J. K. McKerrall-Brown, Sec.-Lieut. J. A. Black, Sec.-Lieut. B. N. Mackay-Forbes, Sec.-Lieut. W. N. L. Boyd. Middle row: Capt. S. Forbes-Sharp, Lieut. and Adj. J. H. W. Hay, Capt. C. C. H. O. Gascoigne, Lieut.-Col. T. Fetherstonhaugh, Lieut. and Qr.-Mr. J. Mackenzie, Capt. W. Petty, Capt. H. A. B. Cummis. Front row: Sec.-Lieut. E. F. Jackson, Sec.-Lieut. C. S. Nimmo, Sec.-Lieut. S. Gay.

THE WILTSHIRES

GALLANT CAPTURE OF THIEPVAL

EVERYONE who has seen the official post-cards issued by the "Daily Mail," and few of us have not, will recollect the one entitled "The Wiltshires after Thiepval." It represents the usual battalion group; officers seated in the centre with the men row behind row around them; but what most strikes the observer is their freedom from the stains and disorder of battle, and, to a less extent, the look of joy on their faces.

For these Wiltshires had just been through one of the most terrible battles of this terrible war. They had, on September 26th, 1916, helped to take Thiepval. Most of the war correspondents have, as far as the censor permitted, described this place, but perhaps the description of Mr. W. Beach Thomas in "With the British on the Somme" is the most graphic of all. Thiepval was, he says, the master bastion of the German defence, a fortress which the French said we should never take. The face of the hill leading to it was a warren of strong places; there was the Wonder-Work, an oval of trenches, redoubts, and dug-outs, and Mystery Corner, so called because those who crossed it were assailed by unseen men from unknown directions. Yet it was captured, and its capture did more to enhance the glory of the British Army in France than any other single event. Such, at least, is Mr. Thomas' opinion.

The Victory at Thiepval

The assault was cleverly planned. The Wiltshires and the other troops told off for the attack set out just after midday, creeping steadily forward behind a terrible storm of shot and shell. So thorough was the surprise and so well-timed and effective was the artillery fire that the Germans were unable to bring up their formidable machine-guns, as they usually did in the few moments between the cessation of the fire and the advance of the infantry. This time, at the very moment the fire stopped, our men were over the enemy's parapets and in among the startled Huns.

Then the fight for Thiepval really began, and for some hours it raged, amid the ruins of the village, in the cellars and underground labyrinths cunningly employed as shelters. Bombs, bayonets, knives, and when all else failed, fists were made use of, and when it ended this crown and master bastion of the German defence was in British hands, and its defenders, men from Wurtemberg, were mostly dead or prisoners.

In the Great Retreat

Wiltshire men had been in the thick of the Great War from the very first. While the 1st Battalion was with Smith-Dorrien at Mons, in the retreat, and then in the fighting on the Aisne and near Ypres, the 2nd crossed Flanders with Sir Henry Rawlinson, and arrived on the other side of that country in time for the great battles of October and November, 1914.

At Mons itself the 1st Wiltshires were in reserve, but at Solesnes, on Tuesday, August 25th, they fought a sharp little action, meeting with heavy losses while holding up for a time the German advance. In September they crossed the Aisne at Vailly; once on its farther side they made a little progress; they charged forward on the 15th, and on the 21st cleared a wood with the bayonet, and gained further ground. They were then transferred to Flanders, and in a few days found themselves near Neuve Chapelle. There they were fiercely attacked on the night of the 24th and again on the 26th, but on each occasion they gave as good as they got.

At Battle of Ypres

Both the Wiltshire battalions fought at Ypres. The 2nd, with the rest of General Rawlinson's tired force, were almost in the centre of the British line, and there they beat back attacks again and again. Very reduced in numbers, they were called upon to repel another onset in the early morning of October 24th, but this time they were literally overwhelmed by superior forces. A few minutes of hard, desperate fighting, and the battalion was practically annihilated.

Some way to the south the 1st Wiltshires remained to continue the fight. They were not quite so heavily assailed as were their comrades of the 2nd, but their task was no light one and their casualties were many. On November 17th word came that a certain battalion had been driven from the trenches, and that the Wiltshires were to retake these. Captain Cary-Barnard led them in a charge, which not only regained the lost trenches, but also a further 500 yards of ground. Four months later, on March 12th, at Spanbroek Molen, the same battalion did good service on another perilous occasion, and on June 16th they shared in a dashing assault at Hooge.

There were Wiltshire men in the battalions raised by Lord Kitchener, and before the end of 1915 something was heard of two of these, the 5th and 6th. The 5th went out to Gallipoli, part of that reinforcement for which Sir Ian Hamilton waited so long, and they took part in the last great attack on the Turks. On August 8th the New Zealanders had seized the height of Chunuk Bair, one of the vital positions on the Peninsula. This the Turks knew full well, and the victors for two days had to face the most desperate onslaughts.

In the Gallipoli Campaign

On August 10th they were relieved, and one of the two relieving battalions was the 5th Wiltshires, which, owing to some earlier fighting, was not at full strength. The intricate nature of the land delayed their arrival, and when at four in the morning they reached their objective, they were ordered to lie down; assuming that the position afforded some protection, they did so. But, unfortunately, it did not. At half-past five the Turks swarmed to the attack, caught the Wiltshires in the open, and soon the battalion, like the 2nd at Ypres, was almost annihilated.

About this fight a curious incident is related. It took place, as already stated, on August 10th, and on the 15th two men staggered into the camp where the remains of the battalion were, and said that five others, who had been given up for lost, were also alive. For a fortnight they had lived among the dead and wounded. Hearing this, Captain J. W. Greany went out with some volunteers to rescue them. At the first attempt he failed, for the night was too bright and the Turkish patrols were too active, but at the second he succeeded, and the five were saved.

Raised in Scotland

The Wiltshire Regiment, although for long associated with one of our most southerly counties, was first raised in Scotland, its 1st Battalion, the old 62nd, having its origin in the Highlands, and its 2nd, the old 99th, in Glasgow. The former, raised in 1756, served under Wolfe at Quebec in 1759, and fought desperately at Saratoga in the American War of Independence, when their sobriquet of "The Springers" was earned. They fought against the Sikhs in 1845, and at the Battle of Ferozeshah lost nearly 300 men in their attacks on some entrenchments. After some years in New Zealand, the Wiltshires served in the Crimea and in China. In 1879 the 2nd Battalion fought against the Zulus, and in 1900-1902 against the Boers.

[*E. Hawkins*

OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL WILTSHIRE YEOMANRY.—Back row (left to right): Lieut. Thrale, A.V.D., Sec.-Lieut. Forbes, Sec.-Lieut. Keith Henderson, Sec.-Lieut. Sumner, Sec.-Lieut. A. Tennyson, Capt. W. T. Briscoe, R.A.M.C., Sec.-Lieut. J. Anthony, Lieut. D. Davy, Sec.-Lieut. A. Twine. Second row: Sec.-Lieut. Brunskill, Lieut. and Quartermaster Barrett, Sec.-Lieut. N. Simmons, Lieut. E. P. Awdry, Captain H. Mann, Captain A. Henderson, Lieut. Sir Herbert, Sec.-Lieut. G. Rice, Captain R. Awdry, Lieut. G. Megaw. Third row: Major A. Palmer, Major C. S. Awdry, Brigadier-General the Earl of Shaftesbury, commanding 1st S.W. Mounted Brigade, Lieut.-Col. Ulric Thynne, D.S.O., commanding officer, Major Lord Alexander Thynne, Captain M. L. Lakin, adjutant, Major W. Fuller. Front row: Captain the Hon. H. Butler, A.D.C., Sec.-Lieut. B. Wilson, Sec.-Lieut. Bateson, Captain H. Ward.

Seven 'Somersets' Capture Forty-two Huns

Heroic capture of a super-blockhouse and forty-two prisoners by a young officer of the Somerset Light Infantry and half a dozen of his men. The gallant officer and his party having bombed the enemy out of one blockhouse in a Flanders advance, attacked its more formidable neighbour, and, despite its eight machine-guns and the strength of its garrison, conquered it also.

British corporal punishes a treacherous Hun. While going forward during one of the great advances in Flanders he noticed a "dead" German reach out for a bayonet lying near, and promptly whipped round, grabbed the German's bayonet, and ran him through.

THE NEWFOUNDLANDERS

ON THE SOMME AND IN GALLIPOLI

LITTLE by little, through the fog of war, never so dense as it is to-day, the public are getting glimpses of the tremendous fighting which, to save words, we just call the Battles of the Somme. Sometimes a war correspondent is allowed to say something more definite than usual; sometimes the award of a V.C. or a D.S.O. reveals a hidden deed of gallantry; sometimes the graphic letter or narrative of a soldier finds its way into print.

We know that in the great attack of July 1st, 1916, our assault was successful to the south, but unsuccessful to the north, the River Ancre being the dividing line between the two areas. The strongest of the fortresses which our men had to take was, according to Mr. Beach Thomas, who visited the whole line, the village of Beaumont-Hamel, and against this the Newfoundlanders were directed.

At Beaumont-Hamel

Around this spot the Germans appear to have concentrated all their super-ingenuity in defence. It is bad enough to be met, from parapets ruined by artillery, with a withering fire from machine-guns until then safely and cunningly concealed in the earth; but on that memorable Saturday morning there was far more than that for the attacking force to face.

From pits well in front of the German line other machine-guns appeared as if by magic, others were in points of 'vantage cleverly picked out all over the ground, while others were run forward to suitable spots by men specially trained for the work. Behind all a strong force of infantry firing automatic rifles were very much alive in the damaged trenches.

The first and second lines had gone forward, lost in the smoke, towards Beaumont-Hamel, and the fortress remained untaken. The third line, the Newfoundlanders, were then ordered to attempt the task. In his book "With the British on the Somme," Mr. Beach Thomas has described their advance. "The smoke had cleared, and the enemy, so far from being overrun and fighting for his life, was now doubly ready. The artillery fire had lifted and the smoke cleared, and the angle of the attack became definite. Germans, arisen from caves and dug-outs, had cut off the patrols, the groups, the bits of regiments that had penetrated here, there, and everywhere to Serre, to Beaumont-Hamel, to the brook, to the fourth lines of trenches, and had announced their success."

The Newfoundlanders Advance

Under such conditions the Newfoundlanders advanced. Steadily they went forward up a hill a little to the south of the fortified village, and on its slopes they met with dreadful casualties. The remnant, however, pressed on to merge with those who had gone before them. When they fell back, as at length they did, it was found that the regiment had lost all its officers save two, the colonel and the adjutant, and all but ninety-five men. But on that day, as at Albuera, there was much glory, although it was not until the following November, when Beaumont-Hamel was finally captured and its wonderful defences examined, that their gallantry was fully known, and that hardened soldiers marvelled at it.

When the Great War began it was not surprising that Newfoundland, although scanty in population and wanting in developed wealth, should wish to assist the Motherland, for the colony is Britain's eldest child. The first help offered and accepted very fittingly took the form of a contingent of men for service with the Fleet, but almost at once the desire was expressed that a force of soldiers should also be raised.

Off to Gallipoli

The ranks of the new regiment were quickly filled, the men being of the best type for warfare, inured to hardships by the nature of their callings, brawny and long-sighted, familiar with the gun and the axe—no bad training for the rifle and the bayonet. Before the end of 1914 the first five hundred arrived in England. They were trained on Salisbury Plain, at Fort George, Inverness, and finally at Aldershot, having been joined meanwhile by further arrivals from home.

For a time the Newfoundlanders were in doubt as to where they would be sent, but on August 15th, 1915, the regiment, now 1,100 strong, left for Gallipoli. They were told off to support the last big enterprise in that disastrous campaign, the attack from Suvla Bay, but the issue was practically decided before September 16th, when they reached their destination. However, they were honoured by being attached to the 29th Division, perhaps the most famous in the British Army, and although the major operations were all over, they were in a good deal of desultory fighting.

After being shelled by the Turks just after their landing, the Newfoundlanders took their places in the trenches, where they remained until the end of the year. On November 4th the monotony of digging, watching, sniping and being sniped was broken by a raid, in which a few picked men captured a hill called at first Donnelly's Post, and afterwards Caribou Hill, said to be the nearest point to Constantinople reached by our men. They stuck to their posts, although disease was soon rampant among them, through the wet and windy days of November, when the trenches became torrents of water, and they were among the last to leave the Peninsula in December. But, when it was all over, they were no longer 1,100 strong—only 175.

In the Arras Fighting

A stay in Egypt was their next experience, and from there they went to France, the regiment having in the meantime been brought up to strength again by drafts from Newfoundland, and by the return to the ranks of some of those invalided in Gallipoli. There they joined the Eighth Army Corps under Sir A. Hunter-Weston.

Their first important task in the new field of war was a raid on the German lines. Under Captain Butler, fifty of them set out on the night of June 25th, but they were unable to get through the enemy's entanglements. On the next night, however, they tried again, and this time they got into the German trenches and hurled their bombs with considerable effect.

This was but a little preliminary, for, as everyone guessed, much bigger events were then impending. But of their exact nature few knew anything, and as the regiment marched through the darkness of the night of June 30th for eight unknown miles, the men were unaware of their destination. They found it at two in the morning; it was just opposite Beaumont-Hamel. Then came the fight, and when it was over General Hunter-Weston said: "Newfoundlanders, I salute you individually. You have done better than the best!"

For some weeks the survivors of the regiment rested at Beauval, after which they returned to the fighting-line, and soon were ordered to clear a German trench. This they did, afterwards beating off several counter-attacks. In the next big offensive, the April battles of 1917 around Arras, the Newfoundlanders were also engaged, but reports about their deeds there are as yet very scanty.

GUARD OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND REGIMENT.—After the fight in which the Newfoundlanders took part near Beaumont-Hamel General Hunter-Weston said: "Newfoundlanders, I salute you individually. You have done better than the best!"

THE NORTHAMPTONS

DAUNTLESS STAND AT NIEUPORT DUNES

DURING the heavy fighting of the past summer the British regiment which was most in the public eye was probably the Northamptons. On July 10th, by a sudden piece of work, the Germans succeeded in isolating two of our battalions which were holding the allied line just where it touches the Belgian coast. Behind this was the Yser Canal, with its pontoon bridges leading to Nieuport, and in front of these were the tunnels, trenches, and underground caverns in which the Germans lived.

Hoping, doubtless, to delay—or perhaps even to upset altogether—the big attack which they knew was impending, the enemy concentrated his guns on the little bit of land near Lombartzyde, and soon had smashed to atoms the bridges behind our men. The trenches themselves came in for a share of attention, and so did the ground across the canal over which any reinforcements must pass. Whatever may have been the case in the past, the Germans on this occasion showed no signs whatever of any shortage of ammunition.

Throughout the whole day the bombardment continued, its effect being aided from time to time by spurts of fire from aeroplanes circling above. About seven o'clock in the evening the assaulting infantry, mainly Marines, moved forward against the shattered remnants of the two battalions, the 60th Rifles by the coast and the Northamptons to the right. Led by their bombers, the Marines tried to get behind the Northamptons, and then the bitterest hour of the fight began.

A Fight to a Finish

By their officers the men had been told that there was no escape; they were in for a fight to a finish, and that against heavy odds. Their machine-guns were disabled, either filled with sand or damaged by shot, and so it was with bayonet and revolver that the last stand was made. In small groups, one being composed of six young officers, they fought to the end; this came about half-past eight, when the two battalions were destroyed. Many were dead, a few (mostly the wounded) were taken prisoner, and a few others managed to swim the canal into safety, these being helped by a hero who swam across with a rope, and made it fast to serve as a hand-rail, so that the exhausted and wounded men could be helped by it on their perilous passage. One report says that of the Northamptons only nine men returned.

A little later the Northamptons, represented by another battalion, were again heard of. They were near Bellewarde Lake, which is not far from Hooge, and there in August they took a strongly fortified trench, their "bag" including two machine-guns and eighty prisoners.

About the same time news reached England that one of Northampton's most popular men had fallen in battle, it may be in this very encounter. Edgar R. Mobbs had won a great reputation as a footballer. He had captained the Northampton Rugby team, and had played several times for England. He enlisted as a private, but showing in war the same strenuousness he had shown at play, he won the D.S.O. and rose to be lieutenant-colonel of one of the Northampton battalions.

Of these Northampton battalions, the first to go to the front was the 1st, regulars who were in Sir Douglas Haig's 1st Division. Previous to the Marne they were in no very heavy fighting, but a little later, along the Chemin des Dames, or Ladies' Road, about which we heard so much in the past summer, they had as much as the stoutest heart could desire.

At First Battle of Ypres

From the banks of the Aisne, over the wet and slippery grass, they pushed forward to the high-road which runs along the top of the hills. Near to it, hard by the hamlet of Troyon, was an empty sugar factory which the Germans, needless to say, had fortified strongly. The Northamptons and two other battalions broke up the German resistance around the factory, and so made it possible for the North Lancashires to carry it in a bayonet charge. After the engagement the Northamptons dug their trenches on the edge of the Chemin des Dames, and there, on September 17th, one of their companies lost several officers and men, shot down by some Germans who were advancing with a white flag.

In the First Battle of Ypres the Northamptons were also busy. On October 22nd they were hurried from reserve to restore the British line near Pilkem; on that most critical day, the 31st, they were driven from their trenches, but stuck grimly to a position in the rear; and on November 4th, with the remains of other battalions, they were in a wild charge against the advancing Prussians. Finally, they ended the year by recovering some ground lost by an Indian brigade.

In 1915 the 2nd Northamptons arrived at the front, and in March they were in the thick of the fighting at Neuve Chapelle. The 24th Brigade, in which they were, made a successful attack on the 10th, but it was three days later, when the Germans replied with the inevitable counter-attack, that they had perhaps the harder task. In at least three instances it is on record that companies of this battalion lost all their officers, and that the defence was maintained under the direction of the company sergeant-majors.

"The Talavera Boys"

Northampton was also represented in the New Armies which went to the front in 1915; the 6th Battalion did good work at Fricourt in September, and the 5th at Vermelles in October. Later they were in the Battles of the Somme, and it was there that Sergeant W. E. Boulter won the V.C. for driving off, at great personal risk, the team of a German machine-gun, and so saving many valuable lives and enabling the advance to go forward.

This was not the only V.C. won by the regiment. On September 25th, 1915, the 1st Battalion took part in the attack near Hulluch, and there it was that, under a withering fire, Capt. A. Moutray Read went forward to rally certain units which were disorganised and retiring. Regardless of danger he led them back into the firing-line until he was mortally wounded. The Northamptonshire Regiment dates back to 1741, when its 1st Battalion, the old 48th, was raised; the 2nd, the old 58th, following in 1755. The 1st saw some hard fighting against the French in 1745 and 1747, and both were at the capture of Louisburg in 1758 and of Quebec in 1759. The 2nd helped to defend Gibraltar in 1780-83, and after service in the West Indies shared in the Battles of Alexandria and Maida. The 1st won its greatest glory at the Battle of Talavera in 1809, for it was there that the Northamptons saved the day; hence their title of the Talavera Boys. They lost very heavily also at Albuera, and in other engagements of the Peninsular War both battalions had some hard fighting. Later services were in New Zealand, the Crimea, India, and South Africa.

[*Gale & Polden*

OFFICERS OF THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE REGIMENT.—Back row (left to right): Sec.-Lt. H. M. Margoliouth, Sec.-Lt. R. B. Fawkes, Sec.-Lt. R. W. Spenser, Sec.-Lt. P. Knight, Sec.-Lt. F. G. B. Lys, Sec.-Lt. R. J. MacKay, Sec.-Lt. J. A. F. Morton. Second row: Sec.-Lt. D. H. S. Gilbertson, Sec.-Lt. W. Askham, Sec.-Lt. D. M. Heriz-Smith, Sec.-Lt. F. A. C. Wilcox, Sec.-Lt. C. C. Hoare, Sec.-Lt. N. C. Hamilton, Sec.-Lt. J. N Beasley, Sec.-Lt. R. A. Webb. Third row: Capt. G. M. Clark, Capt. H. Podmore, Capt. and Adjt. R. W. Beacham, Major W. T. Wyndowe, Col. G. E. Ripley, Major B. Hickson, Capt. G. W. Willows, Capt. F. S. Neville, Rev. E. A. Bennett, C.F. Front row: Sec.-Lt. E. F. Stokes, Lieut. O. B. Palmer, Lieut. O. D. Schreiner, Sec.-Lt. G. L. Woulfe, Sec.-Lt. W. H. Fowler.

Daring Deeds of Border Men and Midlanders

Men of a Midland regiment reached an enemy concrete fort on the western front, when one of them put the muzzle of his Lewis gun through the opening in front—but before he could fire a white flag was thrust out, and the garrison filed forth and surrendered.

Two men of the Border Regiment—Cpl. H. Carter and Pte. F. Brown—showed dash and determination "nothing short of marvellous," which won the D.C.M. Following close behind a "tank," which fired a broadside on an enemy battery, they rushed forward with bombs and captured gun and team. They attacked another gun, and, Carter being knocked over, Brown captured the gun team of six Germans.

THE DORSET YEOMANRY

IN GALLIPOLI AND EGYPT

THE charge of the English yeomen at Yilghin Burnu—or Chocolate Hill, as our men called it—in Gallipoli on August 21st, 1915, was an event which no nation would willingly omit from its recorded history, even though it was a failure, and even though it occurred in a war which has produced more deeds of heroism than all Britain's earlier wars put together. It was a feat of arms fully worthy to rank with the stately advance of the six regiments at Minden, or the charge of Napoleon's Old Guard at Waterloo. It was all this and more, for it was also, as Sir Ian Hamilton said, one of those superb martial spectacles which are rare in modern war.

The Dorset Yeomanry, brigaded with similar regiments from Berkshire and Buckinghamshire, were sent out to Egypt soon after the opening of the war, and in 1915, when the position in Gallipoli was most critical, they were transferred thither. They were at this time, it should be carefully noted, not cavalry but infantry—in military phraseology they were organised as dismounted troops. By order of Sir Ian Hamilton the yeomen were landed at Suvla Bay, and were at first in reserve when the last great attack on the Turkish positions was made on August 21st.

At Chocolate Hill

The two assaulting divisions, the 11th and 29th, met with some success, but it was not decisive, and during the afternoon the yeomen were ordered to march from their original position at Lala Baba to one at Yilghin Burnu.

The distance between these two places, Lala Baba and Yilghin Burnu, was about a mile and a half, and this ground was swept by a remarkably steady and accurate artillery fire. Worse still, on it there was nothing that would conceal a mouse, much less some of the most stalwart soldiers England has ever sent from her shores. Through his glasses Sir Ian Hamilton watched the advance, unable, even though there were critical events in other parts of the field, to take his eyes from the moving figures. The yeomen moved like men marching on parade. Here and there a shell would take toll of a cluster; there they lay; there was no straggling; the others moved steadily on; not a man hung back or hurried.

Eventually, marching thus, the men reached the welcome shelter of Chocolate Hill, and then came their charge, for the previous advance was only preliminary to this—it was merely getting into position. It was nearly dark when the order came. Then they rose, arranged their weapons, got into line and moved out into the open. Inch by inch almost, so difficult was progress, they made their way towards the Turkish trenches, facing not only rifle and artillery fire, but also the flames which broke out all around them as the parched herbage was set on fire by the bursting shells.

That August night must have shown a wonderful spectacle to the watchers below. The oncoming darkness torn by flashes from the guns; here and there, now and again, parts of the hill made light as day by the blazing scrub. Amid it all—one can understand Sir Ian Hamilton's riveted gaze—sometimes clearly outlined by the sudden glare, sometimes just shadowy figures in the dark, many, alas! marking on the ground the way of the advance, were the figures of the yeomen, a few yards apart, each one making his way up the slope. At length the tension was broken. A charge carried them into some trenches; but by this time they, like the infantry battalions that had preceded them, were exhausted and few. The trenches captured were not, as had been thought, the really important ones, and there were not enough men left for a further attack.

Withdrawal was the only course left, and the gallantry of the yeomen had been in vain. Like many others, their leader, the Earl of Longford, was returned as missing, and it was not until about a year later that it was known he had perished on the hill. All the Dorsets—indeed, all the yeomen—were heroes on that August night, but of the Dorsets Sergeants P. Finlay and W. H. Pike were specially noticed for their courage and example.

When Gallipoli was evacuated the Dorset Yeomanry returned to Egypt, and early in 1916 they took part—this time with their horses—against the Senussi, who, under their Turkish leaders, were harassing the western frontier of Egypt.

The Yeomen in Egypt

The British force sent out against them found the enemy at Agagia, a few miles from the coast, and there they were attacked on February 26th. As a preliminary, the Yeomanry seized a hillock, and after this was done the whole force moved forward in a carefully-arranged formation. South African infantry were in the centre; on either side of them were yeomen and armoured cars, to whom the order had been given that they must pursue as soon as the tribesmen gave way.

The plan of campaign worked admirably. General Lukin, the general in command, concentrated all his cavalry on the right as soon as he saw his left was safe, and when his men were 500 yards from the Senussi he sent word to Colonel Souter, commanding the Dorsets, to be ready. This was at one o'clock, and for about two hours the colonel led his men slowly forward, following the tribesmen, who were retreating in excellent order, and waiting for the opportunity to charge.

At length the moment came, for the enemy was in the open. "I decided," said Colonel Souter, "to attack mounted. About 3 p.m. I dismounted for the last time to give my horses a breather, and to make a careful examination of the ground over which I was about to move."

Defeat of the Senussi

He then describes the attack, which was made by the Dorsets alone. It was in two lines, the horses galloping steadily and well in hand. Three Maxims failed to stop them, and when about fifty yards from the foe they got the order to charge. With one yell the Dorsets hurled themselves upon the foe, who at once broke.

In this charge, unfortunately, the Dorsets lost heavily. In one squadron all the officers fell, and the result was that the men tore on too far, and thus incurred many extra casualties. However, it was wholly successful. The enemy, who fought throughout the day with extreme boldness, had only one thought when they saw the yeomen charging down upon them, and that was to get away.

Colonel Souter's own experience is worth recording. He charged with his men into the enemy's lines, and there his horse was shot under him. The last strides of the beast before he fell carried the colonel to within a few yards of the Turk, Gaafer, who was in command of the Senussi, and, except for two of his men, he was alone in the midst of about fifty of his foes. One or other of the leaders was doomed, but, happily, it was not Souter. One of his machine-guns was rushed to the spot, and this argument was sufficient for Gaafer. We are merely told that he and his Staff were then escorted from the field to a place of safety.

As an organised force the Yeomanry dates back to 1794. During the nineteenth century it was allowed to decline in numbers, but it was revived when it was seen that mounted men must be sent out to South Africa in larger numbers before the Boers could be beaten. Dorset and the other county regiments sent men to make up the Imperial Yeomanry which did such good work there in 1900 and 1901. Another period of rest, during which they were reorganised and strengthened, and then came the mobilisation of the force in 1914.

Men of the Dorset Yeomanry in training.

The Roll of Honoured Dead

In this section, continuing those of previous volumes, will be found a large number of portraits of gallant British officers, including heroes from overseas, who fell on the field of honour fighting for their King and Empire. The whole English-speaking race cherishes the memory of these splendid heroes who made the supreme sacrifice, and their names are inscribed for ever on the scroll of fame in the Golden Book of British Chivalry. They are representative of every regiment and rank.

Maj. F. TRAVERS LUCAS,
Canadian Infantry.

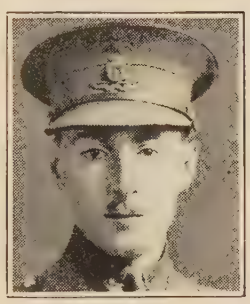
Maj. J. WALSH,
Royal Fusiliers.

Capt. P. W. WARD, M.C.,
South Lancashire Regt.

Capt. F. M. HUTCHINSON,
Canadian Engineers.

Capt. C. E. STUART,
Suffolk Regt.

Capt. C. D. LIVINGSTONE,
Canadian Mounted Rifles.



Capt. G. H. BAILEY, M.C.,
Royal Horse Artillery.

Capt. E. JOHNSTON, M.C.,
Royal Irish Rifles.

Lieut. H. T. WHITE,
R.E., att. R.F.C.

Lieut. F. S. RANKIN,
Canadian Eng., att. R.F.C

Lieut. F. A. J. ODDIE,
Middlesex Regt.

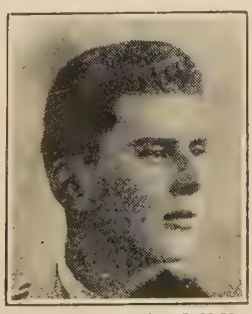
Acting-Lieut. G. LEE,
Royal Naval Reserve.

Fleet Paymaster H. ELLIOT,
Royal Navy.

Lieut. T. M. BENNETT, M.C.,
Royal Irish Rifles, att. R.F.C.

Sec.-Lt. G. E. RAWLINSON
Cambridgeshire Regt.

Sec.-Lt. R. D. B. ANDERSON,
York & Lancaster Regt.



Sec.-Lt. N. P. V. COLES, M.M.,
London Regt.

Sec.-Lt. A. CROPPER,
Wiltshire Regt., att. R.F.C.,

Sec.-Lt. N. HAMPSON,
Loyal North Lancs Regt.

Sec.-Lt. C. V. THOMPSON,
East Lancs Regt.

Portraits by Lafayette, Swaine, and Russell.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

CAPTAIN HUME S. CAMERON, who was a member of the staff of Broad Street School, joined the Norfolk Regiment as a second-lieutenant directly war broke out. In March, 1916, having reached the rank of captain, he was wounded by an aerial torpedo and invalided home. He had only been three days at the front again when he was killed, leading his men into action on September 6th, 1916.

Lieutenant Bernard Gordon Anderson, M.C., of the Lincolnshire Regiment, who died at Chatham of wounds received in action, was posthumously granted the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery. When his company commander fell he took the company forward under heavy machine-gun fire, and later led a party of bombers against an enemy machine-gun.

Lieutenant W. H. V. Nelson, of the Sherwood Foresters, who was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Nelson, of Hanover Street, London, W., had been for four months bombing officer when he received the wounds from which he died. He had not completed his twenty-first year.

Lieutenant H. G. de Lisle Bush, M.C., Gloucestershire Regiment, was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. de Lisle Bush, of Eastington Park, Glos. He was educated at Eton, and was a keen sportsman. Having joined the Army on the outbreak of war, he received the Military Cross for gallantry at Givenchy on January 25th, 1915.

Sec.-Lieutenant W. McD. Noble, Royal Engineers Brigade Signalling Officer, who died of wounds after seeing considerable service, was the son of Mr. W. Noble, Assistant Engineer-in-Chief at the G.P.O.

Sec.-Lieutenant Alfred Victor Ratcliffe, of the West Yorkshire Regiment, who fell in action at Fricourt on July 1st, 1916, was the third son of Mrs. Brotherton Ratcliffe, of Harrogate. The young officer, who had been educated at Dulwich and Cambridge, was a student of the Inner Temple when he joined the Army.

Sec.-Lieutenant George Douglas Pechell, who was gazetted to the Indian Reserve of Officers in November, 1914, and later attached to the Royal Flying Corps, was killed while flying. He was the younger son of Lieut.-Colonel Sir A. Alexander Brooke Pechell, of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

Capt. H. P. WILLIAMS, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Lieut. G. S. Le MESURIER, Canadian Infantry.

Capt. H. S. CAMERON, Norfolk Regt.

Capt. J. W. HEDLEY, Lancashire Fusiliers.

Capt. A. C. PURNELL, Middlesex Regt.

Capt. C. B. CUTTS, Sherwood Foresters.

Lieut. A. D. HODGSON, Sherwood Foresters.

Lieut. G. A. R. ROSS, Canadian Infantry.

Sec.-Lt. W. H. V. NELSON, Sherwood Foresters.

Lieut. G. HAIRE, Connaught Rangers.

Sec.-Lt. J. C. MACHUT-CHEON, Sherwood Foresters.

Lieut. H. G. de L. BUSH, M.C., Gloucestershire Regt.

Sec.-Lt. G. D. PECHELL, Indian Army, att. R.F.C.

Lieut. B. G. ANDERSON, M.C., Lincolnshire Regt.

Sec.-Lt. W. McD. NOBLE, R.E. (Signals).

Sec.-Lt. R. G. MILLER, South African Infantry.

Sec.-Lt. F. GRISSELL, Coldstream Guards.

Sec.-Lt. J. G. BIRNEY, Highland Light Infantry.

Sec.-Lt. J. W. H. FUSSELL, Oxford & Bucks L.I.

Sec.-Lt. A. V. RATCLIFFE, West Yorkshire Regt.

Portraits by Lafayette, Elliott & Fry, Bassano, Swaine, Speaight, and Hills & Saunders.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

Lieut.-Colonel William McCallum MacFarlane, D.S.O., of Invergare, Row, Dumbartonshire, was the second son of the late John MacFarlane, M.V.O., D.L. Colonel MacFarlane gained his majority in the Highland Light Infantry in September, 1914. Later he was attached to the Seaforth Highlanders; in September, 1916, he was awarded the D.S.O. for conspicuous gallantry during operations. Colonel MacFarlane fell in action early in 1917.

Major Thomas Smith, D.C.M., Royal Scots Fusiliers, was the youngest son of the late Alexander Smith and of Mrs. Smith, of Stonehouse, near Hamilton, Lanarkshire. He enlisted in the Gordon Highlanders in 1884, and had become company sergeant by 1892; served with the Gordons in India, 1895-98, and took part in several actions, notably when the Gordons made their famous charge at Dargai, and received the India Medal with three clasps. When the South African War broke out he volunteered for active service; was appointed sergeant-major of the C.I.V.s. Twice mentioned in despatches, he was awarded the D.C.M. for conspicuous and gallant conduct in the field. When the Great War broke out he volunteered for active service and was appointed quartermaster and hon. lieutenant of the Gordon Highlanders (Pioneers); promoted captain and adjutant, and proceeded to France in the summer of 1915; took part in the Battle of Loos, mentioned in despatches, and in August, 1916, having been appointed second in command of the Royal Scots Fusiliers with the rank of major, he went through much of the fighting on the Somme.

Captain G. R. Treadwell, of the East Lancashire Regiment, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Treadwell, of Argyle Street, Tynemouth, was gazetted in September, 1914, invalided home from the Dardanelles a year later, and had rejoined his regiment in July, 1916.

Lieutenant Arthur McWilliam Lawson-Johnston, M.C., of the Grenadier Guards, who died of wounds on February 22nd, 1917, was the son of the late John Lawson-Johnston and Mrs. Lawson-Johnston, of 13, Upper Grosvenor Street, London. Born in 1885, he was educated at Eton and Cambridge, where he graduated in 1907. After joining the Royal Bucks Hussars he transferred to the Grenadiers, and was awarded the M.C. in October, 1916.

Sec.-Lieutenant John Cecil Frankland, of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, who was killed in action on January 10th, 1917, at the age of nineteen, was the son of Mrs. Frankland, of Chorley, Lancs.

Sec.-Lieutenant L. S. C. Read, of the Essex Regiment, was a member of the advertising staff of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. At the age of eighteen he joined the Artists Rifles, from which he passed with a commission to the Essex Regiment. On the night of December 17th, 1916, he went out with a patrol into No Man's Land and failed to return. About two months later news came through that he had died of wounds as a prisoner of war.

Lt.-Col. W. M. MACFARLANE, D.S.O., H.L.I., att. Seaforth H.

Major T. SMITH, D.C.M., Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Capt. G. R. TREADWELL, East Lancashire Regt.

Lieut. S. G. BURCH, Yeomanry.

Lieut. D. W. O. PALMER, East Yorkshire Regt.

Lieut. H. C. MAYNARD, Coldstream Guards.

Lieut. H. GALLEN, Canadian Infantry.

Lieut. J. F. C. HACK, Royal Garrison Artillery.

Lieut. R. D. PATERSON, King's (Liverpool) Regt.

Lieut. A. M. LAWSON-JOHNSTON, Grenadier Gds.

Lieut. A. N. COLES, Rifle Brigade.

Lieut. J. DINGLE, Northumberland Fusiliers.

Lieut. O. W. GRANT, Canadian Infantry.

Lieut. W. A. DUTHIE, Canadian Machine Gun Co.

Lieut. J. H. HOPEWELL, Leicestershire Regt.

Sec.-Lt. J. C. FRANKLAND, Loyal North Lancs Regt.

Sec.-Lt. A. M. W. PATCH, K.O. (R. Lancaster) Regt.

Sec.-Lt. L. S. C. READ, Essex Regt.

Sub-Lt. H. KILNER, R.N. Volunteer Reserve.

Sec.-Lt. L. D. TRIMBLE, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

Portraits by Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Swaine, and Bassano.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

LIEUT.-COL. JOHN WILLOUGHBY SCOTT, D.S.O., Somerset Light Infantry, was the youngest son of the late Sir John Scott, K.C.M.G., and brother of Mr. Leslie Scott, K.C., M.P. He served in the South African War, receiving both the Queen's and King's Medals, and being mentioned in despatches. During this war he was twice mentioned in despatches, and received the D.S.O. in January, 1917.

Lieut.-Col. Vernon Eaton, Royal Canadian Horse Artillery, was eldest son of the late Mr. J. K. Eaton, of Truro, Nova Scotia. After serving through the South African War, where he was on General Baden-Powell's Staff, he was specially recommended for the Staff College by Lord Roberts, and was the first officer from any of the Colonial Forces to pass through. He was Director of Military Training for the Dominion of Canada from 1905-11, and in 1916, after serving with the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery, he trained a Canadian artillery division. He returned to France in command of a brigade, and died of wounds received in action.

Major George Edward Savill Young, Irish Guards, was son of the late Rev. H. S. Young, of Mallard's Court, Oxon. Educated at Bradfield, and Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself as a hockey player and cricketer, he was for a time district inspector in the Royal Irish Constabulary, before obtaining his captaincy in the Irish Guards (Special Reserve) in 1914. He was first wounded in 1915, promoted major in September, 1916, and a fortnight before receiving the wounds of which he died in March, 1917 had been appointed second-in-command of a battalion.

Captain Montagu Locke Yeatherd, Lancers, late 7th Hussars, killed in action, was the elder son of the late Lieut.-Col. E. W. Yeatherd, the King's Own, who fell at the Relief of Ladysmith in 1900. He served with the 7th Hussars in South Africa, at home, and in India; appointed Adjutant of Yeomanry in 1913, he was recalled to his old regiment in 1915, and in 1916 obtained a transfer in order to go to the front. His only brother, Lieut. R. C. H. Yeatherd, Dragoon Guards, was killed in action in September, 1916.

Lieut. Clare Havill Avery, Essex Regiment, attached to a trench-mortar battery, was son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Avery, of Upminster. He had a brilliant scholastic career at Southend Technical School and London University, winning many scholarships and exhibitions. In 1914 he enlisted in the Public Schools Brigade, and obtained a commission in 1915. In May, 1916, he went to the front, and on April 11th, 1917, died of wounds received in action.

Sec.-Lieut. Richard Bernard Boyle, seventh Earl of Shannon, killed in action, was born in 1897, and succeeded his father in 1906. He passed through the Royal Military College, and received his commission in the Royal Fusiliers in 1916. His brother, Robert Henry Boyle, born in 1900, succeeded to the Earldom.

Lt.-Col. J. W. SCOTT, D.S.O., Somerset Light Infantry.

Lt.-Col. V. EATON, Royal Canadian Horse Art.

Capt. W. A. VERSCHOYLE, Royal Irish Fusiliers.

Capt. W. ODELL, M.C., Indian Infantry.

Maj. G. E. S. YOUNG, Irish Guards.

Capt. H. D. SMITH-RYLAND, Yeomanry.

Capt. V. O. TODD, K.O. (Royal Lancaster Regt.).

Capt. V. G. TUPPER, M.C., Canadian Infantry.

Capt. M. L. YEATHERD, Lancers.

Capt. S. T. DUROSE, Sherwood Foresters.

Lt. B. W. T. WICKHAM, M.C., South Staffordshire Regt.

Lt. H. G. COLLINS, R.F.C.

Sec.-Lt. G. R. BRESLAW, Hampshire Regt.

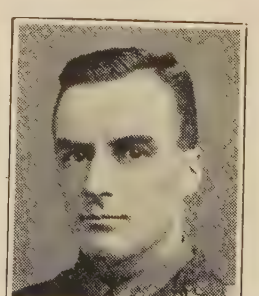
Lt. C. M. BRADLEY, R.F.A.

Lt. C. H. AVERY, Essex, att. Trench Mortar Bat.

Lt. M. A. HIGGINS, Leinster Regt.

Sec.-Lt. the EARL OF SHANNON, Royal Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lt. G. H. BAILEY, Machine Gun Corps.



Sec.-Lt. H. C. OULTON, Leinster Regt.

Sec.-Lt. A. AGELASTO, M.C., Dorset Regt.

Portraits by Swaine, Lafayette, Speaight, Brooke Hughes, H. Walter Barnett, Chancellor, Elliott & Fry.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

CAPTAIN CECIL H. BODINGTON, second son of the Rev. H. J. Bodington, of Upton Grey, Hants, was killed at the head of his men in an attack on April 11th, 1917. Having won scholarships at Charterhouse, King's School, Canterbury, and Peterhouse, Cambridge, after taking his degree he was for two years in India as tutor to the sons of the Maharaja of Kapurthala. Shortly after the outbreak of war he received a commission in the Royal Horse Guards, and subsequently in the Household Battalion. Capt. Bodington, who was thirty-seven years of age, had occasionally played cricket for Hampshire.

Captain George Hendley Staveley, of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, killed at the head of his company on April 14th, 1917, received his commission in 1903, and had served in Gibraltar, South Africa, Hong-Kong, and Singapore. Captain Staveley was a notable rifle shot, having been in the winning team for the Army Cup at Bisley, 1904, and won the Bronze Jewel of South Africa, 1909.

Lieut.-Colonel Harold Thompson, D.S.O., of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, who died of wounds, received his commission in 1901, saw service in South Africa in 1902 (Queen's Medal with three bars), and in 1916 was promoted to the command of a battalion. He had won his D.S.O. during the war.

Lieutenant James Lawrence Fowlie, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. Fowlie, of Singapore, was killed on April 24th, 1917. Gazetted to the Highland Light Infantry in May, 1915, he went to the front in March, 1916; was promoted lieutenant in the following August, and from October, 1916, until his death was attached to Brigade Headquarters Staff as Intelligence Officer.

Lieutenant (temporary Captain) Henry Stear Blackwood, of the London Regiment, who died of wounds on May 1st, 1917, was the only son of the late Mr. Hans Stevenson Blackwood, and a cousin to the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.

Flight-Sub-Lieutenant Frederick Cloete Walker, R.N., who was killed in France on March 17th, 1917, was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Walker, of Upper Hamilton Terrace, and a grandson of the late Major-General H. T. Cloete, Indian Staff Corps.

Sec.-Lieutenant Edward Foster, of the Royal Fusiliers, who was killed in action, was son of Mr. Edward Foster, editor of the "Globe," and was himself, until outbreak of the war, a journalist in the editorial department of the "North-Western Daily Mail." He joined the Westmorland and Cumberland Yeomanry. Having risen to the rank of sergeant, he was transferred to an officer cadet battalion, and went to the front in September, 1916.

Capt. C. H. BODINGTON, Household Battalion.

Capt. G. D. FERGUSON, D.S.O., R.A.M.C., att. R.F.A.

Capt. G. H. STAVELEY, King's Own Yorks L.I.

Capt. H. St. H. PESKETT, Loyal North Lancs Regt.

Capt. C. H. B. FARMAR, London Regiment.

Capt. W. H. SMITH, Royal Field Artillery.

Lt.-Col. H. THOMPSON, D.S.O., Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Lt. G. K. DAVENPORT, M.C., Australian Artillery.

Lieut. J. L. FOWLIE, Highland Light Infantry.

Capt. H. S. BLACKWOOD, London Regiment.

Fl.-Sub-Lt. R. F. COLLINS, Royal Navy.

Flight-Lt. J. E. MORGAN, Royal Navy.

Lieut. P. F. HART, Bedfordshire Regt.

Fl.-Sub-Lt. F. C. WALKER, Royal Navy.

Lieut. F. O. BAXTER, M.C., Indian Army Res., att. R.F.C.

Sec.-Lt. G. LYNCH-STAUNTON, Hussars.

Sec.-Lt. H. J. McDONNELL, Royal Irish Rifles.

Sec.-Lt. E. FOSTER, Royal Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lt. H. P. DUDLEY, Leinster Regt., att. Royal Irish.

Sec.-Lt. G. H. GAMESON, Northumberland Fusiliers.

Portraits by Bassano, Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Swaine Chancellor, and Claude Harris.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

LIEUT.-COLONEL SINGLETON BONNER, D.S.O., South Staffordshire Regiment, attached Royal Fusiliers, died of wounds, was educated at Harrow and served in the South African War, receiving both medals with five clasps. He was three times mentioned in despatches in the present war, and was awarded the D.S.O. after the Battle of Festubert in 1915. He commanded the 1st South Staffordshire Regiment in March and April that year, and returned to England after being gassed at Loos. Returning to the front in April of 1917, he assumed command of a battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, which he was commanding when mortally wounded.

Major William Hoey Kearney Redmond was born in 1861, the younger brother of John Redmond, M.P., the Irish leader. In 1881 he threw up his commission as lieutenant in the Royal Irish Regiment and joined the Land League Movement, to be imprisoned almost at once as a suspect under the Coercion Act. He accompanied his brother to Australia to collect funds for the Nationalist movement, and there met the Misses Dalton, daughters of a prominent Irishman, whom the two brothers subsequently married. He represented Wexford from 1883-85, and County Fermanagh from 1885-92, when he won East Clare for the Parnellites, and he sat for that constituency until his death. In 1914 he received a commission as captain in his old regiment, the Royal Irish, and went to France with the division in the winter of 1915. Promoted major and mentioned in despatches, he was given a Staff appointment, but begged to be allowed to go into action with his men at Messines, on June 7th, 1917, and he was leading them when he was severely wounded by a shell explosion. Picked up by an Ulster Division ambulance and taken to an Ulster Division Field Hospital, he died without recovering consciousness, and was buried by the chaplains of the Ulster and Irish Divisions in the garden of a convent close behind the fighting-line. The farewell volley was fired over his grave by a mixed party representing the Irish of all parties in the Army, undivided in their sorrow at his death and in their loyal devotion to the Empire for which he had fought with them.

Sec.-Lieutenant Frank C. Carr, Machine-Gun Corps, died of wounds, was a well-known golfer. On three occasions he reached the fifth round of the Amateur Golf Championship, and in 1911 he took part in the Coronation Foursomes at Sandwich. In the Medal Competition preceding the Irish Championship at Newcastle, in 1912, he made the record score for the links of 75.

Sec.-Lieutenant D. N. O'N. Humphrey-Davy, Hampshire Regiment, who was killed in action, refused the proffered protection of a body-shield with the simple, fine explanation, characteristic of the British officer, "I cannot wear it because my men are not similarly protected."

Lt.-Col. S. BONNER, D.S.O., South Staffordshire Regt.

Lt.-Com. W. W. HALL-WRIGHT, D.S.O., R.N.

Maj. W. B. CROWTHER, Central Ontario Regt.

Maj. W. H. K. REDMOND, M.P., Royal Irish Regt.

Capt. A. PLAISTOWE, Worcestershire Regt.

Lieut. G. M. RENNY, R.F.A.

Capt. G. S. THORNE, R.F.C.

Lieut. J. K. MADDULL, M.G.C.

Capt. C. R. COX, Royal Sussex, att. R.F.C.

Lieut. L. E. ASHCROFT, Canadian Infantry.

Sec.-Lt. J. E. LUCAS, Durham Light Infantry.

Lieut. J. K. STEAD, Yorkshire Regt.

Lieut. A. J. HAMAR, R.F.C.

Sec.-Lt. H. G. HALL, Sherwood Foresters.

Sec.-Lt. H. E. McCUTCHEON, Worcester Regt., att. R.F.C.

Sec.-Lt. F. C. CARR, M.G.C.

Sec.-Lt. G. G. GRAY, Oxford and Bucks L.I.

Sec.-Lt. F. W. HOARE, Norfolk Regt.

Sec.-Lt. D. N. O'N. HUMPHREY-DAVY, Hants Regt.

Sec.-Lt. S. G. MULLIGAN, Bedfordshire Regt.

Portraits by Bassano, Swaine, Lafayette, Elliott & Fry, and Speaight.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

LIEUTENANT ARTHUR DONALD THORNTON SMITH, D.S.O., K.R.R.C., was younger son of the Rev. G. Thornton Smith, of Bromley, Kent. Educated at the Whitgift Grammar School, Croydon, and University College School, Hampstead, he joined the Inns of Court O.T.C. in November, 1915, and in August, 1916, received a commission in the K.R.R.C. In May, 1917, he was awarded the D.S.O. for making a daring reconnaissance of a village still occupied by the enemy, securing valuable information, as a result of which the village was captured with very light casualties.

Second-Lieutenant Stuart McMurray, London Regiment, attached R.F.C., was the second son of Mr. and Mrs. McMurray, of Longton Grove, Upper Sydenham. He enlisted in the Seaforth Highlanders on the outbreak of war, and was wounded at Festubert. He received his commission shortly after his return to the front.

Second-Lieutenant Lord Basil Blackwood was born in 1870, the third son of the first Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. Educated at Harrow and at Balliol College, Oxford, Lord Basil was called to the Bar in 1896. He acted as Deputy Judge Advocate in South Africa, 1900-1, was Assistant Colonial Secretary of the Orange River Colony until 1907, and Colonial Secretary for Barbados, 1907-8. In the following year he was appointed Assistant Secretary to the Land Development Commission. He was wounded in 1914, and subsequently became Private Secretary to Lord Wimborne. In June, 1916, he was gazetted Second-Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards. Heir-presumptive to his brother, the present Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, he was reported missing on July 3rd, 1917, and was since declared killed in action.

Second-Lieutenant Stanley R. Pitt, R.F.A., was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pitt, of Barrow-in-Furness and Old Trafford, Manchester. Educated at the Higher Grade School, Barrow, and at Dudley, he enlisted in the R.F.A. in September, 1914, and rose to the rank of sergeant during his year of training. In September, 1915, he went to the front, where he served continuously until his death. He had held his commission barely three weeks when he was killed while taking observations for his battery.

Second-Lieutenant Charles Sizeland was the second son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Sizeland, of Horsford, Norfolk. Born in 1890 and educated at St. Mark's College, Chelsea, he was a member of the East London College O.T.C. at the outbreak of war. He was appointed Instructor in Military and Physical Drill to the Hampshire Regiment, and in February, 1915, was given a commission in the Norfolk Regiment. He went to France in February, 1916, and took an active part in the operations in the spring and summer which led up to the Battle of the Somme, where he was killed in October, 1916, while leading his company.

Major F. L. BIDDLE, D.S.O., Australian Artillery.

Capt. J. L. STRAIN, R.G.A.

Major J. VALENTINE, D.S.O., R.F.C.

Capt. G. P. MANSON, M.C., Somerset L.I.

Capt. G. A. N. ROBERTSON, South Wales Borderers.

Capt. A. TRAILL, R.A.M.C., attd. Duke of Wellington's.

Capt. A. L. MACDONALD, M.C., Black Watch, att. R.F.C.

Captain NOEL E. LEE, K.R.R.C.

Lieut. C. G. HOLMAN, K.O.S.B., attd. R.F.C.

Lieut. E. ALCOCK, R.F.A.

Lieut. F. J. J. LONG, R.F.A.

Lt. A. D. THORNTON SMITH, D.S.O., K.R.R.C.

Lieut. C. B. RANDALL, R.F.A.

Lt. L. J. BERTRAND, M.C., British Columbia Regiment.

Sec.-Lt. STUART McMURRAY, London Regt., attd. R.F.C.

Sec.-Lt. LORD BASIL BLACKWOOD, Grenadier Guards.

Sec.-Lt. C. D. NEALON, Royal Irish Regiment.

Sec.-Lt. STANLEY R. PITT, R.F.A.

Sec.-Lt. P. H. COLLIS, Hampshire Regiment.

Sec.-Lieut. C. SIZELAND, Norfolk Regiment.

Portraits by Lafayette, Bassano, Russell, and Brooke Hughes.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

LIEUT.-COLONEL ROGER ORME KERRISON, of the Reserve Regiment of Cavalry, attached Australian Artillery, died at the age of forty-four, on September 18th, 1917, of dysentery—contracted while on active service. The only son of Mr. Roger Kerrison, of Tattingstone Place, Suffolk, he was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he rowed for the University in 1893 and 1894.

Major John Angel Gibbs, D.S.O., Welsh Regiment, who fell in action on September 20th, 1917, was the second son of the late Mr. J. A. Gibbs and Mrs. Gibbs, of Marine Parade, Penarth. Member of a firm of shipowners, he enlisted in the Glamorgan Yeomanry on the outbreak of war, and obtained his commission in November, 1914. He went to the front in February, 1916, was early mentioned in despatches, and received the D.S.O. for conspicuous good service.

Lieutenant Rupert Farquhar, M.C., Grenadier Guards, who died on September 17th, 1917, of wounds received the same day, was the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Farquhar, of 55, Eaton Square. Educated at Eton and Sandhurst, he joined the Grenadier Guards in July, 1915, and went to France a year later, and in two months had won the Military Cross for bravery in action. He was mentioned in despatches in 1917.

Lieutenant James Hope-Wallace, Northumberland Fusiliers who fell in action on September 15th, 1917, at the age of forty-five, was a water-colour painter of considerable ability. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. J. Hope-Wallace, of Featherstone Castle, Northumberland, whom he succeeded in 1900. He was killed while carrying out a dangerous duty in the Arras sector.

Sec.-Lieutenant Fred Allinson, M.C., Royal West Surrey Regiment, attached Royal Flying Corps, who has died while a prisoner of war in Germany, was the youngest son of Mr. Thomas Allinson, 11, Berkeley Grove, Harehills, Leeds. Enlisting in the West Yorkshires, he received his commission in September, 1916, and in January was attached to the R.F.C. as an observer.

Acting-Squadron-Commander Aylmer Fitzwarine Bettington, R.N., who was killed while flying on September 12th, 1917, was the youngest son of Colonel and Mrs. Bettington, of Johannesburg.

Sec.-Lieutenant H. S. Grimshaw, Manchester Regiment, who died on May 24th, 1917, of wounds received on April 30th, was the son of Mr. C. S. Grimshaw, 30, Plymouth Avenue, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester. Educated at the Central School and Victoria University, Manchester (where he graduated M.A.), he received his first military training with the H.A.C. He transferred to the Artists Rifles, received his commission in January, 1917, and proceeded to France in February.

Lieut.-Col. R. O. KERRISON, Res. Cav., attd. Aust. Artillery.

Major J. A. GIBBS, D.S.O., Welsh Regiment.

Major R. D. HARRISSON, D.S.O., R.F.A.

Lieut. R. FARQUHAR, M.C., Grenadier Guards.

Capt. F. S. HIGSON, M.C., Welsh Regt.

Lieut. G. E. AMBERY, Canadian Infantry.

Lieut. G. A. HERVEY, R.G.A.

Lieut. J. HOPE-WALLACE, Northumberland Fusiliers.

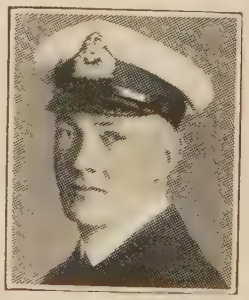
Sec.-Lieut. J. H. WILSON, Australian Infantry.

Lieut. S. J. COTTLE, Devon Regt. and M.G.C.

Sec.-Lt. P. C. S. O'LONGAN, Royal Irish, attd. R.F.C.

Flight Sub-Lt. E. W. BUSBY, R.N.

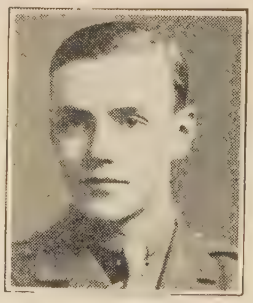
Sec.-Lt. F. ALLINSON, M.C., R.W. Surrey, attd. R.F.C.



Ac.-Sq.-Com. A. F. BETTINGTON, R.N.

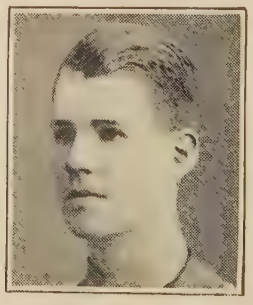
Sec.-Lt. J. A. P. WHINNEY, Yeomanry.

Sec.-Lt. H. S. GRIMSHAW, Manchester Regt.



Lieut. D. R. MACDONALD, Ontario Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. B. A. RUDALL, R.W. Kent Regt.



Sec.-Lieut. V. S. WING, R.F.A.

Sec.-Lieut. J. M. BORRER, Royal Sussex Regt.

Portraits by Bassano, Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, and Swaine.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HARRY MOORHOUSE, D.S.O., K.O.Y.L.I., of Flanshaw, near Wakefield, Yorks, was a well-known Territorial officer before the war, and held the Officers' Territorial Decoration. He fought in South Africa 1901-2, and had the Queen's Medal with five clasps. During the Great War he was made a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order and a Knight of the Legion of Honour, and was promoted acting lieutenant-colonel. His son, Captain Ronald Moorhouse, M.C., whose portrait likewise appears on this page, served in the same battalion as his father, and was also killed in action.

Captain John Nicol Fergusson Pixley, Grenadier Guards, was the eldest surviving son of Francis W. Pixley, of Wooburn House, Wooburn, Bucks. Educated at Eton and Merton College, Oxford, he was in British East Africa when war broke out, whereupon he joined the East African Mounted Rifles. After taking part in several engagements he returned to England and joined the Grenadier Guards. He went to the front in November, 1916, and in July, 1917, was in command of his company and was recommended for the Military Cross. His appointment as acting captain was gazetted on October 12th, 1917, the day of his death.

Lieutenant the Hon. Gerald Ernest Francis Ward, M.V.O., Life Guards, previously reported missing, is stated to have been killed at Zandvoorde on October 30th, 1914. He was the youngest son of the late Earl of Dudley and of Georgina, Countess of Dudley, and was A.D.C. to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He served in the South African War and held the Queen's Medal with five clasps.

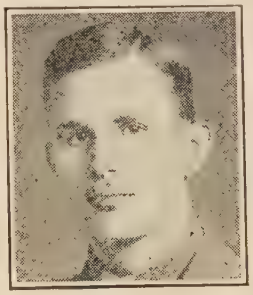
Lieutenant Harry James Graham Stirling Miller-Stirling, killed in action in East Africa, was the eldest son of Commander Miller-Stirling, R.N., of Craigbarnet, Stirlingshire. Assistant Commissioner in Northern Nigeria, he was gazetted lieutenant in the West African Field Forces and attached to the Nigeria Regiment. A younger brother, Lieutenant E. G. B. Miller-Stirling, fell in action in Mesopotamia, and Commander Miller-Stirling's only surviving son had been a prisoner of war in Germany since October, 1914.

Second-Lieutenant Robert Logan, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Logan, of Bellshill, Glasgow, enlisted in the Cameron Highlanders at the beginning of the war. He was twice wounded while serving in the ranks. Gazetted to the Seaforth Highlanders, he went to France in June, 1917, and was killed by a sniper while leading an attack.

Lt.-Col. H. MOORHOUSE, D.S.O., K.O.Y.L.I.

Major E. F. D. NICHOLSON, South Lancashire Regt.

Major J. M. BALFOUR, M.C., R.F.A.



Capt. H. C. LEWIS, Middlesex Regt.

Capt. J. N. F. PIXLEY, Grenadier Guards.

Capt. W. V. T. ROOPER, Yeomanry, attd. R.F.C.

Capt. RONALD MOORHOUSE, M.C., K.O.Y.L.I.

Lieut. D. H. GLASSON, R.F.C.

Lieut. Hon. G. E. F. WARD, M.V.O., Life Guards.

Lieut. H. J. G. S. MILLER-STIRLING, attd. Nigeria Regt.

Lieut. P. D. M. McLAGAN, Quebec Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. J. H. SMYTH, Leinster Regt.

Lieut. C. H. CHUTE, Australian Infantry.

Sec.-Lieut. F. R. OLIVER, Sherwood Foresters.

Sec.-Lt. M. W. MARKHAM, Scots Guards.

Sec.-Lieut. A. RHODES, Durham Light Infantry.

Sub-Lt. A. J. PUREY-CUST, R.N.

Sec.-Lt. E. J. ROBERTS, R.F.C.

Sec.-Lt. ROBERT LOGAN, Seaforth Highlanders.

Sec.-Lieut. D. I. INGLIS, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Portraits by H. Walter Barnett, Lafayette, Bassano, Swaine, Brooke Hughes, and Elliott & Fry.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN MAXWELL, M.C., Rifle Brigade, attached K.R.R.C., was the eldest son of Mrs. Maxwell, of 8, Russell Street, Bath. Educated at Marlborough and at Oxford, he volunteered on the first day of the war, and after serving a few weeks with the Somerset Light Infantry, was given a commission in the Rifle Brigade. In November, 1914, he became lieutenant and chief signalling officer. He was promoted captain on the field and highly commended for bravery at the Battle of Hooge. He was for ten months in the Ypres salient, and went through the whole of the Somme campaign—during which he was promoted major and rendered particularly valuable service in Delville Wood—and the Battle of Arras. He was wounded by shell splinters on twelve separate occasions, and was awarded the Military Cross for rescuing a brother officer under heavy fire.

Captain Cecil Llewelyn Norton Roberts, Royal Warwickshire Regiment, was the second son of the Rev. A. P. Roberts, of St. Margaret's Vicarage, Ladywood, Birmingham. Educated at the Greyfriars' School, Leamington, and St. John's School, Leatherhead, he enlisted in the Public Schools' Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers at the outbreak of war, and in April, 1915, was given a commission in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment. He went to the front in November, 1915, and served there continuously until October 9th, 1917, when he was killed while leading his company into action. Captain Roberts' younger brother, Laurence Guy Hough Roberts, Hawke Battalion, R.N.D., was killed in Gallipoli.

Lieutenant the Honourable Alick George Cubitt, Hussars, killed in action, was the eldest surviving son of Lord Ashcombe. Educated at Eton and Sandhurst, he joined the Hussars in 1913. He went to France in October, 1914, and was present at all the fighting round Ypres that winter, took part in the operations at Neuve Chapelle and Loos in 1915, and had since served continuously with the Cavalry Corps. His eldest brother, Captain the Hon. Henry Archibald Cubitt, Coldstream Guards, was killed in September, 1916.

Second-Lieutenant Jasper Milton Preston Muddock, Yeomanry, was the last surviving son of Mr. J. E. Preston Muddock, and the third son this well-known writer had lost in the war. Educated at Dunstable Grammar School and Lower School, Harrow, he was in Burma when war broke out, and was attached there to the Rangoon Mounted Rifles. Returning home in the spring of 1915, he went through the Inns of Court O.T.C., was drafted into the Yeomanry, and saw much active service with his regiment on an Eastern front, where he was killed in action.

Lt.-Col. J. MAXWELL, M.C., Rifle Brigade, attd. K.R.R.C.

Major E. B. HICKOX, M.C., Essex Regt.

Major Hon. R. N. D. RYDER, Hussars.

Lt.-Col. A. M. PIRIE, D.S.O., Lancers, commdg. Yeomanry.

Capt. G. A. HARVEY, R.A.M.C., attd. R. Lanc. Regt.

Capt. C. L. N. ROBERTS, Royal Warwickshire Regt.

Capt. W. A. BOND, M.C., K.O.Y.L.I.

Capt. H. L. F. BOYD, Black Watch.

Capt. G. C. COLVILL, Cavalry, Special Reserve.

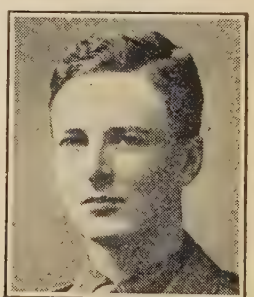
Capt. A. B. LANE, Rifle Brigade.

Lieut. Hon. A. G. CUBITT, Hussars.

Lieut. G. SAMUELSON, M.C., Coldstream Guards.

Lieut. G. M. STOTHERT, Welsh Regt.

Lieut. S. A. RUTLEDGE, Canadian Inftry., attd. R.F.C.



Lieut. D. H. SCOTT, M.C., R.F.C.

Sec.-Lt. JOHN STEAD, South Lancashires.

Sec.-Lt. O. V. BARKER, M.G.C.

Sec.-Lt. J. A. HARVEY, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lt. J. M. P. MUDDOCK, Yeomanry.

Sec.-Lt. G. HAMILTON, Scots Guards.

Portraits by Lafayette, Walter Barnett, Russell, Chancellor, Bassano, and Brooke Hughes.

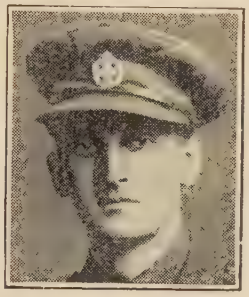
Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

CAPTAIN ROBERT ALAN DOBB, R.F.A., was the youngest son of Mr. Harry Dobb, of Essex Court, Temple. On the outbreak of war he was posted to a battery of the R.H.A., and went out with the 3rd Cavalry Division in October, 1914, serving with it during its retirement and at the First Battle of Ypres. Invalided home before Christmas, he rejoined early in 1915, was appointed A.D.C. to a brigadier of one of the new divisions, and went to France in July, becoming adjutant to a brigade of artillery and seeing much fighting at Ypres, St. Eloi, Armentieres, and the Bluff. He was sent home wounded from the Somme, and on recovery was posted to a newly-formed brigade of artillery, with which he went to Mesopotamia, where he died December, 1917.

Captain Thomas Vicars Hunter, Rifle Brigade, attached R.F.C., was younger son of Mr. H. C. V. Hunter, of Abermarlais Park, Llangadock, Carmarthenshire, and Kilbourne Hall, Derby. Educated at Eton and Sandhurst, he received his commission in December, 1914. In January, 1915, he had an accident which resulted in the loss of a leg. He worked for some time in the War Office, and then, being passed fit for home service, rejoined his regiment in November, 1916. Early in 1917 he joined the R.F.C., and went to the front in June as a pilot, being promoted flight-commander in September. He was killed on December 5th, and posthumously gazetted captain in the Rifle Brigade five days later.

Commander Charles Skeffington West, D.S.O., R.N.V.R., R.N.D., was born in 1886, son of the late Rev. H. M. West, of Wokingham. After leaving the Britannia he served in the Channel and China Squadrons until 1905, when he was invalided out of the Service. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1908, and took honours in history. Volunteering for service on the outbreak of war, he was gazetted lieutenant R.N.V.R., and went with the Hawke Battalion, Royal Naval Division, to Antwerp, whence he managed to escape disguised, without having given his parole, when most of the battalion were interned. He went to Gallipoli as second in command of the Collingwood Battalion, was wounded, and was one of the last to leave in the evacuation of Cape Helles. In May, 1916, he went to France as second in command of another battalion, of which he later was appointed commander. He was three times mentioned in despatches, and was awarded the D.S.O. in April, 1917.

Capt. R. A. DOBB, R.F.A.



Capt. T. V. HUNTER. Rifle Brigade, attd. R.F.C.

Capt. W. E. VILLIERS, K.R.R.C.

Capt. J. W. EWBANK, M.C., Border Regt.

Capt. F. WARD, London Regt.

Lieut. R. L. PYMAN, Middlesex Regt.

Sub.-Lieut. D. P. CHRISTIE, R.N.

Comdr. C. S. WEST, D.S.O., R.N.V.R., R.N.D.

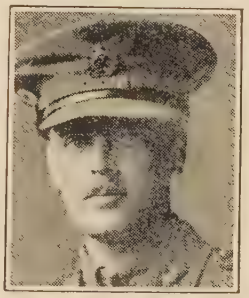
Sec.-Lieut. H. V. HOBBS, Manchester Regt.

Lieut. R. B. G. OTTLEY, R.F.C.

Sec.-Lieut. WALLINGTON, Devons, attd. K. L'pool Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. C. F. KING, Devons, attd. K. L'pool Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. W. W. FREEMAN, Durham Light Infantry.



Sec.-Lieut. H. W. PINK, R.E.

Sec.-Lieut. V. JEEVES, M.M., Devons, attd. K. L'pool Regt.

Sec.-Lt. G. L. F. FORSHAW, Lancashire Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lt. F. T. GARDINER, Highland Light Infantry.

Sec.-Lieut. J. P. WATERS, R.F.C.

Sec.-Lieut. W. BARR, Northumberland Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lieut. F. FARRAR. Lincolnshire Regt.

Portraits by Lafayette Walter Barnett Swaine and Bassano.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

CAPTAIN SYDNEY McGOWAN, M.C., killed in action, was son of Mr. William McGowan, of Broomholm Place, Langholm. A trooper in the Lanarkshire Yeomanry, he joined up with his regiment on the outbreak of war, and afterwards transferred to the King's Own Scottish Borderers, in which regiment he obtained his commission as a second-lieutenant. Later, he was attached first to the North Staffordshire and then to the South Staffordshire Regiment, where he rose rapidly to the rank of captain. In September, 1916, he was decorated with the Military Cross by the King, for bravery in a bombing raid, and it was in a bombing raid that he lost his life in May, 1917.

Second-Lieutenant A. J. D. Torry, M.C., R.G.A., attached R.F.C., was only son of the Rev. A. F. Torry, Rector of Marston, Beds., formerly Dean of St. John's College, Cambridge. Educated at Bedford Grammar School and St. John's College, Cambridge, he joined the Public Schools Corps on the outbreak of war, and received a commission in the R.G.A. in April, 1915. He went to the western front in September, 1915, and was continually on service until killed in an aerial fight in October, 1917. He was awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery at Thiepval, in October, 1916.

Lieutenant W. J. Smith, York and Lancaster Regiment, killed in action, was well known in St. Albans as a prominent member of the Salvation Army, who took a great interest in young people's classes and in ambulance work. A carriage cleaner on the Midland Railway, he enlisted in the Bedfordshire Regiment in September, 1914, and rose to the rank of sergeant within six months. He went to France in August, 1915, and returning wounded in May, 1916, was sent to Sittingbourne as a musketry instructor. In February, 1917, he obtained his commission, and in April went back to France, where he passed through several engagements and was again wounded. He was killed on October 1st, 1917, having been gazetted lieutenant just before his death.

Lieutenant Harold Marshall, North Staffordshire Regiment, attached R.F.C., was killed while night flying over Lincolnshire, on January 31st, 1918. He went to the front in France in March, 1915, and in October of that year was given a commission in his battalion, with which he remained until October, 1917, when he transferred to the Royal Flying Corps from France.

Second-Lieutenant E. W. T. Voss, Royal Warwickshire Regiment, enlisted in Kitchener's Army in August, 1914, and rose to the rank of company quartermaster sergeant in the Leicestershire Regiment. He was given a commission in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment in March, 1917, and was killed in action in the following September.

Capt. G. C. RANSOME, Yorks Regt.

Capt. C. HOLLAND, M.C., R.F.C.

Capt. S. McGOWAN, M.C., K.O.S.B., attd. S. Staffs Regt.

Lieut. G. H. G. CROSFIELD, Rifle Brigade.

Sec.-Lt. A. J. D. TORRY, M.C., R.G.A., attd. R.F.C.

Lieut. W. J. SMITH, York & Lanc. Regt.

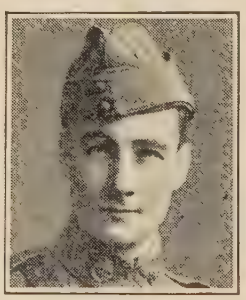
Lieut. H. S. MARSHALL, North Staffs. attd. R.F.C.

Sec.-Lieut. E. W. T. VOSS, Royal Warwickshire Regt.

Lieut. B. W. BAILEY, British Columbia Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. H. GRIMBLE, Suffolk Regt.

Sec.-Lt. G. G. JOHNSTONE, R.F.C.



Sec.-Lieut. J. HAY, R.F.C.

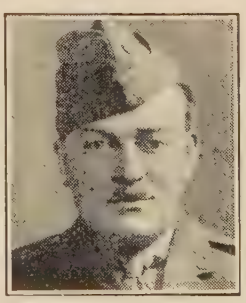
Eng. Sub-Lt. D. F. CHAPMAN, R.N.R.

Sec.-Lieut. H. C. FARNES, K.R.R.C., attd. R.F.C.

Sec.-Lt. W. E. M. GARDINER, London Regt.

Sec.-Lt. W. E. BERRIDGE, Somerset L.I.

Sec.-Lt. J. L. WILKINSON, R.E.



Sec.-Lieut. G. C. BURNAND, R.F.C.

Sec.-Lieut. A. C. WHITE, York & Lanc. Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. E. A. STREET, Manchester Regt.

Portraits by Lafayette, Elliott & Fry, Russell, and Chancellor.

DIARY OF THE FOURTH YEAR, 1917-18

Progress of Events in all Theatres of the War from Opening of Third Battle of Ypres to End of Fourth Year of the Conflict

1917

AUG. 4.—**Beginning of Fourth Year of the War.**

AUG 5.—Germans gain a footing at Hollebeke, but are immediately driven out by counter-attacks.

Russians capture heights near Czernovitz, but retreat owing to superior forces of enemy.

AUG. 6.—British line advanced south-west and west of Lens.

AUG. 7.—Germans attack in Verdun sector repulsed by French.

AUG. 8.—Germans, continuing their attacks between the Focsani-Marasesti and River Sereth, press back Russo-Rumanian troops to north of Bizighesti.

AUG. 9.—French troops progress north-west of Bixschoote.

Russo-Rumanians launch mass attacks against Germans north of Focsani, but are heavily repulsed.

Enemy troops cross the Susitza, strike north at Rumanian railways, and threaten the rear of Russo-Rumanian armies

AUG. 10.—**British attack east of Ypres,** complete capture of the village of Westhoek, and secure whole of Westhoek Ridge. Our troops also establish themselves in Glencorse Wood.

AUG. 11.—Heavy German counter-attacks against positions captured on August 10th. British line pressed back in Glencorse Wood.

Germans press forward in Trotus Valley and beyond Focsani.

Mr. Arthur Henderson resigns from the Cabinet.

AUG. 12.—**Air Raid on Southend.**—About twenty enemy aeroplanes appear off Felixstowe. Driven off, they turn south and drop bombs at Southend and Margate. Casualties at Southend, 32 killed, 43 injured. Two German aeroplanes destroyed.

In the Ocna-Grozesti region (Upper Trotus Valley), Russo-Rumanian troops dislodge enemy from heights and repulse counter-attacks in valley of River Slanic, taking over 600 prisoners. Gains made to west of Focsani-Ajudul railway.

AUG. 13.—Intense air fighting on west front; seventeen enemy machines down.

Mr. Barnes appointed to War Cabinet.

Vigorous Rumanian offensive in Trotus Valley continued.

AUG. 14.—Heavy German attack at Westhoek repulsed by British, who improve their positions on the right bank of the Steenbeek.

China formally declares war on Germany and Austria-Hungary.

Announced that Pope's peace proposals delivered to all belligerent Governments.

In the region of Ocna enemy occupy a height, and in region of Kredcheni penetrate portion of Rumanian trenches.

AUG. 15.—**Canadians Capture Hill 70.**—British deliver a new attack against enemy's positions round Lens, in which Canadians take Hill 70. On the north-west side of Lens the enemy's positions are penetrated to a depth varying from 500 to 1,500 yards. The villages of Cité Ste. Elizabeth, Cité St. Emile, Cité St. Laurent, the Bois Rasé, and western half of Bois Hugo are captured.

AUG. 16.—**Ypres Battle Resumed.**—British attack on a front of over nine miles north of Ypres-Menin road, capture their first objectives, and carry the village of Langemarck. Our troops fight their way forward for a distance of half a mile beyond the village. Over 1,800 prisoners taken. French troops advance on the left and capture bridgehead of Drie Graschten.

Destroyer action in German Bight, in which German destroyer and two mine-sweepers are badly damaged.

AUG. 17.—Sir Douglas Haig reports further gain of ground west of Lens. The total prisoners taken in this area are 1,120.

AUG. 18.—**New Italian Offensive.**—Our ally reports artillery activity from Monte Nero (Upper Isonzo) to the sea.

AUG. 19.—British capture German trenches near Gillemont Farm, south-east of Epéhy, and advance line to depth of five hundred

1917

yards on a mile front in neighbourhood of Ypres-Poelcapelle road. Reported that prisoners taken in Ypres fighting of August 16 total 2,114.

Italian Advance on the Carso.—Italian infantry carry whole of first Austrian line east of the Isonzo from Plava to the sea, a front of twenty-five miles, largely across the Carso; 7,600 prisoners taken. Farther north the Italians cross to left bank of Isonzo, near Anhovo.

AUG. 20.—**Great French Victory at Verdun.**—Attacking on both banks of the Meuse, the French carry enemy's defences on a front of eleven miles to a depth which exceeds at certain points one and a quarter miles. On left bank, Avocourt Wood, two summits of the Mort Homme, Corbeaux Wood, and Cumières Wood are taken; on the right bank the Hill of Talou, Champneuville, Hills 344 and 240, Mormont Farm are occupied. More than 4,000 unwounded prisoners taken.

Italian offensive on the Isonzo continued; over 10,000 prisoners to date.

AUG. 21.—Canadians attack west and north-west of Lens and capture enemy's positions on a front of 2,000 yards.

The French continue their advance at Verdun, taking the Hill of Oie and Regneville; they also storm the village of Samogneux. Prisoners exceed 6,000.

Zeppelin raid on coast of Yorkshire.

Italians continue offensive along their whole front.

Germans commence offensive against Russian front twenty miles west of Riga, and Russian advanced posts retire between River Aa and the Tirul Marsh.

AUG. 22.—Heavy fighting at Ypres.—Sir Douglas Haig reports that near the Ypres-Menin road the British line is carried forward about five hundred yards on a front of about a mile, and our troops establish themselves in western part of Inverness Copse.

Air Raid on Kent Coast.—A squadron of aeroplanes of the Gotha type raid Kent coast, dropping bombs on Ramsgate, Margate, and Dover; casualties, eleven killed and twenty-six injured. Three enemy machines destroyed, while in fighting at sea five enemy scouts are driven down.

Italians progress on the left wing. Prisoners exceed 16,000.

AUG. 23.—All-day fight for stronghold south of Lens, known as the "Green Crassier." Canadians gain a footing in it and hold it against counter-attacks.

The French report their total prisoners at Verdun since August 20th are 7,640.

Russians retire on the Riga front.

AUG. 24.—**Italians take Monte Santo.**—The Italian Second Army breaks through enemy's positions on the Bainsizza Plateau, just to north of Monte Santo, and, as the result, the important height falls into our ally's hands. Prisoners to date, 600 officers and 23,000 men.

French take Hill 302 and Camard Wood, and advance north of Verdun to a depth of one and a quarter miles.

AUG. 25.—First lists published of two new Orders—the Order of the British Empire and the Order of the Companions of Honour.

French report 8,100 prisoners captured in Verdun fighting.

AUG. 26.—British attack and capture enemy's positions east of Hargicourt (north-west of St. Quentin) on a front of over a mile.

French attack on right bank of Meuse between Mormont Farm and the Chaume Wood, and carry German defence line on a front of two and a half miles and to a depth of 1,100 yards, capturing Fosses Wood and Beaumont Wood.

The Italian advance continues in spite of enemy's stubborn resistance. Our ally crosses the Chiapovano Valley.

AUG. 27.—British attack enemy's position east and south-east of

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Langemarck, and advance their line on a front of over 2,000 yards astride the St. Julien-Poelcapelle road.

AUG. 28.—South-east of Langemarck British troops clear up a strong point in front of our new line.

Italians continue the fight on the Bainsizza Plateau, and attack a powerful line of resistance. On the heights to the east of Gorizia they make some gains.

Russian Troops Defection in Rumania.—In the Focsani area the enemy attack in region ot Muncelul, and a Russian division abandon their positions, fleeing in disorder.

AUG. 29.—French report artillery activity on both sides in Verdun area.

AUG. 30.—On the Ypres front British advance line south-east of St. Janshoek.

AUG. 31.—French win ground north-west of Hurtebise.

SEPT. 1.—Germans force passage of the Dwina at Uxkull.

Sir Douglas Haig reports capture of 7,279 German prisoners in August fighting; also thirty-eight guns.

Skirmish off Jutland.—British light forces sink four German mine-sweeping vessels off Jutland.

SEPT. 2.—**Air Raid on Kent.**—Hostile aeroplanes cross the East Kent coast at about 11.15 p.m. and fly seawards a few minutes later. A few bombs are dropped.

SEPT. 3.—**Germans take Riga.**

Thirty Italian aeroplanes bomb Pola.

Aeroplane raid in bright moonlight on Sheerness-Chatham district. Naval casualties, 107 killed, 86 wounded.

SEPT. 4.—**Moonlight Aeroplane Raid on London.**—Eleven killed and 62 injured.

Germans occupy Dünamünde, the citadel of Riga, and advance north-east up line of valley of the Livonian Aa.

Submarine shells Scarborough. Three killed, five injured.

Italians resume offensive on Bainsizza Plateau, and take over 1,600 prisoners. In the south of line Kostanjevica to the sea Italians retreat, but later re-establish their line.

SEPT. 5.—German air attack on French hospital near Verdun; 19 inmates killed, 26 wounded.

SEPT. 6.—British advance line of posts south-west of Lens.

SEPT. 7.—On Lens front British line of advanced posts in Avion and east of Eleu-dit-Leauvette pushed forward.

SEPT. 8.—**New Verdun Battle.**—French attack on a front on the heights to the east of the Meuse, between the Fosses, Caurières, and Chaume Wood. The whole of the Chaume Wood is captured. The number of prisoners taken by the French is 800.

Crisis in Russia.—General Korniloff demands a military dictatorship; M. Kerensky dismisses him and proclaims him a traitor.

SEPT. 9.—Germans launch violent counter-attack in sector Fosses Wood-Caurières Wood, and are heavily defeated. Enemy repulsed on both sides of Hill 344.

Northumberland troops capture 600 yards of German trench south-east of Hargicourt.

Sweden Compromised.—Announced from United States that the German diplomatic agent in Argentina has been allowed the medium of the Swedish Legation at Buenos Aires for transmitting messages to Berlin dealing with sailing of Argentine ships and attacks by German submarines.

SEPT. 10.—French report they have consolidated their gains of September 8 in Fosses-Caurières sector.

SEPT. 11.—Near Villeret, south of the Bapaume-Cambrai road, Northumberland troops take 400 yards of German trench.

Austrians, after violent bombardment, launch infantry attacks on slopes of Monte San Gabriele, but are defeated.

SEPT. 12.—**M. Kerensky Assumes the Chief Command of Russian Armies.**

Argentina hands passports to Count Luxburg, the German Chargé d'Affaires in Buenos Aires.

French Balkan Advance.—French carry by surprise the village of Pogradec, on south-west bank of Lake Ochrida.

SEPT. 13.—Germans attack British positions at Langemarck after heavy bombardment, but are repulsed with severe loss.

Russian successes reported from Riga front (south of Riga-Venden road) and on Rumanian front south of Radutz.

General Alexeieff appointed Chief of Staff to M. Kerensky.

Announced from Balkan area that in the region of the lakes French troops reach Mumulista and Hill 1,704.

SEPT. 14.—British progress north-east of St. Julien.

General Korniloff surrenders to General Alexeieff.

SEPT. 15.—**Russia Proclaimed a Republic.**—M. Kerensky establishes new War Cabinet of five Ministers.

A London regiment captures a German strong point north of Inverness Copse, and Durham troops raid enemy's trenches west of Cherisy (south-east of Arras).

Italians gain ground on south-east of Bainsizza Plateau.

SEPT. 16.—Enemy counter-attacks north of Inverness Copse repulsed, also attempt to advance north of Langemarck after heavy bombardment. Successful British raids on Arras front and between Cambrai and St. Quentin.

French bomb Stuttgart and Colmar.

SEPT. 17.—Germans fail in attempting raid on British trenches south of Lombartzyde.

Rumanians attack in valley of the Susitza, and occupy a sector of enemy's fortified positions in region of Varnitza.

SEPT. 18.—Troops of the York and Lancaster Regiment raid German positions in Inverness Copse.

SEPT. 19.—Germans gain footing in salient near Froidement Farm, on the Aisne front, but are soon thrown out.

SEPT. 20.—**Menin Road Battle.**—Great British offensive launched east of Ypres on an eight-mile front athwart the Ypres-Menin Road. Among the objectives carried were: Inverness Copse, Glencorse Wood, Potsdam, Vampire, Iberian, and Borry Farms, and the strong point known as Gallipoli. North-country and Australian battalions penetrate German positions to depth of over a mile and capture Veldhoek and western portion of Polygon Wood. Farther north Zevenkok is captured.

Germans capture Jacobstadt and pierce the Dwina front.

SEPT. 21.—Continuous obstinate enemy attacks on the Ypres-Menin Road area break down with heavy losses.

Germany and Austria return vague replies to the Pope's peace Note.

Announcement of resignation of General Alexeieff as Chief of Staff owing to differences with M. Kerensky.

SEPT. 22.—**Menin Road Battle.**—Three strong enemy counter-attacks north of Tower Hamlets completely repulsed.

SEPT. 23.—British destroyer reported sunk by German submarine in Channel; 50 survivors.

Lieutenant Voss among enemy's aerial casualties in Menin Road Battle, in which, 20th-23rd, the British took 3,243 prisoners, including 80 officers.

SEPT. 24.—**Gotha moonlight raids** on English coast and London; 15 killed, 70 injured.

SEPT. 25.—Airship raid in the early morning over Lincolnshire and Yorkshire coasts; three persons slightly injured.

Another moonlight Gotha raid on Kent and Essex coast and south-east outskirts of London; 7 killed, 25 injured.

Powerful enemy counter-attack east of Ypres; British line penetrated at two points, but the line re-established on the whole area attacked.

Announced that both Argentine Houses of Parliament have declared for severing relations with Germany.

SEPT. 26.—**Renewed Offensive East of Ypres.**—Delivered on a six-mile front from south of the Menin Road to east of St. Julien. The capture of the Tower Hamlets spur completed by English troops; Australians clear the remainder of Polygon Wood and take a trench system to the east of it. English, Scottish, and Welsh battalions penetrate the German defences to the depth of nearly a mile and storm Zonnebeke, while North Midland and London Territorials capture their objectives on the left of the attack. Counter-attacks beaten back, and prisoners taken, including 48 officers.

Announced that Peru has sent ultimatum to Germany.

Russian destroyer Okhotnik mined.

SEPT. 27.—British naval aircraft carry out a bombing raid on St. Denis Westrem Aerodrome, direct hits being observed on fifteen Gotha machines lined up there.

The Republic of Costa Rica has broken off diplomatic relations with Germany.

British improve their positions south of Polygon Wood.

SEPT. 28.—German aeroplanes attack South-East Coast of England, but are driven off.

Great Victory on the Euphrates.—General Maude, in a brilliant manœuvre, surprises Turks at Ramadie, and an all-day battle ensues, as the result of which British troops carry enemy's main positions, and completely encircle him.

SEPT. 29.—**Surrender of Turkish Commander.**—At daybreak General Maude's troops resume attack at Ramadie, and by nine a.m. the enemy surrenders everywhere. Comprised in the capture are guns, arms, ammunition, and several thousand prisoners, including Ahmed Bey, the Turkish Commander, and his Staff.

Italian storming company carry some of the high ground south of Podlaka and south-east of Madoni, on the south-eastern edge of the Bainsizza Plateau.

Moonlight air raid on London and coasts of Kent and Essex; 11 killed, 82 injured.

SEPT. 30.—Another moonlight air raid on London. About ten penetrate the outer defences, and four or five get to London. Bombs are dropped in London, Kent, and Essex; 9 killed, 42 injured.

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Enemy repulsed near Ypres. Germans heavily bombard British positions between Tower Hamlets and Polygon Wood, and launch three attacks, all repulsed with loss; the first attack south of the Reutelbeek, the second and third astride the Ypres-Menin Road. In the second attack the Germans succeed in driving in one of our advanced posts.

Oct. 1.—Powerful German counter-attacks against the new British positions from the Ypres-Menin road to Polygon Wood repulsed, except opposite the south-east corner of Polygon Wood, where the enemy occupies two of our advanced posts.

Sir Douglas Haig reports 5,296 German prisoners taken during September.

British airmen bomb Gontrode Aerodrome.

Moonlight aeroplane raid on London and South-East Coast; 10 killed, 38 injured.

Severe fighting on Lindi-Masasi road and in the Mbemkuru Valley, German East Africa.

French airmen bomb Stuttgart, Treves, Coblenz, and Frankfort, as reprisals for German air attacks on Dunkirk and Bar-le-Duc.

Oct. 2.—German attacks on British front east of Ypres repulsed.

H.M.S. Drake torpedoed.

French airmen bomb Baden as reprisal for bombardment of Bar-le-Duc.

Oct. 3.—Further German attacks east of Ypres repulsed.

Sir Auckland Geddes, Minister of National Service, in a speech at Edinburgh, makes important statement on National Service.

Oct. 4.—**Battle of Broodseinde Ridge.**—British attack on eight-mile front from railway north of Langemarck to Tower Hamlets Ridge, on Ypres-Menin road. All objectives gained, including main ridge up to a point 1,000 yards north of Broodseinde. Over 3,000 prisoners captured.

General Smuts indicates coming air reprisals on Germany.

Oct. 5.—Sir Douglas Haig reports 4,446 prisoners since morning of October 4th.

British engage retreating enemy in Mbemkuru Valley, German East Africa.

Oct. 6.—Enemy's artillery fire directed mainly against British new positions on the ridge from Broodseinde southwards.

Peru and Uruguay break diplomatic relations with Germany.

Oct. 7.—German attack east of Polygon Wood beaten off.

War Office announces General Maude's captures at Ramadie are: Prisoners, 3,455; guns, 13; rifles, 1,061; and large supplies of ammunition.

Oct. 8.—M. Kerensky forms new Coalition Cabinet.

Oct. 9.—**Franco-British Success East of Ypres.**—British, in conjunction with French on their left, attack on a wide front, between Passchendaele Ridge and Houthulst Forest, and establish new line on southern fringe of Houthulst Forest. On right wing Australian troops move forward over the crest of ridge at Broodseinde. Lancashire Territorials on their left advance a mile northwards along the ridge towards Passchendaele. More than 1,000 prisoners taken.

Death of Sultan of Egypt.

Belgian troops capture Mahenge, German East Africa.

Admiral von Capelle announces mutiny in the German Navy, and accuses Independent Socialists of being privy to the revolt.

Oct. 10.—Sir Douglas Haig reports 2,038 prisoners taken on October 9th, and that British troops fell back slightly between Poelcappelle and Wallemolen.

Oct. 11.—Announced all commercial cable communications with Holland interrupted by order of British Government until Netherlands Government stops the transit of sand, gravel, and scrap metals through Holland from Germany to Belgium.

British occupy Ruponda, German East Africa.

Oct. 12.—British attack on six-mile front, along the Passchendaele Ridge across the swamps to north-east as far as the fringe of Houthulst Forest. Fighting is severe west of Passchendaele and on main ridge itself south of that village. Owing to heavy rain, progress is stopped. A large number of strong positions captured, with 943 prisoners.

Military Air Service Changes.—Major-Gen. J. M. Salmond becomes Director-General of Military Aeronautics in place of Sir David Henderson, who is deputed to undertake special work. Major-General Brancker, Deputy-Director of Military Aeronautics, is appointed to a command abroad.

New Threat to Russia.—German troops occupy greater part of the island of Oesel, guarding entrance to Gulf of Riga. German Dreadnought reported mined.

Oct. 13.—British naval airman shoots down enemy machine over Ostend.

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Oct. 14.—Eastern County troops raid enemy's trenches south-east of Monchy-le-Preux.

The Capture of Oesel.—Announced that German divisions which landed on the north-west coast of Oesel Island have taken Arensburg and cut off some Russian forces on Svorbe Peninsula.

Oct. 15.—Announced mine-sweeping sloop Begonia (Lieut.-Com. Basil S. Noake, R.N.) must be considered as lost with all hands; also that armed mercantile cruiser Champagne (Acting-Captain Percy G. Brown, R.N.) torpedoed and sunk. Five officers and 51 men lost.

Oct. 16.—Germans announce that they have taken 3,500 prisoners and 30 guns in Oesel Island. Part of Russian garrison escapes to Moon Island.

German air raid on Nancy; 10 persons killed, 40 wounded.

Oct. 17.—Announced that whole of Oesel is now in German occupation, also Moon Island.

General Headquarters in France reports British aeroplanes raided Saarbrücken, some 40 miles beyond the German frontier, and a factory set on fire.

U.S. transport Antilles torpedoed; 67 lost.

Gulf of Riga Battle.—Announced a big German squadron forced the Irben Strait and drove the Russian ships north towards Moon Sound. The guns of the German Dreadnoughts outranged those of the Russian warships, and sank the battleship Slava.

British occupy Nyangao, German East Africa.

German Raid on a Convoy.—Two British destroyers, Mary Rose and Strongbow, convoying twelve Scandinavian merchantmen, are sunk with nine of the escorted vessels in the North Sea by two very fast German raiders.

Oct. 18.—Announced that Germans have occupied the island of Dago.

Oct. 19.—**Zeppelin Raid on Eastern and North-Eastern Counties.**—Bombs are dropped in London area. Casualties in all districts: Killed, 34; injured, 56.

United States Government issues statement which says no supplies from U.S.A. are to be sent to Holland or Scandinavian countries unless their Governments conform to certain requirements.

Oct. 20.—**Disaster to Zeppelins.**—Many of the German airships raiding England on October 19th drift over to France. One is shot down near Lunéville, a second is captured intact near Belfort, while two others come down in the Basses-Alpes and are destroyed by their crews.

Oct. 21.—British aeroplanes bomb foundry and railway junction ten miles north-west of Saarbrücken.

Germans begin to land on the Verder Peninsula, in Esthonia.

Russian naval communiqué states that a British submarine took part in the fighting in Gulf of Riga, torpedoed a German Dreadnought and sank transport.

Oct. 22.—Franco-British advance. French and British troops advance on either side of the Ypres-Staden railway, north-east of Ypres. All objectives taken, and other valuable positions taken south-east of Poelcappelle. The southern defences of Houthulst Forest captured.

Oct. 23.—**French Advance on Laon.**—Attacking on a front of six miles from Vauxaillon district to La Royère, the French capture Allemant, Vaudesson, Chavignon, and Malmaison Fort, drive enemy down slopes towards the Ailette, taking over 8,000 prisoners with 25 guns.

Germans on Italian front. Strong forces of Austrians and Germans attack the Italians on the Upper Isonzo.

Germans admit withdrawal of their troops between Gulf of Riga and Dwina.

Oct. 24.—**German Blow on Isonzo.**—Austro-German troops break through Italian advanced lines on left bank of the Isonzo between Plezzo and Tolmino. Germans claim 10,000 prisoners.

British air raid on Saarbrücken.

Oct. 25.—French advance on the Aisne. Germans continue retreat north of Aisne, and French troops advancing reach banks of Oise-Aisne Canal, the village and the Forest of Pinon, village of Pargny-Filain, and farms of St. Martin and Chapelle Ste. Berthe being occupied. Over 11,000 prisoners and 120 guns taken since October 23rd.

Italians in Retreat.—By sheer weight of numbers the enemy, on a twenty miles front, from the Plezzo Basin to Tolmino, compel our Allies to fall back. Over 30,000 Italian prisoners taken.

Oct. 26.—North of the Aisne French capture Filain and reach farther edge of the plateau to north of Chevrigny spur.

British and French armies launch new attacks on Ypres battle-front. Main operations are carried out by British

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and Canadian regiments north of Ypres-Roulers railway. Canadian battalions establish themselves on rising ground south of Passchendaele.

Italian Ministry, under Signor Boselli, has fallen.

Oct. 27.—Grave Italian reverse. Enemy crosses boundary line between Mt. Canin and head of the Judrio Valley.

Six British and French destroyers meet and attack three German destroyers and 17 aeroplanes off the Belgian coast.

Oct. 28.—**Fall of Gorizia.**—Austro-Germans break through the Italian line of defence, debouch from the Friulian passes, and reach and set fire to Cividale. Gorizia is taken by Austro-Hungarian divisions. Enemy claim 100,000 prisoners and 700 guns.

French troops advance on both sides of Bixschoote-Dixmude road and capture Luyghem.

Brazilian Parliament declares war on Germany.

Oct. 29.—**Fall of Udine to the enemy.**

Verder Peninsula, north corner of Gulf of Riga, evacuated by Germans

Signor Orlando accepts King of Italy's request to form a Ministry.

Parliament passes resolutions of thanks to the fighting forces of the Empire.

Oct. 30.—British launch new thrust on the Passchendaele Ridge.

Oct. 31.—Hostile aeroplane crosses Kentish coast at 4.30 a.m. and is driven off.

Aeroplane raid by moonlight on London and South-East Coast; 8 killed, 21 injured.

Italians fall back to the Tagliamento.

British capture Beersheba.

Nov. 1.—Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the Admiralty, in his maiden speech in the House of Commons, makes important statement on the naval position.

Count Hertling accepts the German Chancellorship.

The Italian Armies of the East are withdrawn behind the Tagliamento.

British capture Turkish first-line defences at Gaza.

Nov. 2.—**German retreat on the Aisne** as result of French victory at Malmaison, abandoning the Chemin des Dames on a front of 12½ miles from Froidmont Farm as far as a point east of Craonne. French troops reach the southern bank of the Ailette.

Austro-Germans reach eastern bank of the Tagliamento.

British Naval Success in the Kattegat.—Our forces operating in the Kattegat destroy a German auxiliary cruiser and ten armed patrol craft; 64 prisoners taken.

Nov. 3.—**American Troops Killed in Action.**—As the result of a German raid on French front three American soldiers are killed, five wounded, and twelve captured.

Nov. 4.—German pressure increases on left of Italian Army on the Tagliamento. Enemy attacks west of Lake Garda repulsed.

British naval forces destroy an enemy electrically-controlled high-speed boat that attacked them off Belgian coast.

Nov. 5.—**Enemy cross the Tagliamento.**

Announced Mr. Lloyd George and French Premier are in Italy, also General Smuts, Sir William Robertson, General Foch, and other allied military advisers.

General Allenby reports operations against Gaza continuing; 2,636 prisoners to date.

General Maude routs Turks at Tekrit, on the Tigris, and occupies the town.

Nov. 6.—Austro-German troops win the passage of the Middle Tagliamento, and Italians fall back to the west towards the lines of the Livenza and Piave.

Canadian troops take village of Passchendaele.

Nov. 7.—**British capture Gaza.**

Enemy cross the Livenza, and are pursuing Italians towards the line of the Piave.

Nov. 8.—**Coup d'Etat in Petrograd.**—The Extreme wing of the Petrograd Soviet, under leadership of pacifist agitator Lenin, announces that it has deposed the Provisional Government of M. Kerensky. Latter is said to have fled, and an order for his arrest issued. Extremists issue proclamation for an immediate peace.

British retire from Tekrit according to plan.

Nov. 9.—Whole of Turkish Army defeated at Gaza and Beersheba in retreat, harassed by Sir E. Allenby's force, which occupies Ascalon.

Western Allies' Council.—A Supreme Political Council of the Allies for the whole of the western front is created, to be assisted by a permanent central military committee. The following are members of this committee: General Foch (France), General Cadorna (Italy), and General Sir Henry Wilson (Great Britain).

General Diaz Italian Commander-in-Chief.

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Nov. 10.—Enemy advance from the Trentino down the Val Sugana and take Asiago.

British and Canadian troops attack on a front of over a mile on both sides of the Passchendaele-Westroosebeke road. Germans succeed in regaining some of the more advanced of the positions gained by British.

Nov. 11.—Total prisoners captured in Palestine to date are 5,894.

Nov. 12.—Turks reported organising a position behind the northern branch of the Wady Sukereir, guarding road to Jerusalem. British make progress towards El Tineh.

War Office reports rapid progress in East Africa; Ndonda Mission Station and Chikukwe have been occupied, and main force of the enemy is hard pressed.

Mr. Lloyd George delivers grave speech in Paris on failure of Allies to secure unity of strategical direction.

Enemy across the Piave. Austro-Germans establish a bridgehead across the Lower Piave twenty miles north-east of Venice. Italians give up Fonzaso.

Nov. 13.—The supporters of Lenin report that the Revolutionary Army (Russia) has defeated the "counter-Revolutionary forces of Kerensky and Korniloff."

French Premier announces British front in France is to be extended.

Victory in Palestine. General Allenby's troops carry enemy's positions "with magnificent dash" on the Wady Sukereir, the mounted division taking 1,100 prisoners. Enemy retreat to the Wady Surar, eight miles south of Jaffa. Total prisoners over 1,500, and 20 machine-guns.

Nov. 14.—British destroyer and a small monitor sunk by enemy submarine while co-operating with the Army in Palestine.

French Cabinet resigns.

Enemy repulsed on the section of the Italian line Meletta Davanti-Monte Fior-Monte Castelgoberto. On the Lower Piave fresh enemy attempts to effect a crossing are frustrated.

Jerusalem Railway Reached.—General Allenby reports infantry and mounted troops hold the railway line in vicinity of Naaneh and Mansurah, including the junction of Beersheba-Damascus Railway with the line to Jerusalem.

Nov. 15.—M. Clemenceau (France) accepts the task of forming a Cabinet.

British Captures.—Announced in Parliament that since beginning of the war the British Armies have captured on all fronts about 166,000 prisoners and over 800 guns. Territory conquered in all theatres is about 128,000 square miles.

General Allenby's troops three miles south of Jaffa. Announced total prisoners since October 31st exceed 9,000.

Nov. 16.—British widen the salient on ridge at Passchendaele.

Austro-Germans advancing on both sides of the Brenta reach Cismon.

Lord Cowdray resigns Air Ministry.

M. Clemenceau, Prime Minister of France, forms a Ministry.

Nov. 17.—Italians report severe check to enemy, who had effected a lodgment on west bank of Lower Piave. Germans claim to have stormed Monte Prassolan.

Jaffa (Joppa) occupied by British.

Naval Fight in the Eight.—British light cruisers chase those of enemy to within 30 miles of Heligoland. A German patrol vessel is sunk, one light cruiser set on fire, a heavy explosion occurs in another, while a third cruiser is seen to drop behind. British sustain no losses in ships.

Nov. 18.—British occupy Beit-ur-el-Tahta (12 miles N.W. of Jerusalem).

Enemy forces strike hard between the Brenta and the Piave. Near latter they storm Quero and Monte Cornella.

Sir Stanley Maude dies at Bagdad.

Nov. 19.—French success in region of Chaume Wood.

Austrians claim to have stormed bridgehead of Feras (12 miles north of Valona).

British forces in Palestine capture Kuryet-el-Enab and Beit Likia.

United States destroyer Chauncey sunk in collision.

Nov. 20.—**Great Battle for Cambrai.**—The Third British Army, under General Byng, smashes the Hindenburg Line on a front of 10 miles between Arras and St. Quentin, and advances four to five miles. This blow, which surprised the enemy, is carried out without artillery preparation, a large number of "tanks" cutting passages through the belts of German wire. North and south of the main advance are secondary thrusts. Among the places captured are: La Vacquerie, Flesquières, Marcoing, Neuf Wood, Havrincourt, Graincourt, and Anneux.

Nov. 21.—**General Byng's Great Victory.**—Important progress is made west and south-west of Cambrai. North-east of Masnières, British capture enemy's double line of trenches

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on east bank of the Canal de l'Escaut. Noyelles de l'Escaut, Cantaing, Fontaine Notre Dame, and Mœuvres are captured. The number of prisoners to date exceeds 8,000.

Nov. 22.—British consolidate their big gains in Battle of Cambrai. Fontaine Notre Dame is retaken by the enemy. Prisoners now total over 9,000.

Germany declares the intention of widening the zone barred to shipping. It is extended around the British Isles, mainly to the west; a new zone cutting off the Azores is designated.

British capture Jabir, in the hinterland of Aden.

Nov. 23.—**Sir Julian Byng promoted to rank of General,** in recognition of distinguished service in Battle of Cambrai.

Battle for Cambrai. Severe fighting takes place at the storming of the important and dominating high ground about Bourlon Wood. The London Scottish capture an important spur between Mœuvres and Quéant.

Nov. 24.—Announced General Plumer in command of British Forces in Italy, and that Lieut.-Gen. Sir R. W. Marshall is in command in Mesopotamia.

Powerful German attack presses British back a short distance on the hill in Bourlon Wood. Later our troops counter-attack and re-establish our line on northern edge of wood. British re-capture Bourlon village.

Nov. 25.—**Continued Fighting at Bourlon.**—Enemy succeeds in pressing back British from portions of Bourlon village. Our positions in the wood and on the high ground are intact. Announced 9,774 prisoners taken by British since morning of November 20th.

French carry German first and second lines between Samogneux and region of Anglemont Farm.

Nov. 26.—General Allenby's mounted troops capture positions three miles and a half to the west of Jerusalem. British advanced patrols which crossed the River Auja, four miles to the north of Jaffa, compelled to retreat to south bank.

Lord Rothermere appointed President of the Air Council.

French reduce an enemy strong point north of Hill 344, and make certain of their gains obtained on November 25th.

Nov. 27.—Severe fighting around Bourlon.

Colonel Tafel, commander of a German force—that from Mahenge—surrenders unconditionally to British in East Africa. It numbered over 3,500.

British Guards clear Fontaine Notre Dame, but are counter-attacked by two German divisions and fall back.

Nov. 28.—Enemy artillery active east of Ypres.

Nov. 29.—British advance slightly west of Bourlon Wood.

First meeting of Inter-Allied Conference at Paris.

Announced Germany prepared to treat for peace with Russian Extremists.

Nov. 30.—Great German attacks on British on the Cambrai front.

Dec. 1.—**British retake village of Gonnelieu** and St. Quentin Spur, but retire from Masnières salient.

Sir Douglas Haig reports 11,551 German prisoners taken during November.

Intense artillery duel from Asiago Plateau to Lower Piave.

German East Africa reported by General Van Deventer completely cleared of the enemy.

Dec. 2.—British capture strong points on main ridge north of Passchendaele.

Dec. 3.—British line slightly withdrawn at La Vacquerie and East of Marcoing.

Turks driven out of positions north of Deli Abbas.

Dec. 4.—President Wilson recommends to Congress declaration of war against Austria-Hungary.

Reported General Dukhonin, Russian Commander-in-Chief appointed by Kerensky, has been murdered.

British capture Sakaltutan Pass on Deli Abbas-Kifri road.

Enemy attack in salient from Mt. Sisemol towards the Brenta, and Italians yield some forward positions.

Dec. 5.—**Two British Air Raids into Germany.**—The large railway junction and sidings at Zweibrücken and the works at Saarbrücken are bombed.

British evacuate Bourlon Wood.

British drive Turks out of Kara Tepe.

Enemy partially reduce salient in Italian lines north-east of Asiago, jutting north-west between Monti Sisemol and Badenecche. New lines reached in the rear of the Melette.

Dec. 6.—**Moonlight morning raid on London** and South-Eastern Counties; 7 persons killed, 22 injured.

Rumania joins Russia in armistice.

Austrians capture Mt. Sisemol.

Dec. 7.—**General Allenby occupies Hebron.**

Halifax wrecked by explosion of a munitions ship; estimated loss of life several thousands.

U.S. at war with Austria.

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Dec. 8.—French and British troops in the fighting-line in Italy.

Equador severs diplomatic relations with Germany.

Dec. 9.—Patrol encounters on the Cambrai front west of Graincourt.

Announced that, after three days' fighting in Lisbon, Portuguese Government forced to resign and Provisional Government formed under Dr. Sidonio Paes.

Jerusalem surrenders to General Allenby.

Enemy gain a bridgehead on the Piave Vecchia, but Italians regain it later.

Dec. 10.—On the Cambrai front Scottish troops carry enemy posts east of Boursies.

Panama declares war on Austria-Hungary.

Dec. 11.—British air raid into Germany over sixty miles beyond the frontier.

Cuba declares war on Austria-Hungary.

Austrians make heavy attacks against the Italian lines from the Col della Berretta in the west to the Calcina Valley in the east, but are repulsed.

Dec. 12.—**German Raid on Convoy.**—Four enemy destroyers attack convoy of five neutral vessels and a British vessel in North Sea. All six vessels are sunk, and escorting destroyer Partridge. Earlier in day two steam trawlers sunk off the Tyne by enemy destroyers.

Enemy captures small salient between Bullecourt and Quéant.

Dec. 13.—Continued fighting near Bullecourt. British capture a hostile post near Villers-Guislain.

Austrians attack outer defences of Monte Grappa, but fail.

British line extended north-east of Jerusalem.

Dec. 14.—Enemy attack on Ypres front near Polderhoek Château and enter a British front trench, but driven out.

Admiralty issues details of constitution and powers of the Naval Allied Council.

Italians compelled to give up Col Caprile.

North-east of Monte Grappa Austrians are repulsed.

French cruiser Châteaurenault torpedoed.

Dec. 15.—Further local fighting in neighbourhood of Polderhoek Château.

Twelve miles south-east of Jaffa our line is carried 1½ miles to the north-east on a five-mile front.

Russo-German armistice signed at Brest Litovsk; all hostilities to cease for one month from Dec. 17.

Recall of General Sarrail from Salonika reported, General Guillaumet announced as his successor.

Dec. 16.—Artillery active south of the Scarpe and north of Langemarck.

Italians win back positions in Col Caprile.

Dec. 17.—British capture high ground east of Abu Dis (south-east of Jerusalem) and take 117 prisoners.

British airmen bomb Roulers, Ledeghem, and Menin stations.

Dec. 18.—**Aeroplane Raid on London.**—Bombs are dropped in London district and in Kent and Essex; 10 killed, 70 injured in London; one raider brought down.

An Italian set-back; enemy attack east of the Brenta, from Col Caprile to Mt. Pertica, and is successful against the Italian right, where advantages are gained and maintained, and Mt. Asolone captured.

Area of civil war in Russia extended to the Ukraine.

Dec. 19.—Announced American submarine F1 sunk with loss of 19 lives, as result of collision with F3.

Austrian attempt to cross the Piave Vecchia stopped.

Dec. 20.—Germans capture British post east of Messines.

Dec. 21.—**Italians Recapture Monte Asolone.**

Dec. 22.—North of Jaffa British troops, with naval co-operation, adavnce north of the Nahr-el-Auja, and reach the line Sheik-el-Ballutah-el—Jelil, four miles north of the river.

Peace negotiations under presidency of Herr von Kühlmann opened between Russian Bolshevists and the Central Powers at Brest Litovsk.

Two air attacks on Kentish coast.

Three British destroyers mined or torpedoed off the Dutch coast; 193 officers and men lost.

Dec. 23.—Austrians from the Buso, in the gorge of the Franzela, to Mt. Val Bella, three miles to the south, force their way through, taking Val Bella and the Col del Rosso. Enemy claims 9,000 prisoners

Dec. 24.—**British Air Raid on Mannheim.**

Dec. 25.—**Fourth Christmas of the Great War.**

Great battle on the Asiago plateau for the passage of the Brenta continued.

Dec. 26.—German attempt on French positions in the Caurières Wood repulsed with heavy loss.

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Big Air Battle near Venice.—Twenty-five enemy machines bomb allied aviation camp. British airmen take part, and in co-operation with anti-aircraft defences bring down 11 enemy machines.

DEC. 27.—Vice-Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss becomes First Sea Lord in place of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, who receives a peerage.

Announced General Van Deventer is pursuing the Germans in Portuguese East Africa.

Text of reply of Central Powers to Russian peace proposals issued.

Enemy Attempt to Retake Jerusalem.—After repulsing determined Turkish attacks, General Allenby's troops make a successful counter-attack against the Turkish right flank, penetrating the enemy's lines to a depth of two and a half miles on a front of nine miles. Some Germans are amongst the prisoners taken. Enemy killed estimated at 1,000.

DEC. 28.—The Special Conference of the British Labour Movement held in London accepts without amendment the Memorandum on War Aims submitted jointly by the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress and the Executive Committee of the Labour Party.

British advance on the road to Jericho.

DEC. 29.—**New Advance in Palestine.**—British line is pushed forward another three miles. Bireh, nine miles north of Jerusalem, on the Shechem road, and several places east of the road occupied. Enemy transport near Bethel and other villages bombed.

Padua bombed by Austrian airmen at night.

DEC. 30.—Germans attack the British front south of Cambrai. North of La Vacquerie and south of Marcoing enemy make lodgment in two small salients. They are ejected from the more important part of the positions on Welsh Ridge.

French Army in Italy storm and hold enemy positions on front of 2,000 yards on eastern shoulders of the main Tomba Ridge, capturing 1,392 prisoners, 7 guns.

British occupy Beitin (Bethel), El Balua, and in coastal sector a patrol reaches Kuleh (12 miles east of Jaffa).

DEC. 31.—Germans renew attacks against Welsh Ridge, south of Marcoing. By using liquid fire they temporarily occupy one of our trenches. On the remainder of the front the attack is broken up by our fire and completely repulsed.

Admiralty announces H.M. mine-sweeping sloop Arbutus has foundered in very severe weather after being torpedoed. Her commander, one other officer, and seven men missing; also H.M. armed boarding-steamer Grive sunk in bad weather after being torpedoed, there being no casualties.

The number of German prisoners taken by the British during the month of December is 1,018, including 12 officers.

Announced Bolshevist and Chinese troops have been in action at Kharbin for the control of the railway. The Bolshevists surrendered, and will be transported over the Manchurian border.

Lively artillery actions in Champagne, in the region of the heights, and on the right bank of the Meuse, in the sector of Begonvaux.

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JAN. 1.—General Allenby reports further extension of his line north of Jerusalem.

Austrians abandon bridgehead at Zenson loop of Piave.

JAN. 2.—Hitch in peace negotiations between Germany and Bolshevists.

JAN. 3.—Reported that Sir George Buchanan, Ambassador at Petrograd, is returning to England.

As the result of local fighting on the Cambrai front, in the neighbourhood of the Canal du Nord, four British advanced posts are pressed back a short distance.

JAN. 4.—General Allenby reports a further advance on the part of his line north of Jerusalem for a distance of over a mile.

British airmen bomb Metz by night.

British hospital ship Rewa torpedoed.

JAN. 5.—Enemy makes strong local attack against British positions in the Hindenburg line east of Bullecourt, and temporarily occupies a sap in advance of our front trenches.

Reported Arab forces have made another raid on the Hedjaz Railway, on borders of Syria and Arabia. Farther south the Turkish garrison of an important post is captured.

Mr. Lloyd George states the British war aims in speech to Trade Union leaders.

British attack at Hatum and Jabir (Aden) and destroy defences of former.

JAN. 6.—**Day of National Intercession** and Thanksgiving.

JAN. 7.—Lord Reading appointed High Commissioner in the United States in the character of Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary on Special Mission.

Lord Northcliffe to remain in London as Chairman of London Headquarters of the British War Mission to United States.

British in East Africa defeat Germans at junction of Luvambula and Lujenda Rivers, 90 miles north-east of Fort Johnston.

JAN. 8.—East of Bullecourt the Germans attack British positions in Hindenburg line, and assisted by flame-throwers gain footing in our trenches, but are ejected in counter-attack.

President Wilson's Message to Congress on objects of a world's peace.

French carry out big raid in the St. Mihiel Wedge, penetrating German positions on a front of three-quarters of a mile, and destroy the defences.

JAN. 9.—War Office reports renewed Arab activity on Hedjaz Railway north of Maan; Turks' communications harassed.

H.M.S. Racoon (destroyer) sunk in snowstorm off North Coast of Ireland; all hands lost.

JAN. 10.—London and Rifle Regiments successfully raid at three different points trenches south-east of Ypres.

Announced America has an army of 1,500,000 in the field or in training at home or abroad.

General Nivelle to command French Army in Algeria.

JAN. 11.—**Fighting in Portuguese East Africa.**—War Office announces new campaign begun against the German forces in Portuguese East Africa under General von Lettow-Vorbeck. Three columns of British troops, acting in conjunction with the Portuguese, are in pursuit of the enemy. Contact established with enemy about 75 miles east of Lake Nyasa.

JAN. 12.—German attack on French, on the Chaume Wood front, north of Verdun repulsed.

Two British destroyers wrecked off coast of Scotland.

JAN. 13.—Peace negotiations continuing at Brest Litovsk.

Admiralty issues detailed statement of changes in the personnel of the Board and the alterations in organisation.

JAN. 14.—**British Bomb Karlsruhe.**—Our air squadrons in broad daylight carry out a most successful raid into Germany, their objective being the railway station and munitions factories at Karlsruhe, in the Rhine Valley; one and a quarter tons of bombs are dropped with excellent results.

M. Caillaux, an ex-Premier of France, arrested.

Sir Auckland Geddes, Minister of National Service, introduces new Man-Power Bill in the House of Commons.

Yarmouth bombarded from the sea at night by German torpedo-boat destroyers, about twenty-six shells falling on the town; four people killed and eight injured.

British Air Raid on Metz Area.—The steelworks of Thionville, midway between Metz and Luxemburg, are bombed at night by British air squadrons. Bombs are also dropped on two large railway junctions near Metz.

Italian troops advance to the east of Brentā Valley and straighten the line in the Asolone district.

JAN. 15.—German attack at Chaume Wood fails.

Bolshevist Government sends ultimatum to Rumania threatening war, alleging hostile acts against Russian soldiers.

JAN. 16.—Germans raid British post north-west of St. Quentin.

Austrians attack east of Capo Sile, on the Piave Vecchia, but are defeated by Italians, who take 119 prisoners.

British airmen bomb junction of Bernsdorf, 30 miles south-east of Metz.

JAN. 17.—Germans raid British post east of Epéhy.

Commodore Sir Reginald Y. Tyrwhitt promoted an Acting Rear-Admiral.

JAN. 18.—Lord Rhondda, in an important review of the food situation, says there is no fear whatever of a famine.

Russian Constituent Assembly meets, and after declaring its intention not to submit to dictation of Bolshevist minority is dissolved by Bolshevist Government.

Advance in Palestine, in neighbourhood of Durah.

Arab forces of King of the Hedjaz capture important Turkish convoy near Medina.

JAN. 19.—Enemy raid south-east of Graincourt (south of Bapaume-Cambrai road) repulsed.

JAN. 20.—**Dardanelles Sea Battle.**—British and Turkish naval forces engaged at entrance to the Dardanelles. The Goeben and Breslau, with destroyers, venture into the Mediterranean. The Breslau is mined and sunk, and the Goeben escapes badly damaged by mine, and is beached at Nagara Point, where she is attacked by British naval aircraft. The British losses are the monitor Raglan and a smaller monitor; casualties, 6 officers and 127 men killed, 27 men wounded.

British bombard Ostend from the sea.

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JAN. 21.—H.M. armed boarding steamer Louvain torpedoed in Eastern Mediterranean; loss of 224 lives.

Sir Edward Carson resigns from the War Cabinet.

War Office announces British column in contact with enemy in Portuguese East Africa; a second column based on Fort Johnston, at southern end of Lake Nyasa, has forced enemy northwards.

JAN. 22.—Germans raid British post south of St. Quentin.

First meeting of Allied Naval Council held in London.

JAN. 23.—German thrust at Nieuport. After an intense bombardment the Germans gain a footing in an advanced element of the French front line east of Nieuport town, but are immediately ejected.

New Appointments at British Headquarters Staff.—Following changes are announced: Lieut.-General Sir H. Lawrence, Chief of the General Staff; Colonel E. W. Cox, Brigadier-General, General Staff (Intelligence); Lieut. General Travers Clarke, Quartermaster-General.

JAN. 24.—Announced two German destroyers mined and sunk in North Sea.

Italians surprise an enemy advanced post at Capo Sile.

Count Hertling (the German Imperial Chancellor) and Count Czernin reply to allied war aims.

British night-flying machines raid Mannheim, Treves, Saarbrücken, and Thionville.

JAN. 25.—Germans raid British post east of Loos.

JAN. 26.—**Announced British front extended to slightly south of St. Quentin.**

Cunard liner Andania torpedoed off Ulster coast; two of the crew drowned.

JAN. 27.—**British air raid on Treves.**

The Goeben refloated.

JAN. 28.—**Moonlight air raid on London;** 58 killed and 173 injured, practically all the casualties occurring in the London area. One machine brought down in Essex.

Italians Storm Heights.—Italian infantry storm enemy's positions on the heights to the east of the Asiago Basin [Plateau], break through them at several points, and resist violent counter-offensives; 1,500 prisoners taken.

Civil war in Finland, Helsingfors captured by Red Guards and Finnish Senate overthrown.

H.M.S. Hazard, torpedo-gunboat, sunk in English Channel.

JAN. 29.—Moonlight aeroplane attacks against London by about fifteen hostile machines, but all fail to get over the metropolis, most of them being turned back by gun fire. Bombs are dropped in the south-western outskirts. Ten persons killed and 10 injured.

Italian Gains Extended.—Continuing their offensive, the Italian troops of the Plateau Zone Army capture Monte di Val Bella. To date the Italians have taken 2,600 prisoners and six guns.

JAN. 30.—**Big Strikes in Germany.**—The greatest strikes since opening of the war reported to have broken out in Germany. They have spread from Berlin to many centres.

Sittings of the Allied Conference begin at Versailles.

Further Arab successes reported near the Hedjaz Railway.

Gotha Attack on Paris.—Four squadrons of German aeroplanes heavily bomb Paris at night. Two hospitals are hit, and several buildings burned and damaged. Casualties: 49 killed, 206 wounded. One German aeroplane brought down and its occupants taken prisoner.

American Trenches Raided.—Enemy raid American position in certain section of the French front during heavy fog. Two soldiers killed and four wounded, one taken prisoner.

JAN. 31.—Announced Brazil to send naval squadron to co-operate with Allied Fleets.

Lord Rhondda states that a national system of rationing will shortly be brought into operation.

FEB. 1.—Announced that two British airmen—Lieuts. Scholtz and Wookey—who had to descend in enemy territory, have been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for dropping leaflets behind the German lines.

Mutiny of Greek troops at Lamia suppressed.

FEB. 2.—The strikes in Germany have reached their climax.

FEB. 3.—Official report of the Supreme War Council in Paris issued, in which it is stated that in view of the speeches of Count Hertling and Count Czernin, the only immediate task is the vigorous prosecution of the war. Complete agreement arrived at on policy to be pursued.

Mtarika, in Lujenda Valley, occupied by British.

FEB. 4.—Announced H.M. submarine E14 has been lost in the Dardanelles.

Announced Polish units of Russian Army have joined the revolt against the Bolshevists in Russia, and occupy town of Rogatcheff.

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British raid German positions near Poelcappelle.

FEB. 5.—Hostile artillery very active south-west of Cambrai, north of Lens, and north-east of Ypres.

U. S. Transport Sunk.—Anchor liner Tuscania, carrying American troops, torpedoed off the Irish Coast. Of 2,397 people on board, 2,235 were saved.

French air raid on Saarbrücken.

FEB. 6.—Sir Douglas Haig reports enemy artillery active near Ypres and Lens.

FEB. 7.—English troops raid a German post south-east of Quéant.

Announced General Kaledin renounces leadership of Don Cossacks in favour of General Alexeieff, and latter moving on Bolshevist forces towards Moscow.

FEB. 8.—Sir Douglas Haig reports hostile artillery active between Bullecourt and the Scarpe River.

Meat Rationing Scheme for London and the Home Counties published.

British destroyer Boxer sunk in Channel.

FEB. 9.—British night-bombing machines carry out successful raid on railway junction at Courcelles-les-Metz, south-east of Metz, nearly a ton of bombs being dropped with good results.

Central Powers sign peace with the Ukraine.

FEB. 10.—Lord Beaverbrook appointed Minister of Propaganda and Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster.

Foreign Office provisionally raises embargo on Dutch commercial cables.

Russia out of the War.—M. Trotsky states that Russia declares that the state of war with Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria is at an end, although no formal treaty of peace is signed.

Powerful raid by Australian troops against German positions south-east of Messines. Heavy casualties are inflicted on the enemy, and 37 prisoners brought back.

Ex-Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid II., dies.

FEB. 11.—President Wilson, in address to Congress, replies to speeches of Count Hertling and Count Czernin.

FEB. 12.—**British aircraft fly across the Rhine** and bomb Offenburg, in Baden.

Australian pilots fly over Dead Sea and bomb El Kutrani.

FEB. 13.—North-west of Passchendaele a German party attacks and temporarily occupies two of our posts. The enemy is subsequently ejected by our counter-attack.

Announced British line in Italy extended. It is lengthened east of the Montello Ridge along the Piave, and extends some miles east of Nervesa.

French and American Joint Thrust.—Backed by American guns, French infantry win from the Germans a dangerous salient between Tahure and the Butte de Mesnil, in Eastern Champagne, penetrating nearly a mile into the German third line. Over 150 prisoners taken.

FEB. 14.—Canadian troops successful raid in Lens district.

Bolo Pasha and his associate Cavallini condemned to death by the court-martial in Paris for high treason.

Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British Ambassador to U.S.A., on leave of absence, dies suddenly at Ottawa.

North-east of Jerusalem British troops advance on a front of six miles on either side of the village of Mukhmas, east of Jerusalem-Shechem road, to an average depth of two miles.

FEB. 15.—**Destroyer Raid in the Dover Strait.**—One British trawler and seven drifters while hunting a submarine in the Strait of Dover are attacked and sunk by a flotilla of large German destroyers.

FEB. 16.—German submarine bombards Dover; one child killed, seven persons injured.

Air Raid on London by Night.—Half a dozen aeroplanes attack London, but all of them turned back except one. Total casualties: 11 killed, 4 injured. Later in evening an aeroplane attack on Dover is driven off. One enemy machine after being attacked is seen to plunge into the sea.

Sir William Robertson resigns as Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and is succeeded by Sir Henry Wilson.

FEB. 17.—**Air Raid on London.**—Bombs are dropped in the capital; 19 killed, 34 injured.

FEB. 18.—End of Russian armistice; war resumed after noon. A German army crosses the Dwina, and a second starts into the Ukraine. Dvinsk and Lutsk occupied.

Attempted air raid on London. Enemy aeroplanes fail to penetrate the defences of the capital.

Sir William Robertson accepts the Eastern (Home) Command.

British air raid on Treves and Thionville.

Russia Sues for Peace—Lenin and Trotsky send message to German Government to the effect that in the circumstances they are forced to declare their willingness to sign peace upon the conditions dictated.

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FEB. 19.—General Kaledin, until recently leader of Don Cossacks, reported to have committed suicide.

Announced Treves attacked by British bombing squadrons three times within 36 hours—twice by day and once by night.

Advance towards Jericho.—General Allenby's troops advance to the attack on a frontage of 15 miles east of Jerusalem, and secure all objectives.

FEB. 20.—French carry out a big raid in Lorraine, to the north of Bures and to the east of Moncel; 525 prisoners taken.

Advance on the Euphrates.—British troops occupy Khan Abu Rayat, 14 miles from Ramadie, and our patrols advance to within ten miles of Hit.

German armies reported advancing into the heart of Russia, from Riga to Volhynia. They have captured 2,500 prisoners and several hundred guns.

Italian air raid on Innsbruck.

Austria-Hungary and the Ukraine sign an agreement by which the Kholm district of Poland will not necessarily be included in the Ukraine Republic.

General Allenby's forces within four miles of Jericho, on the edge of the Jordan Valley. At same date British troops to north of Jerusalem advance on the Shechem road.

FEB. 21.—German armies reported marching forward towards Reval, Petrograd, Moscow, and Kieff, taking thousands of prisoners, guns, and other war material.

Announced British line extended from St. Quentin to La Fère.

Fall of Jericho.—General Allenby announces that Australian mounted troops enter the village at 8.20 a.m., subsequently establishing themselves on the line of Jordan and the Wady Auja.

FEB. 22.—Scottish troops carry out a successful raid in the neighbourhood of Monchy-le-Preux.

British Airmen's Fine Record.—Air Ministry issues a return showing that between December 1, 1917, and February 19, 1918, British airmen carried out 36 raids into Germany and dropped 22 tons of bombs.

German ultimatum presented to the Leninites.

FEB. 23.—Germans attempt raid near Broodseinde, but are repulsed, 15 prisoners being captured by us.

FEB. 24.—**The Russian Surrender.**—Russia accepts Germany's terms, conditions of which are territorial, military, and economic. In doing so she abandons territories amounting to nearly one-quarter of the total area of European Russia, together with about one-third of its total population.

Trebizond falls to Turkish troops.

It is announced from Germany that the auxiliary cruiser Wolf has returned home after a voyage of fifteen months. The British Admiralty issues a list of eleven vessels, being posted as missing, which are presumed to have been sunk by the Wolf in the Indian and Pacific Oceans.

FEB. 25.—Rationing scheme for meat, butter, and margarine in London and Home Counties begins.

German troops occupy Reval and Pskoff.

Count Hertling's speech in Reichstag on war aims.

FEB. 26.—**Hospital ship Glenart Castle torpedoed** and sunk in Bristol Channel, 153 persons missing. She was outward bound and there were no patients on board.

British reach Rujm el Bahr, at north end of the Dead Sea.

Grave damage done to Venice by Gotha raid.

FEB. 27.—German attempts to reach new French positions south-west of the Butte du Mesnil stopped by French artillery fire.

FEB. 28.—Japan proposes to other Powers at war with Germany joint military operations in Siberia to save supplies and stores at Vladivostok.

MAR. 1.—Announced Austro-Hungarian troops march into the Ukraine after an appeal by the Ukraine Government.

To the south-west of the Butte du Mesnil the Germans succeed in regaining a footing in a part of the positions captured by the French on Feb. 13.

Announced that a German gas attack on American troops results in 66 casualties.

H.M. armed mercantile cruiser Calgarian torpedoed and sunk; 48 lives lost.

MAR. 2.—**Peace signed between Russia and Central Powers at Brest Litovsk.**

British Palestine advance is now half-way to Shechem.

Rumania to accept the conditions of the Central Powers.

MAR. 3.—British naval aircraft bomb seaplane sheds at Ostend.

Reported that Germans capture Kieff.

MAR. 4.—Sir Douglas Haig's despatch on Battle of Cambrai published.

Announced that fighting has taken place on Trans-Siberian Railway between Cossack and Bolshevist troops.

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MAR. 5.—Sir Eric Geddes, in statement on Navy Estimates in Commons, refers in gravest terms to falling off in ship-building in this country.

Penal Terms to Rumania.—A preliminary treaty of peace between Rumania and the Central Powers signed; among territorial losses imposed on Rumania is the cession of the whole of the Dobruja.

Germans take some Belgian posts north of Pervyse, but the Belgians counter-attack and take over 100 prisoners.

MAR. 6.—British raid enemy's trenches east of Bullecourt.

MAR. 7.—**Moonless air raid on London;** 20 killed, 45 injured.

Germany and Finland sign a treaty of peace.

MAR. 8.—Houthulst Forest Fighting.—South of the forest enemy attack on a front of a mile, and by using liquid flame compel our troops to fall back on the left. Later Yorkshire infantry not only take back ground, but drive enemy 300 yards behind original line.

Stiff fighting from Polderhoek Château to the south, the German attack being broken by King's Royal Rifle Corps.

Gotha raid on Paris; 13 killed, 50 injured.

MAR. 9.—General Allenby's troops on west of Jordan Valley continue their march northwards. North of Jericho they force passage of Wady Auja, and in centre overcome difficult mountain barrier culminating in height of Tel Asur.

British occupy Hit.

Daylight raid on Mainz by British airmen.

MAR. 10.—British raid on Stuttgart, when the Daimler motor works are attacked.

In Palestine British continue advance to Shechem, gaining ridges overlooking north bank of Wady el Jib.

Hospital ship Guildford Castle, homeward bound from East Africa, attacked by submarine near Lundy Island; she is hit, but manages to reach port.

MAR. 11.—**Austrian air raid on Naples;** 16 killed, 40 injured.

Air raid on Paris by several squadrons of Gothas; 70 killed, 71 injured. In addition 66 persons are killed in a panic rush for shelters on the Metropolitan Railway. Four enemy machines brought down.

MAR. 12.—Fighting against Bolshevists at Blagovestchensk (on Manchurian frontier), in which Japanese and Chinese Volunteers take part.

Zeppelin raid on Yorkshire coast; four bombs dropped on Hull, where a woman dies of shock.

British air raid into Germany.—Our airmen bomb factories and barracks at Coblenz, on the Rhine.

Germans occupy Abo (Finland).

British troops advance northwards in coast region in Palestine to an average depth of three miles.

Turks retake Erzerum.

MAR. 13.—**Germans occupy Odessa.**

Zeppelin raid on Hartlepool; 8 killed, 22 injured.

British air raid on Freiburg.

MAR. 14.—Germans begin heavy bombardment from Vermelles to south of Armentières.

Soviet Congress at Moscow ratifies Peace Treaty by majority of 453.

MAR. 15.—French regain trenches west of Mont Cornillet, in Champagne, captured by Germans on March 1.

MAR. 16.—French carry out big raids on west of Meuse near Cheppy and Malancourt, and take 160 prisoners.

British air raid on Zweibrücken.

MAR. 17.—British aeroplanes bomb barracks and railway station at Kaiserlautern, in the Rhine Palatinate.

MAR. 18.—**Allies and Russia.**—The Prime Ministers and Foreign Ministers of Entente, assembled in London, issue important Note on German crimes against Russian people, showing how Russia was tricked into a peace treaty. "Peace treaties such as these," the Note declares, "we do not, and cannot, acknowledge."

Holland accepts terms for use of Dutch shipping in American and allied ports, with certain reservations.

British air raid on Mannheim.

MAR. 19.—**British Raid Records.**—Mr. Macpherson announces that since October British have made 38 effective raids into Germany, and dropped 48 tons of explosives. Approximately 250 flights have been made and only 10 machines lost.

MAR. 20.—The Shipping Problem.—Sir Eric Geddes in Commons gives information of losses of British and neutral tonnage, and also figures of reconstruction.

Lord Pirrie appointed Controller-General of Merchant Shipbuilding.

U.S.A. seize Dutch ships in United States ports.

MAR. 21.—**Great German Offensive.**—Germans attack with 40 divisions on a fifty-mile front, from the Scarpe to the Oise. They break through our outpost positions and penetrate

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into our battle positions in certain places. The attacks cause the enemy exceptionally heavy losses.

Naval Fight off Dunkirk.—Two British and three French destroyers engage force of German destroyers which had previously bombarded Dunkirk. Two enemy destroyers and two torpedo-boats believed to have been sunk.

British monitors bombard Ostend.

MAR. 22.—Sir Douglas Haig's report on great German offensive refers to exceptional gallantry shown by troops of 24th Division in defence of La Verguier, of the 3rd Division, and of the 51st Division in region of Bapaume-Cambrai Road.

Germans claim 16,000 prisoners and 200 guns captured.

Germans Penetrate British Defences.—Powerful hostile attacks delivered with great weight of infantry and artillery break through our defensive system west of St. Quentin, British retiring to line of the Somme.

British cross the Jordan.

MAR. 23.—South and west of St. Quentin our troops take up their new positions, and are heavily engaged.

Enemy's long-range gun shells Paris from estimated distance of 75 miles.

MAR. 24.—**Peronne and Ham Lost.**—Enemy overcomes defences of heights of Monchy and converges on old Somme battle-field from Bapaume to Péronne. Péronne lost to British and Ham evacuated, also Chauny. South of Péronne the Germans cross the River Somme. North of Péronne they attack with greatest violence line of River Tortille, and British withdraw to new positions. Germans claim 30,000 prisoners and 600 guns captured.

British air raid on Mannheim.

Cologne raided by British.

MAR. 25.—Continued German Advance.—Enemy's onslaught felt mainly between Arras and Péronne. South of Péronne Germans who cross the river are driven back. Germans reach, near Maricourt, their original line of July, 1916. Bapaume and Nesle lost.

German long-range gun again bombards Paris.

French evacuate Noyon.

MAR. 26.—British capture Es Salt, half-way between the Jordan and the Hedjaz Railway.

New Battles South of the Somme.—Germans heavily attack south of the Somme and take Roye and Chaulnes. Here British, French, and American troops fight shoulder to shoulder. New hostile attacks commence in neighbourhood of Chaulnes.

Victory on the Euphrates.—Our troops, moving up the Euphrates from Hit, attack the Turkish positions about Khan Baghdadie, and repulse enemy with heavy loss; 3,000 prisoners taken.

MAR. 27.—**German Rush Checked.**—At Rosières all enemy's assaults beaten off. Fierce fighting takes place against our positions between Somme and Ancre. The enemy attacks in great strength in neighbourhood of Bucquoy and Ablainzeville, and gains a footing in latter village. The Germans occupy Albert.

French heavily engaged between Roye and Montdidier, and lose latter during the night.

MAR. 28.—Germans attack British on Arras front in great strength, but are repulsed with heavy loss. South of the Scarpe determined assaults are beaten off. Fierce fighting in Somme Valley and to the south.

MAR. 29.—Our positions north of Somme all maintained. Germans progress between Albert and the Avre, 11 miles from Amiens.

Paris church hit by German long-range gun; 75 killed, 90 injured.

MAR. 30.—**Tenth Day of Great Battle.**—Strong German attack north of Somme thrown back. South of Somme, British near the river regain ground. On all rest of the front south of the Somme very large German forces attack, but Franco-British completely check them. Moreuil finally left in Allies' possession.

MAR. 31.—Enemy repulsed on west side of Albert. Our line east of Arras advanced. Franco-British recapture Hangard.

French recapture villages between Montdidier and Lassigny. Enemy attempts to cross the Oise smashed.

General Foch to co-ordinate action of allied armies on the western front.

APRIL 1.—The battle in the west continues, hard fighting taking place between the Luce and the Avre, where British take 50 prisoners and 13 machine-guns. British cavalry retake a wood, and French defeat another attack on Grivesnes.

Announced British have advanced 73 miles beyond Ana, along the Aleppo road.

APRIL 2.—British capture Ayette between Arras and Albert.

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French repulse German party on left bank of the Oise.

Announced British, having accomplished their raiding operations on Hedjaz Railway, retire to Es Salt.

APRIL 3.—German naval forces land at Hango.

Finnish White Guards, co-operating with Germans, enter Tammerfors.

APRIL 4.—**German Offensive Resumed.**—Enemy attacks with 20 divisions along roads leading to Amiens from St. Quentin, Roye, and Montdidier. North of St. Quentin-Amiens road British retire in neighbourhood of Hamel-Vaire Wood. Between the Rivers Avre and Luce the French yield ground, leaving Morisel and Mailly-Raineval in enemy's hands.

APRIL 5.—**Battles near Albert.**—Germans attack between Dernancourt and Albert, and near Mesnil and Moyennville with no success and heavy losses. East of Hébuterne, British attack and take 200 prisoners.

British air raid on Luxemburg.

Japanese and British Marines landed at Vladivostok.

APRIL 6.—British retake Aveluy Wood, north of Albert.

Germans make three attacks on French, two of them, near Montdidier and Noyon, defeated; near Chauny the French withdraw.

First Anniversary of Entry of United States into the War.

APRIL 7.—French withdrawal between the Oise and Coucy Forest.

Arab troops occupy Kerak, Turkish headquarters east of the Dead Sea.

APRIL 8.—Great German gun fire along whole British front.

French withdraw from Lower Forest of Coucy and from Coucy le Château.

APRIL 9.—**German Blow North of La Bassée.**—Attacking on front of 10 miles from La Bassée Canal to south of Armentières, enemy first penetrates our lines about Neuve Chapelle and Fauquissart, and pushes through towards River Lys. On flanks of the attack British lines hold, but in centre enemy extends gains through Richebourg and Laventie. British and Portuguese troops fall back on line of the Lys between Estaires and Bac St. Maur, 3½ miles from original positions.

French defeat attack near Hangard.

Mr. Lloyd George introduces Man-Power Bill extending age limit to 50.

APRIL 10.—Continued Battles in the North.—Germany attack British between Lys River at Armentières and Ypres-Comines Canal. Our troops pressed back to line of Wytschaete-Messines Ridge and Ploegsteert. South of Armentières enemy establishes himself on left bank of Lys River at certain points east of Estaires and in neighbourhood of Bac St. Maur.

British evacuate Armentières.

APRIL 11.—**Fight for Messines Ridge.**—A second big battle for possession of Messines Ridge on Wytschaete-Hollebeke front takes place, the 9th Division repulsing enemy with great loss. Heavy fighting in region of River Lawe, where 51st Division beats off incessant attacks, at Estaires and north of Armentières.

Enemy captures Merville and drives our troops back to neighbourhood of Neuve Eglise.

British heavily engaged with main German group in East Africa and in touch with enemy based on Medo.

APRIL 12.—Germans capture Neuve Eglise.

Gotha raid on Paris; 26 killed, 72 injured.

Franco-British success at Hangard, the village remaining in allied possession.

Zeppelin Raid over Midlands; 5 killed, 15 injured.

General Edwards' troops seize Medo Boma (E. Africa).

APRIL 13.—**Fierce Battle for Neuve Eglise.**—After entering the village the Germans are vigorously counter-attacked by British and driven out. Three attacks against our line south-west, west, and north of Merville repulsed; four attacks south-east of Bailleul beaten off. Severe fighting on the front between the Meteren Bacque River and Wulverghem.

Major-General Sykes Chief of Air Staff, R.A.F., in succession to Major-General Trenchard.

Fall of Batum to the Turks.

APRIL 14.—Germans retake Neuve Eglise.

General Foch Commander-in-Chief of Allied Armies in France.

APRIL 15.—Bailleul and Wulverghem fall to the Germans.

Germans occupy Helsingfors (Finland).

Count Czernin resigns as Foreign Minister of Austria-Hungary.

British Fleet sweeps the Kattegat and sinks 10 German trawlers.

APRIL 16.—Greek troops capture 10 villages on the Struma.

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Germans capture most of Messines Ridge and Wytschaete. A British counter-attack recovers latter and Meteren.

APRIL 17.—Announced British unable to maintain positions in Meteren and Wytschaete; also announced that French troops co-operating with British on this front.

Baron Burian succeeds Count Czernin as Foreign Minister.

Bolo executed in Paris.

Belgian success near Bixschoote; 700 prisoners taken.

APRIL 18.—Germans make vain attacks near Givenchy and on southern front of new allied line covering Béthune and Lillers. New attacks south of Kemmel repulsed.

French Success on Amiens Front.—Attacking between Thennes and Mailly-Raineval on both sides of Avre Valley, the French progress on east bank and on west carry their line to outskirts of Castel. Farther south they reach western slopes of hills overlooking the Avre; 650 prisoners taken.

Lord Derby British Ambassador to France.

Lord Milner Secretary for War.

Allies withdraw from captured villages on the Struma.

APRIL 19.—Announced Italian troops to fight in France.

British Success at Givenchy.—British 1st Division counter-attacks and throws enemy out of points in our advanced defences around Givenchy and Festubert; all objectives gained and position re-established.

Americans attacked near Toul and lose village of Seicheprey, but regain it.

APRIL 20.—Skirmish in the Bight.—Light forces of British and German Navies in touch in Heligoland Bight. A few shots exchanged at extreme range, and one German destroyer hit.

APRIL 21.—Local fighting in neighbourhood of Robecq.

APRIL 22.—Local actions on British front near Festubert.

British destroyers engage and put to flight five Austrian destroyers in Adriatic.

APRIL 23.—**Naval Raid on Zeebrugge and Ostend.**—British block entrance to the Bruges Canal at Zeebrugge by sinking two old cruisers filled with concrete. As part of the enterprise bluejackets and Marines land on the Mole at Zeebrugge. An endeavour is also made to block the entrance of the harbour at Ostend. Total British casualties, 588.

APRIL 24.—Germans attack on eight-mile front from north of Villers-Bretonneux to west bank of Avre, British yielding village of Villers-Bretonneux.

Heavy fighting against the French near Hangard, into outskirts of which enemy penetrates.

APRIL 25.—Allied withdrawal in neighbourhood of Kemmel; Villers-Bretonneux regained from enemy.

Lord Rothermere resigns office of Secretary of State of Air Force.

APRIL 26.—**Germans gain hill and village of Kemmel** and village of Locre, but driven from latter.

Sir William Weir Air Minister.

APRIL 27.—Germans driven from Voormezeele.

British capture Kifri, on road to Mosul. In Turkish retreat towards Kirkuk 878 prisoners taken.

News of fall of Kars to Turks received.

APRIL 28.—Germans repulsed at Locre.

APRIL 29.—Thirteen German divisions repulsed with severe loss on ten-mile front from Meteren to Voormezeele.

French positions on the hills about Scherpenberg and Mont Rouge heavily attacked.

APRIL 30.—Germans completely repulsed in great Battle for Ypres.

British advance east of Jordan. Our force east of the Jordan advances to attack Turks holding the foothills south of Es Salt. Our mounted troops, moving north along east bank of the river, turn eastward and approach to within two miles of Es Salt; 260 prisoners taken.

British continue advance in Mesopotamia and reach the Tauk River. Total prisoners to date, 1,800.

In the Noyon sector Germans strongly attack the French, who eject the enemy from the advanced elements where he had gained a footing, and re-establish their line.

French regain Locre.

British capture Tuz Khurmatli and 300 prisoners.

British capture 5,241 German prisoners, including 136 officers, during the month.

MAY 1.—**British capture Es Salt,** an enemy post half-way between the Jordan and Hedjaz Railway.

Germans occupy Sebastopol.

MAY 2.—French carry the Baume Wood. Unsuccessful Turkish attack on British holding Es Salt village.

MAY 3.—Turks, reinforced, again attack Es Sâlt, but repulsed with heavy loss. During the night our advanced troops withdraw east of the Jordan.

MAY 4.—French progress in Locre sector.

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MAY 5.—**Lord French Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.**

MAY 6.—Canadian troops carry out successful raid in neighbourhood of Neuville Vitasse (south of Arras).

MAY 7.—Peace between Rumania and Central Powers signed at Bucharest.

British occupy Kirkuk, on Mosul road.

MAY 8.—Germans launch strong attack against French and British troops between La Clytte and Voormezeele, and in centre succeed, after heavy fighting, in entering front line. Later, allied troops counter-attack and re-establish their positions.

Germans occupy Rostoff.

MAY 9.—Germans attack north of Kemmel and press British line slightly at one point. They launch two attacks in neighbourhood of Albert and Bouzincourt. At Albert they occupy advanced positions on a front of about 150 yards, but later driven out.

New blow at Ostend.—Naval forces of Dover Command renew attempt to close outlet from Bruges Canal at Ostend. The old cruiser Vindictive, laden with concrete, is successfully driven into Ostend Harbour entrance and sunk at narrowest point between the piers.

Italians storm Monte Corno.

MAY 10.—French success at Grivesnes, near Montdidier and N.E. of Locre.

MAY 11.—British submarine sinks German submarine of the so-called cruiser type in latitude of Cape St. Vincent.

MAY 12.—Italian destroyers attack an enemy convoy off Durazzo, and sink a transport.

MAY 13.—Fresh attempts by Austrians to retake Monte Corno fail.

MAY 14.—Germans attack on a front of nearly a mile south-west of Morlancourt and succeed at one point in entering our positions, but an immediate counter-attack by Australian troops drives out the enemy. French gain ground south of Hailles.

MAY 15.—North of Kemmel French troops advance their line.

MAY 16.—British air raid on Saarbrucken.

MAY 17.—A number of prominent members of Sinn Fein movement arrested in Ireland on discovery of pro-German conspiracy.

French and Italian troops carry through to completion operations begun on May 15 against Austrian positions to west of Koritza, in Albania.

MAY 18.—**British air raid on Cologne** in broad daylight; 33 bombs dropped.

MAY 19.—During the night Australian troops capture German position at Ville-sur-Ancre, with 360 prisoners and 20 machine-guns.

British occupy Nanungu, von Lettow's headquarters (German East Africa).

Gotha raid on London by from 20 to 30 machines; 44 killed, 179 injured; seven Gothas down.

Two squadrons of Gothas attack British hospitals at Etaples, causing over 300 casualties.

MAY 20.—**British air raid on Coblenz and Landau** (N.W. of Karlsruhe).

Italians destroy enemy garrison on Mount Spinoncia.

MAY 21.—Announced that British have advanced as far as Fathah, 130 miles above Bagdad.

Enemy's big attack against our new position N.W. of Merville broken by our troops, and our whole line remains intact.

British air raid on Mannheim.

Two squadrons of Gothas attempt to reach Paris; one raider brought down in flames.

MAY 22.—British air raid on important railway triangle at Liège and railway stations at Metz; Mannheim again bombed.

Gotha raid on Paris; one person killed and 12 injured.

MAY 23.—H.M. armed mercantile cruiser Moldavia torpedoed and sunk; 56 U.S. soldiers missing.

MAY 24.—French local successes south-east of Coucy, and the Vosges.

MAY 25.—**Italians take Monticello Pass** and 870 prisoners.

Transport Leasowe Castle torpedoed in the Mediterranean; 13 officers, 79 other ranks, missing.

MAY 26.—At Capo Sile (N.E. of Venice) Italian troops storm Austrian positions to a depth of half a mile.

MAY 27.—**New German Offensive.**—Germany reopens her offensive on big scale against allied Armies in West. The main attack is made on wide front between Soissons and Rheims; a smaller attack is launched between Locre and Voormezeele, to south of Ypres. On the Aisne battleground British right holds, but left is forced back to second line of prepared positions. Along the Chemin des Dames enemy pushes forward towards Aisne Valley, some parties reaching Pont Arcy, five miles from original line. During the night the

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enemy cross the Aisne between Vailly and Berry-au-Bac. On Flanders front enemy attacks repulsed by French after fierce fighting, with great loss to enemy. The only German gain is near Dickebusch Lake.

MAY 28.—Our line east of Dickebusch Lake is successfully re-established by French and British counter-attacks.

German advance continued.—In the centre of the Aisne battleground Germans continue attacks with sustained violence along line of the Vesle, which they cross in region of Bazoches and Fismes. On right British on the massif of St. Thierry resist enemy. On left by counter-attacks French troops stop advance of Germans and break up their attacks on heights of Neuville-sur-Margival and Vrégny, to N.E. of Soissons.

American Victory.—To west of Montdidier American troops, supported by French Tanks, capture on a front of 1¼ miles the village and salient of Cantigny, and take 170 prisoners.

British advance northward to depth of 1¼ miles on front of 5¼ miles to south and south-west of Tabsor, 12 miles N.N.E. of Joppa.

MAY 29.—**Capture of Soissons.**—The Germans continue onslaught between Soissons and Rheims, sweeping over Vrégny Plateau and taking Soissons on the west, and on the east are encroaching on the city of Rheims.

MAY 30.—**German Rush Checked.**—The battle continues with violence on whole of front attacked, but allied troops holding on to western outlets of Soissons prevent any enemy advance. In the centre the Germans capture Fère-en-Tardenois and Vezilly.

Greco-French victory at Skra di Legen, south of Huma, 11 miles west of the Vardar; 1,500 Bulgarian and German prisoners captured.

MAY 31.—**Germans reach the Marne** on a 10-mile front from a point near Château Thierry to Dormans.

American transport President Lincoln torpedoed and sunk.

JUNE 1.—Germans take Chouy and Neuilly-St. Front, while the French hold Château Thierry.

British air raid on Karlsruhe.

JUNE 2.—**German blow for Paris.**—Enemy swing their main efforts to S.W. across Soissons-Château Thierry road. The French are driven down valley of the Ourcq, back to edge of Forest of Villers-Cotterets and to high ground west of Château Thierry.

JUNE 3.—**Germans held.** Germans bring up fresh forces and attack between the Oise and the Ourcq. French recapture Mont de Choisy, and withstand and inflict great loss on enemy desperately attacking the Forest of Villers-Cotterets, both on the north and east. S.E. of latter the French regain Faverolles and check enemy east of Pernant. Later the Germans take Pernant. American troops by a "magnificent counter-attack" throw enemy to the north of Veuilly Wood.

JUNE 4.—The German effort slackens considerably, the only appreciable success being in the Forêt de Retz, in front of Villers-Cotterets. An immediate French counter-attack drives enemy back to the eastern fringe of this forest.

German submarines appear off American coast, and sink some coasting vessels.

JUNE 5.—Enemy firmly held by French, who counter-attack to north of Aisne.

General Sir William Robertson to command forces in Great Britain.

JUNE 6.—Franco-American success in Veuilly La Poterie-Bussiares region; enemy driven back about a mile, and 270 prisoners taken. East of Villers-Cotterets French troops and Tanks make progress.

British air raid on Coblenz.

Hospital ship Konigin Regentes mined and sunk.

JUNE 7.—French, British, and American troops, holding the flanks of the Aisne-Marne-Rheims salient against Germans, assail latter's positions. The village of Le Port, west of Fontenoy, is taken. British regain Bligny; French and Americans retake Vinly and Veuilly-La-Poterie. South of the Ourcq Allies carry their lines as far as western outskirts of Dammard.

JUNE 8.—German attempts to check advance on Chézy-Dammard front defeated.

Hague delegates on prisoners of war hold their first meeting.

JUNE 9.—**New German offensive.** Enemy attacks French on front of 22 miles from Montdidier to Noyon.

JUNE 10.—Germans bend back French line in centre, and take villages of Méry, Belloy, and St. Maur, also gaining footing in Marquéglise. On French right enemy debouches from

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Bois de Thiescourt; on French left his attacks broken between Courcelles and Rubescourt. French retake Méry. Along right bank of Oise they fall back to Ribecourt.

Brilliant Australian advance of nearly half a mile in neighbourhood of Morlancourt.

JUNE 11.—French counter-stroke. French, supported by Tanks, counter-attack on front of 7¼ miles between Rubescourt and St. Maur, and reach southern approaches to Le Frétoy, and carry their lines one mile and a quarter east of Méry, reaching southern outskirts of St. Maur; over 1,000 German prisoners taken.

JUNE 12.—Germans gain footing on southern bank of the Matz in village of Mélicocq and make slight progress south of the Aisne, on plateau to west of villages of Dommiers and Cutry.

JUNE 13.—German counter-attack between Courcelles and north of Méry defeated with heavy loss. South of the Aisne enemy obtains a footing in village of Laversine.

American air raid on Dommary-Baroncourt station.

JUNE 14.—German offensive between Montdidier and Noyon comes to a halt.

JUNE 15.—Austrian offensive on 90-mile front. Massed attacks of infantry launched from Asiago plateau to the sea. The British attacked by four Austrian divisions; on right the attack fails, on left enemy penetrates our front line to depth of 1,000 yards, where he is firmly held. Italians by counter-attacks hold back pressure of enemy, and regain a good portion of positions temporarily yielded.

JUNE 16.—Austrian offensive continuing fiercely; enemy passes to west bank of the Piave, but closely pressed by Italians, who take 3,000 prisoners.

Lord Cavan reports British front in Italy again established on its original front line.

JUNE 17.—Italians report Austrian offensive at a standstill in whole of mountain section north of Venetia plain. Half the Montello height is in enemy's hands and a strip of ground on west bank of the Piave for about 14 miles.

French gain ground north of Aisne and capture 370 prisoners.

JUNE 18.—Italians officially report slow Austrian progress. On the Lower Piave enemy has thrown 14 bridges across the river, but unable to deepen hold on west bank.

German attempts to capture Rheims fails completely.

JUNE 19.—Austrians make no progress. Allies' prisoners to date 9,011.

JUNE 20.—Severe fighting on the Piave, especially on the two flanks at the Montello and about 15 miles N.E. of Venice. Italian troops everywhere make progress, recapturing Nervesa.

JUNE 22.—Austrian offensive at standstill.

JUNE 23.—**Austrian retreat.** General Diaz reports that from the Montello to the sea the enemy, defeated and closely pursued by Italian armies, is recrossing the Piave in disorder; 4,000 prisoners taken.

JUNE 24.—Details of Austrian retreat and Italian pursuit issued. Latter recover whole of Montello and bridgehead at Capo Sile.

JUNE 25.—Allied prisoners in Italy now total 20,000.

JUNE 26.—British air raid on Karlsruhe.

JUNE 27.—Air raid on Paris; 25 casualties.

Destroyer action off Belgian coast. Four British destroyers while patrolling off the Belgian coast sight eight enemy torpedo-boat destroyers, and engage enemy at long range.

Hospital ship Llandovery Castle torpedoed. 234 persons missing.

JUNE 28.—British surprise attack east of Nieppe Forest results in advance of a mile; prisoners exceed 400. Simultaneously Australian troops attack and capture hostile posts west of Merris.

French attack on front of 4¼ miles south of the Aisne, from south of Ambleny as far as east of Montgobert, and advance at some points a mile and a quarter in depth; prisoners exceed 1,200.

JUNE 29.—British air raid on gas factory at Mannheim.

Italians regain Monte Bella, on the Asiago Plateau, and take 800 prisoners.

JUNE 30.—French gain in region of St. Pierre Aigle.

JULY 1.—Americans carry village of Vaux.

JULY 2.—Italians attack on east of the Brenta from the slopes of Monte Grappa, and capture important points. On the Lower Piave ground is gained, and 1,900 prisoners taken.

French advance near Moulin-sous-Touvent, north of the Aisne.

JULY 3.—Death of Lord Rhondda, Food Controller.

French gain west of Autriches and Moulin-sous-Touvent; 1,066 prisoners taken.

Death of Sultan of Turkey.

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JULY 4.—Australian troops, assisted by detachments of American infantry, capture village of Hamel and woods of Vaire and Hamel, taking over 1,500 prisoners.

JULY 5.—British air raid on Coblenz and Saarbrücken.

JULY 6.—Count Mirbach, German Ambassador at Moscow, assassinated.

Italians clear whole of the Piave delta.

Franco-Italian advance in Albania, between the coast and Tomorica Valley; over 1,000 prisoners.

JULY 7.—British air raid on Constantinople.

JULY 8.—French success on eastern outskirts of Forêt de Retz. They advance three-quarters of a mile, and capture Farm of Chavigny and ridges north and south of the farm.

Czecho-Slovaks occupy Irkutsk.

JULY 9.—**Allied gains in Albania.** Announced Italians win the passage of the Vojusa, and, working down valleys of Devoli and Tomorica, threaten fort of Berat. French troops carry all crest of Bofnia between Cafa Becit and Mali Gjarper. British monitors aid Italian and French forces.

British gains in neighbourhood of Merris. French gain the Porte Farm and the Farm des Loges, to west of Antheuil, and south of the Aisne win commanding ground on a two-mile front.

Mr. J. E. Clynes new Food Controller.

Resignation of Von Kühlmann, German Foreign Secretary.

JULY 10.—French gain village of Corcy, north of the Ourcq.

JULY 11.—Australian troops raid enemy lines near Merris.

In Albania French capture crest of Kosnitza; Italians capture heights of Cafa Glumaka (S.E. of Berat).

JULY 12.—**Presence announced of Allied Force on Murman Coast.**

French capture Castel and Auchin Farm (N.W. of Montdidier), with over 600 prisoners and over 80 machine-guns.

JULY 13.—French advance north and south of Longpont.

Strongly aided by Germans, Turks attack British positions covering passages of the Jordan. East of river they are routed by Indian lancers. To north of Jericho our defences at first penetrated, but position fully restored by Australian and New Zealand troops, our prisoners totalling 510, including 360 Germans.

JULY 14.—British line advanced east of Dickebusch Lake; 328 prisoners taken.

JULY 15.—**German Offensive Resumed.** Germans attack French on a 50-mile front east and west of Rheims. To east of latter, between Prunay and Massiges, enemy is held. To west of Rheims between Coulommes and Fossoy enemy advances three miles and a half at greatest depth, crossing Marne at Fossoy, where Americans counter-attack and take 1,000 prisoners. Fighting continues in evening, and is particularly violent south of Marne. At end of day the French battle position everywhere intact.

JULY 16.—Great French defence. West of Rheims Germans are held on most of the front, only making some ground up the river Marne as far as Reine towards Epernay. Franco-American troops regain ground at middle of line south of the river, north of front St. Agnan—La Chappelle, again reaching heights overlooking the Marne Valley.

Ex-Tsar Nicholas of Russia shot by Bolshevists.

JULY 17.—In region between Rheims and the Marne enemy reaches Nanteuil and Pourcy, but driven back from latter by Italian troops. In Marne Valley Germans take Montvoisin, but fail to dislodge French from commanding positions north of St. Agnan, La Chappelle, and Monthodon.

JULY 18.—**Great French Counter-attack.** General Foch attacks on a front of 27 miles running north to south from Fontenoy to Belleau, west of a line between Soissons and Château-Thierry. The French, under General Mangin, reach Mont de Paris, a mile from Soissons, and the valley of the Crise. At deepest point they advance eight miles; 5,000 prisoners and 30 guns taken. Beyond Rheims, Prunay is retaken by General Gouraud.

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JULY 19.—French continue their progress between Soissons and Château Thierry; prisoners over 17,000, and 360 guns captured. South of Marne they retake Montvoisin.

Scottish troops capture village of Meteren, in Bailleul sector.

British air forces destroy two Zeppelins in sheds at Tondern, Schleswig-Holstein.

JULY 20.—**Marne Line regained.** Germans in retreat recross the Marne, and French hold whole southern bank. Between Soissons and the Ourcq further progress is made by our Ally. French and British troops, attacking between the Marne and Rheims, win ground. Prisoners exceed 20,000, and 400 guns captured.

White Star liner Justicia torpedoed and sunk off north of Ireland; 16 lives lost.

JULY 21.—**French retake Château Thierry.**

JULY 22.—Allies cross the Marne at Chassins and Passy, near Dormans. Germans continue retreat to the north and south of Fère-en-Tardenois. East of Rheims, General Gouraud reoccupies all his old positions between River Suippes and Massiges.

JULY 23.—British regain Marfaux, and French continue advance south of the Ourcq.

French Stroke near Montdidier. On a four-mile front they advance towards the Avre valley to a depth of nearly two miles, capturing Mailly-Raineval, Sauvillers, and Aubvillers, with over 1,800 prisoners.

JULY 24.—British advance north of the Ardre, between Vrigny and Ste. Euphraise.

Franco-American troops attack in the Marne salient, and drive enemy towards Fère-en-Tardenois. Along the Marne progress made in Forest of Fère.

JULY 25.—Allies win the Forest of Fère, and Fère is under direct artillery fire. Near Vrigny and north of Oulchy-le-Château, Allies give a little ground, but regain ground near Dormans. Later in the day Oulchy-le-Château taken and, farther north, Villemontoire.

JULY 26.—Allied advance continued between the Aisne and the Marne; Reuil recovered by French. German retreat starts in this direction, and spreads towards the Ardre and then to the Ourcq.

JULY 27.—**Germans in full retreat north of Marne.** Allied troops follow in pursuit, reaching the line Bruyères, Villeneuve-sur-Fère, Chaumuzy. The advance is more than nine miles N.E. of Château Thierry.

JULY 28.—**French take Fère-en-Tardenois** and force the passage of the Ourcq. Americans cross the Ourcq and take Seringes, Nésles, Sergy, and Roncheres.

JULY 29.—Between Soissons and the Ourcq, General Mangin's Army, reinforced by British troops, carry German positions N.E. of Oulchy-le-Château, including the Butte de Chalmont and Grand Rozoy.

JULY 30.—Allies straighten their line on the eastern wing, and take Romigny, on Dormans-Rheims road, and advance north to Saponay. Americans finally retain Seringes, which had changed hands several times.

Australians capture Merris, east of Hazebrouck.

Field-Marshal von Eichhorn, German Military Dictator in the Ukraine, murdered at Kieff.

JULY 31.—Announced that since July 15 (the date of the German offensive) to July 31 the enemy have lost in prisoners 33,400 men, including 674 officers.

AUG. 1.—New Allied advance north of the Ourcq.

AUG. 2.—**French retake Soissons.**

AUG. 3.—British patrols reach the Ancre between Dernancourt and Hamel. French reach southern bank of the Aisne on their left.

Ambulance transport Warilda torpedoed; 123 casualties.

End of Volume IX.

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